"English" Bussey of Chestnut.
French d' Bussey - of d' Bussey

Bertha della Porta d' E. de Bussey
ther of the conte della Porta Italy
Conte d' Epping Aix La Chappel
ther. Russian & Holland, mayor of Town
Beatrice della Porta d' E Bussey

Bussey Villa

Perry N Y

General Y. Bussey N S A

Esek Hopkins
First man to command a navy
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Molière Before Louis XIV

Photogravure from a painting by Leyendecker

NEVER was a comedian more fitted than Molière to please the court of such a monarch as Louis XIV. The poet is here represented as reading aloud one of his comedies in the drawing-room at Versailles, where the King, Maria Theresa, and a group of courtiers are smiling at the wit and satire of the clever poet. A rival is frowning in the background, but the king himself, who was the merry monarch, as well as *le grand monarque*, seems vastly amused.

MEMOIRS OF THE FRENCH COURT

BY

PHILIPPE DE COMMINES; MARGUERITE DE VALOIS
DUC DE SULLY; CARDINAL DE RICHELIEU;
CARDINAL DE RETZ; MADAME DE MONTESPAN;
DUC DE SAINT-SIMON; MADAME CAMPAN;
MADAME ROLAND; PRINCE DE TALLEYRAND;
MADAME DE REMUSAT; MADAME JUNOT

WITH A SPECIAL INTRODUCTION BY

GEORGE SAINTSBURY

PROFESSOR OF RHETORIC AND ENGLISH LITERATURE,
UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH

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SPECIAL INTRODUCTION

THERE has been some debate, and perhaps there might, not without advantage, have been more on the question whether in certain departments of literature they do really "order these things so much better in France" than in England. In criticism, and in other kinds of miscellaneous writing, much stronger fight can be made for English than most Englishmen seem to think. In the peculiar kind of the diary we are alone; a certain Clerk of the Acts of the Navy has distanced, and probably always will distance, all competitors. Even in letters the match is not quite hopeless on our side.

But in the memoir it is different. The most patriotic Englishman, the most courageous, the best informed, the wariest, the cunningest of fence, can never hope to dispute French superiority here. And though inquiring into the causes of literary phenomena is, as a rule, a much more difficult, a much more delicate, above all a much more dangerous business than the quiet appreciation of them, and perhaps not quite so sensible, it is sometimes interesting and can be safely indulged in here.

The memoir is not a very early kind of literature; we have hardly any — none of the properest kind — from antiquity, though the "Memorabilia" in Greek and the "Agricola" in Latin are, as it were, "tries" at the thing. Xenophon, indeed, must, from indications in every one of his works, have had almost perfect gifts for the kind, had it existed; and if he had been inspired to write his own memoirs they would not only be worth all his present work put together, good as it is; they would not only have made Greek history more intelligible than all the labors of scholars have made it; but it is not rash to say that they would have been one of the most delightful books

in the world. On the other hand, Herodotus would probably have been much too discursive, and Thucydides too severely and disdainfully reticent to make a perfect memoir-writer.

Among the Latins, Tacitus, as he has partly shown in the instance given, might have been a great memoir-writer, inclining to the Carlylian; but Pliny must have been a great one, though of another kind.

Whether the French had this gift from ethnological causes, from the mixture of Celtic and Latin blood, is a question which may be left for discussion by those who are less profanely sceptical on such points than the present writer. But they certainly seem to have had it from the very first. Pliny's own "Letters" are not quite as near to memoirs of the very first class as are those of Sidonius Apollinaris in the fifth century before the Franks were dominant anywhere except in the extreme North. And when "France" and "French" proper emerge, the gift is most certainly not any the worse for waiting exercise. Although the "Conquête de Constantinople" is rather what may be called a personal chronicle than a memoir, the memoir quality of Villehardouin is unmistakable; while that of Joinville may almost be said never to have been mistaken. Chance or choice led the third great mediæval writer, who succeeds these two in France, to adopt a form ostensibly further from the memoir than Joinville's, and almost than Villehardouin's; yet it need hardly be said that much of Froissart is pure memoir, memoir in quintessence. And with the other name which follows these in as natural sequence, we arrive at the thing complete, named and classed, and come to its own. Commines is a little hampered by the unreadiness of the language on the one hand and by fifteenth-century pedantry on the other: but his genius and the sympathy between form and artist get the better of both drawbacks. The memoir-quality (of which more anon) appears in passages of his like those to be given in this book as it had never appeared before; as it was constantly to appear after. For three centuries, at least (whether it failed in the nineteenth or not there is no need to discuss here), there was never lacking somebody, there were usually living not a few, who had "got the seed" of this fashion of composition, and so could "raise the flower." Let us consider very briefly, but

as fully as space will allow us to do, what the notes and marks of seed and flower are.

The memoir proper may, in the first place, be distinguished, probably without fear of controversy, from the history, as being essentially what has been called above a personal chronicle —a chronicle not mainly of things read, though these may come in to some extent, but of things seen, heard, experienced, and recounted from the point of view of the writer himself. But it is further necessary—and here there should not be much more disagreement, but may be some—that something beside the personal element should come in. The record of a purely private existence cannot properly be called "memoirs": there must be some contact with public life, with actual history in the common sense—and the more the better. If this is lacking, the thing may be an autobiography and one of great interest and value; but it is not memoirs. The public matters carry off and justify the private just as the private qualify and differentiate the public. Both must exist. Cellini's "Life" and Defoe's "Memoirs of a Cavalier," though the matter of the former is mostly private and not improbably in part fictitious, while it is at least possible that the latter is fiction from beginning to end, are in form memoirs irreproachable and of the purest kind. Rousseau's "Confessions" and Amiel's "Journal" are not.

I think further (though here I admit that the matter does become controversial) that memoirs, to have the right "race" and flavor, must be deliberately written to be read—with a view to the public eye as well as in reference to at least partly public subjects. The diary, unless it is an absolute soliloquy, loses all genuine quality: if it is written for anybody else (even one body) it becomes a letter in batches. Whether the letter can ever be written in perfection for more than one pair, or a very small circle, of priviliged eyes is a well-known point of dispute. But it seems to me that the memoir must be composed as a book—with a view to at least ultimate publication—with an intention that, just as public and private affairs have joined to provide its substance, so the public shall be the recipient of the writer's private views and experiences. For this purpose a very peculiar mode of presentation is required—neither

bare narration, nor bare discussion, nor even both combined, but a skilful blending of both with additional elements and seasonings. It is no new observation, I suppose, that the perfect memoir is simply a "true" equivalent of the perfect historical novel; and it would not be surprising if the literary historians of the future associated the decadence of the memoir with the rise of the novel. Certainly such a writer as Scott or Dumas pursues exactly the course of the best memoir-writers: only he blends with the assured and public material, not his own experiences, not his own thoughts, even to any great extent as such, but the experiences and thoughts of imagined personages. If this be so, it will be further obvious that a peculiar difficulty besets the memoir-writer, from which his novelist-brother is free. *Le moi est haissable:* yet it is the essence of the memoir that it shall be brought in. How to bring it in, and how much of it, and so on—here is the rub of memoir-writing.

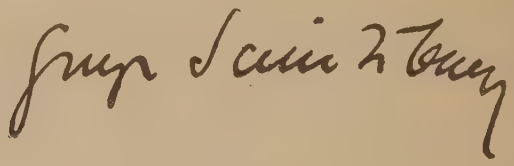
Now we may go back and see whether these results (given, of course, not as demonstration, but as opinion) will throw any light on that superiority of French memoir-writing with which we began. To say that the French are more egotistical than other people, and especially than the English, would be not so much illiberal as absurd. There is probably little difference between the egotism of individuals, though it takes different forms; there certainly cannot be much between the egotism of nations. But the nation, like the individual, generally wears its egotism with a difference, and with a difference which is necessarily more emphatic and more visible at a distance than in the individual case. In the memoir it will be seen at once that what is wanted is the faculty of being egotistical without being offensive—of knowing how to present yourself to the public so that this self shall be a not disagreeable spectacle; in short, of seeing yourself, not merely as others will see you, but as others will probably care to see you.

Now I will carry the banner of my patron saint with anybody and against anybody at all times and in all places where decency permits; but I cannot pretend to think that this connoisseurship in self-presentation is anything but a very rare gift with Englishmen, while to some extents and in certain ways the French are to the manner born. Very often—perhaps in

the majority of cases—an Englishman does not think of what other people are thinking about him at all; too frequently he does not care; and a certain density, which not infrequently attends the strength of his intellectual constitution, sometimes makes it difficult for him to know, even if he does care. The result is that he too often passes (if he passes at all) from indifference into uneasy self-consciousness or offensive self-assertion. Frenchmen, and still more Frenchwomen, on the other hand, are always thinking of what other people think of them; they are extremely determined to be well thought of, and have at least considerable skill in presenting themselves to advantage. They are, or at any rate were, when at their best, notoriously free alike from *mauvaise honte,* from proneness to be bores, and from proneness to *bêtise:* while, though it is certainly as possible for a Frenchman to be impudent as for an Englishman to be insolent, there is, to say the least, no greater tendency in the former to reach his particular stage of corruption. Now if a writer has plenty of experience to go upon (that must be granted *ex hypothesi* in all cases); if he is not too shy to give the personal touch freely; if he is governed in giving it by constant attention to the dangers of boring or making a fool of himself, or offending by too much egotism; and if, finally, he or she has at command a language of the extraordinary literary aptitudes of French prose for at least 250 years before the Revolution, then it will go very hard, indeed; but he or she will give us good, and in happy cases the very best memoirs.

That is what Frenchmen and Frenchwomen did for the world during at least a quarter of a millennium: and most profoundly grateful the world ought to be to them. If anybody told me that he was going to start a library for pleasure, and asked me to specify books, I really do not know that I should put any in the list before the great collections of Michaud and Poujoulat for the earlier period, and of Barrière for the later, though the volumes of the first are certainly rather heavy to hold. And I must confess that I rather envy the compiler of the volume to which I have been asked to write this introduction, for having had a legitimate excuse, in his search for suitable, or, rather, for the most suitable passages, to read again Commines and Marguerite, Retz and Richelieu, the stately solemnity of Sully,

the tempestuous panorama or phantasmagoria of Saint-Simon, the horrors and alarms of the Revolution memoirs, the mingled glories and sordidnesses, adventures and intrigues of those of the empire. Such a provision of human interest there is to be found nowhere else in volume; only the very greatest poems and plays and novels excel it in intensity; and perhaps only in these very greatest examples of purely imaginative literature is there to be found greater artistic pleasure from the handling of the subjects provided.



PREFACE

IN the region of literature there is not a more fascinating field than that of memoir. It is not only valuable from the purely historical standpoint, but it introduces that personal element which is necessarily absent in the broad treatment of epochs by the historian. The sincerity which so often is absent from the public utterances of great men and women appears again in the sentences penned in the privacy of the study or boudoir. The thoughts, the likes, the dislikes, concealed for the sake of policy from the world, make their appearance in the memoir, and cast upon the public records side-lights that reveal unsuspected motives and unknown purposes.

Among nations, the French, perhaps, are *facile princeps* in this field. The vivacity, the epigrammatic power of their language, and their innate powers of observation and expression enable them to depict, in a fashion perhaps more vivid than is possible to anyone else, the *vie intime* of courts, or the cabals and intrigues of statesmen. Commines' memoirs excel in this respect, and yet, perhaps, their most characteristic features are their childlike sincerity and unconsciousness. The knell of mediævalism had already sounded in his day, yet Commines describes events, characters, and conditions as if the sway of feudality and its customs were to continue for centuries. His tone throughout is in the key of that dialogue between Solon and Crœsus, in which the philosopher assures the king that to be rich does not necessarily mean to be happy, and he describes the fall of the great Burgundian power before the valor of the Swiss freemen and the machinations of Louis XI in the manner in which Homer notes and laments our common mortality.

That Solon's dictum concerning wealth and happiness had the axiomatic quality of a truism was experienced by

Marguerite de Valois as well as by Commines. Between her brother, the French King, and her husband, the warlike King of Navarre, the tact and affections of the brilliant and witty princess were tried to the uttermost, and as she describes the turbulent times that prevailed at the French Court during her enforced sojourn there, detained from joining her husband as a pledge of peace, one detects a note of pathos running through the vivacity of her narrative.

The value of Sully's memoirs is such that no man, till he has perused them, can form a just conception of the great Henri Quatre. Sully was not only Henry's minister, but Henry's confidant and friend, and he brings before us the great Huguenot in his good and evil fortunes, as a king, a warrior, or a politician, as a husband, father, or friend, in so intimate and affecting a manner as to enhance to the utmost the value of these side-lights on the reign of Henri IV.

Of Richelieu it may be said that in his memoirs he reveals himself perhaps more disadvantageously than any other writer. Even as he tells us of the military proceedings at the memorable siege of La Rochelle, and proceeds onward to trace the thread of intrigue that led to the great Cabal, while admitting and admiring his patriotism and astuteness as a statesman, we are impressed by the fact that he was the most unscrupulous of all the many promoters of French national greatness.

Another of the great cardinal-statesmen of France, De Retz, the father and supporter of the Fronde, is a witness to the fact that in the memoir, as nowhere else, we find the man. As we read of the eclipse of Mazarin, his great rival, the insight of De Retz into character and human nature, his power to paint men in their true colors, his naïve confessions of self-flattery and personal weakness evoke our sympathy and compel our admiration.

The varied nature of St. Simon's memoirs is not surprising when one realizes the history of the man. The vicissitudes of court life under Louis XIV were never better described than by Sully. First high in favor at court, then debased by the intrigues of his enemies, he found himself compelled by circumstances to keep his fingers on the social as well as on the political pulse of the time, and to keep his ears open to record

the love affairs, the scandals, the marriages, the comedies in one direction, the tragedies in another, of the intimate side of court life, as well as to chronicle the greater themes involved in political intrigue.

Historians, on the whole, have dealt rather hardly with Madame de Montespan, taking, perhaps, their impressions from the judgment, often narrow and malicious, of her contemporaries. Her own memoirs give us a fairer estimate, though they were avowedly compiled in a desultory way. The cynical court lady, whose beauty fascinated the great King, is here sketched for us in vivid fashion by her own hand, for while she depicts others, she really draws her own portrait. It was no ordinary woman that won the *grand monarque*, and if we look closely into her records of those subtle times we perceive, as in a glass darkly, the contour of a most attractive, sympathetic, if perplexing, personality.

Ill-fated Marie Antoinette found in Madame Campan, the first head of the College of St. Cyr, and the Queen's devoted confidante, a most loyal biographer. Written from the point of view of a royalist, the memoirs left by Madame Campan afford a pathetic insight into the agonies of the royal pair in the period immediately preceding their arrest and execution. These recollections seem to enforce and lament the fact that in some cases, with the utmost of abnegation and desire to do right, repentance may come too late.

From the depths of the Prison of St. Pélagie Madame Roland wrote her autobiography and the recollections of her life. It was characteristic of the blind fury of the Revolution that it involved in its fatal coils such characters as the guileless, pious, and learned Roland, to whom, if for nothing more, we are indebted for an apostrophe on the scaffold that will live while literature endures.

The appearance of Talleyrand's memoirs was long awaited with curiosity and alarm. He was believed to possess more dangerous secrets of high importance than any other man of his time; and whether or not he had friends to reward, it was known that he had enemies to punish. When it was found that he had forbidden the publication of his manuscripts until thirty years after his death, the belief in their compromising character was confirmed; and when after the required time

had elapsed, they were still withheld, people began to look upon them as a sort of historical dynamite, to be exploded only after everybody in danger had been removed from its field of activity. Among their most startling revelations was Talleyrand's exposé of Napoleon. The memoirs scarcely touch a critical point in the Emperor's career without dealing him a stab. Everywhere they paint him as heartless, vain, vulgar, wanton in attack, ungenerous and pitiless to the defeated, untruthful, proud of his ability to deceive, and wholly without principle and without gratitude. And they do this, not by ascribing these qualities to him, but by carefully narrating the incidents that exhibit them.

Of Madame de Rémusat, it may be said that her memoirs are a record in detail of the daily life of the author, as well as an intimate picture of life at the court of Bonaparte in the early years of the nineteenth century. They show us what changes the establishment of the empire effected at the court, and how life there and its relations became more difficult and embarrassing. They show, too, how the prestige of the Emperor declined in proportion as he misused his great gifts and his chances. And they show that, while fascinated by the genius of Napoleon, the writer was neither blind to his faults nor narrow in her judgment of him.

Madame Junot declares that the writer of memoirs should give reality to the scenes depicted, and she, therefore, invokes detail to assist her. The naïve confession that she could not afford to leave out the catalogue of her *corbeille* and *trousseau* on the occasion of her marriage to General Junot awakes the note of human sympathy, and we follow with increased interest her simple narrative of the days when Bonaparte was secretly planning his way to absolute power.

In French memoirs may be traced the social life as well as the political development of the land, and in the series here given will be found the most attractive and instructive pens among her brilliant galaxy of writers.

Robert Arnot

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THE FALL OF BURGUNDY

BY

Philippe de Commines

PHILIPPE DE COMMINES

1445—1509

Philippe de Commines (or Comyne), Sieur d'Argenton, a French statesman, and the author of very interesting and valuable memoirs, was born at the castle of Commines, not far from Lille, in 1445. After receiving a careful education, he passed into the court of Burgundy about 1466, and attached himself particularly to Charles the Bold (then Comte de Charolais). In 1472, Commines, who was anything but punctilious in his notions of honor, entered the service of Louis XI, the rival and enemy of Charles, who immediately covered him with honors, and made him one of his most confidential advisers. He proved himself a very suitable agent for carrying out the designs of the crafty monarch; but after the death of Louis, by his adherence to the party of the Duke of Orleans, Commines incurred the displeasure of the government of Anne of Beaujeu, and was sentenced to a forfeiture of a fourth of his estates and to ten years' banishment. This punishment, however, does not seem to have been carried out, for after a few years we find Commines again employed in important affairs of diplomacy. Though engaged in the service of Charles VIII, and the Duke of Orleans, afterward Louis XII, Commines failed to win the confidence of these masters. He died at his castle of Argenton, October 17, 1509.

Commines's "Memoirs" are admirably written, and afford abundant proof that he possessed a clear, acute, and vigorous mind. He seems to have looked keenly into the heart of every man who crossed him in life, and with cool, severe anatomy, dissects him for the benefit of posterity. He is the first modern writer who in any degree has displayed sagacity in reasoning on the characters of men and the consequences of their actions, or who has been able to generalize his observations by comparison and reflection. This ability to discuss motives as well as events renders him far superior to Froissart, who, on the other hand, greatly exceeds him in picturesqueness of style and fertility of invention. Froissart described notable occurrences; Commines delineated great men. The one contemplated the strife of kings and kingdoms as a spectator of the Isthmian games may have gazed at that heart-stirring spectacle. The other watched the schemes of statesmen and the conflict of nations with some approach to that judicial serenity which we ascribe to a member of the Amphictyonic Council. If Froissart may be termed the Livy of France, Commines is entitled to rank as the French Tacitus.

THE FALL OF BURGUNDY

AFTER the Duke of Burgundy had conquered all Lorraine, and received of the King St. Quentin, Ham, and Bohain, with all the constable's goods which could be found, he agreed to meet the King at Auxerre. The King and he were to have an interview upon a river, with a bridge built over it after the same manner as that at Picquigny for King Louis and the King of England; and several messengers passed and repassed continually about this affair. And the Duke of Burgundy resolved to put the greatest part of his army, that had been much fatigued and harassed in the siege of Nuz and their expedition into Lorraine, into quarters of refreshment, and to canton the rest in such towns as belonged to the Count of Romont and others near to Berne and Friburg; upon which towns he had resolved to make war for their insolent behavior during the siege of Nuz, for their having assisted the enemy in taking from him the county of Ferrette, and for their usurpation of some part of the Count of Romont's territories. The King was extremely desirous of this interview, and earnestly entreated the duke to let his army lie still in their quarters of refreshment, and not to attempt anything against the poor Swiss. Upon the approach of this army, the Swiss sent ambassadors to the duke, and offered to restore whatever they had taken from the Count of Romont. On the other hand, the Count of Romont pressed him to come in person to his assistance; and, contrary to sober counsel and what all declared would be the best, considering the season and the shattered state of his army, the duke resolved to march against them himself; it being agreed between the King and him, under both their hands, that as to the affair of Lorraine, there should be no dispute between them.

With this shattered and fatigued army the duke marched

out of Lorraine into Burgundy, where the ambassadors of the old German leagues, called Swiss, came to him, and offered, beside the restitution before mentioned, to abandon all alliances that were contrary to his interest (and particularly that with the King of France), to enter into alliance with him, and (for a small sum of money) to serve him against the King with 6,000 men, whenever he should require their assistance. But the duke would hearken to no overtures, for his ruin was decreed. The new allies (as they term them in those parts), namely, Basle, Strasburg, and other imperial towns situated near the head of the Rhine, had heretofore joined, with Sigismund, Duke of Austria, at the time when he was at war with the Swiss; but now a confederacy was made between them and the Swiss for ten years, at the solicitation and expense of the King of France, at the time that the county of Ferrette was taken from the Duke of Burgundy, and his governor Pierre d'Archambault (who was the cause of all his misfortunes afterward) put to death at Basle. A prince ought narrowly to observe and watch the conduct of those persons he appoints as governors over his new conquests; for, instead of easing his subjects, administering justice, and treating them with more gentleness than before, this Archambault proceeded quite otherwise and oppressed them with all manner of violence and extortion, and was the occasion of great mischief both to himself, his prince, and abundance of brave men beside. This alliance (which, as I said before, was to be ascribed wholly to the King's management) proved afterward very advantageous to his Majesty's interest, and more so than most people were able to foresee, for I esteem it as one of the wisest and most important actions of his reign, and the most prejudicial to his enemies; for if the Duke of Burgundy's affairs were once in a low condition, there would be none left to cope with the King, or oppose him in any of his designs—I mean of his subjects, and in his own kingdom, for all the rest sailed under his wind. For this reason, it was of great importance to combine Duke Sigismund and these new confederates in an alliance with the Swiss, between whom there had been great enmity for a long time; but it put his Majesty to the expense of several embassies and a vast sum of money.

All hopes of an accommodation being entirely vanished, the

Swiss ambassadors returned to acquaint their masters with the Duke of Burgundy's absolute refusal of their propositions, and to make preparations for their defence. The duke marched with his army into the Pays de Vaud (in Savoy), which the Swiss had taken from the Count of Romont, and he took three or four towns belonging to Monsieur de Chasteau-Guyon, which the Swiss had seized upon but defended very ill. From thence he advanced to besiege a place called Granson [1] (which also belonged to Monsieur de Chasteau-Guyon), into which they had thrown 700 or 800 of their best troops; and because it was near them, they had resolved to defend it to the last extremity. The duke's army was mightily increased, for he daily received considerable re-enforcements out of Lombardy and Savoy; and he entertained strangers rather than his own subjects, of whom he might have formed a sufficient army that would have been more faithful and valiant: but the death of the constable had filled him with strange jealousies of them, and various other imaginations. He had a fine train of artillery, and he lived in great pomp and magnificence in the camp, to show his grandeur and riches to the Italian and German ambassadors who were sent to him; and he had all his valuable jewels, plate, and rich furniture with him: besides, he had great designs upon the duchy of Milan, where he expected to find a considerable party. It was not many days after the duke's investing Granson, before the garrison being terrified with his continual battering it with cannon, surrendered at discretion, and were all put to the sword.[2] The Swiss were assembled, but they were not very numerous,[3] as several of them have told me (for that country produced not so many soldiers as was imagined, and still fewer than at present, because of late many of them have left their husbandry, and followed the wars), and of their confederate troops there were not many, because they were obliged to hasten at short notice to the relief of their friends in Granson; and when their army

[1] "The duke encamped before Granson on the nineteenth of February, 1476, with an army of 50,000 men or more, of all languages and countries, with a quantity of cannon and other engines of novel construction, and tents and accoutrements all glittering with gold, and a great host of servants, merchants, and courtesans." "Chronique du Chapitre de Neuchastel."

[2] "All the garrison were given over to the provost-marshal, who, without pity or mercy, caused them to be hanged on the nearest trees by three executioners, to the number of 400 or thereabout, and the rest were drowned in the lake." Molinet, i. 191.

[3] Three hundred men of Berne and a hundred of Neufchâtel assembled to march to the relief of Granson, but

was ready to march, they received advice that the garrison had all been put to the sword.

The Duke of Burgundy, contrary to the opinion of his officers, resolved to advance and meet the enemy at the foot of the mountains, to his great disadvantage; for he was already posted in a place much more proper for an engagement, being fortified on one side with his artillery, and on the other by a lake, so that in all appearance there was no fear of his being injured by the enemy. He had detached a hundred of his archers to secure a certain pass at the entrance of the mountains,[4] and was advancing forward himself, when the Swiss attacked him, while the greatest part of his army was still in the plain. The foremost troops designed to fall back; but the infantry that were behind, supposing they were running away, retreated toward their camp, and some of them behaved themselves handsomely enough; but, in the end, when they arrived in their camp, they wanted courage to make a stand and defend themselves, and they all fled, and the Swiss possessed themselves of their camp, in which were all their artillery, a vast number of tents and pavilions, besides a great deal of valuable plunder, for they saved nothing but their lives.[5] The duke lost all his finest rings, but of men, not above seven men at arms; the rest fled, and the duke with them. It may more properly be said of him, "That he lost his honor and his wealth in one day," than it was of King John of France, who, after a brave defence, was taken prisoner at the battle of Poictiers.

This was the first misfortune that ever happened to the Duke of Burgundy in his whole life: for by the rest of his enterprises he always acquired either honor or advantage. But what a mighty loss did he sustain that day by his perverseness and scorn of good advice! How greatly did his family suffer! In what a miserable condition it is at present! And how like to continue so! How many great princes and states became his enemies, and openly declared against him, who but the day before the battle were his friends, or at least pretended to be so! And what was the cause of this war? A miserable

finding it impossible to penetrate the Burgundian lines, they "returned home groaning." "Chronique de Neuchastel."

[4] The Castle of Bomacourt, by which he received supplies of provisions for his army. Molinet, i. 191.

[5] This rout took place on the evening of March 3, 1476.

cart-load of sheep-skins that the Count of Romont had taken from a Swiss, in his passage through his estates. If God Almighty had not forsaken the Duke of Burgundy, it is scarce conceivable he would have exposed himself to such great dangers upon so small and trivial an occasion; especially considering the offers the Swiss had made him, and that his conquest of such enemies would yield him neither profit nor honor; for at that time the Swiss were not in such esteem as now, and no people in the world could be poorer. A gentleman, who had been one of their first ambassadors to the Duke of Burgundy, told me that one of his chief arguments to dissuade the duke from invading them, was that there was nothing for him to gain from them; for their country was barren and poor, and he believed that, if all his countrymen were taken prisoners, all the money they could raise for their ransom would not buy spurs and bridles for his army.

But to return to the battle; the King had many spies and scouts abroad about the country (most of them despatched by my orders), and it was not long before he received an account of this defeat, at which he was extremely pleased, and if he was grieved at anything, it was because so few of the enemy had been slain. The King, for his better intelligence, and to countermine the duke's designs, had removed to Lyons; and being a prince of great wisdom and penetration, he was afraid lest the duke should, by force of arms, annex Switzerland to his own dominions. The house of Savoy was at the Duke of Burgundy's absolute disposal. The Duke of Milan was his ally.[6] King René of Sicily intended to deliver Provence into his hands; so that if his affairs had been crowned with success, he would have been lord of all the countries from the Western to the Eastern sea, and the people of France could not have stirred out of the kingdom by land without the duke's permission, if he had possessed Savoy, Provence, and Lorraine. To every one of these princes the King now sent ambassadors. The Duchess of Savoy was his sister,[7] but in the duke's interest; the King of Sicily was his uncle,[8] yet he was exceedingly

[6] A treaty between the Duke of Burgundy and the Duke of Milan had been concluded at Moncalier on January 30, 1475.

[7] Yolande de France, sister of Louis XI, was born on September 23, 1434, married Amadeus IX, Duke of Savoy, in 1452, became a widow on March 28, 1472, and died on August 29, 1478.

[8] He was brother of Marie of Anjou, the mother of Louis XI.

cautious of receiving his ambassadors, and when he did, he referred all to the Duke of Burgundy. The King also sent to the German confederates, but with some difficulty; for the roads being blocked up, he was forced to employ mendicants, pilgrims, and such kind of people. The confederate towns replied somewhat haughtily: "Tell your King (said they), if he does not declare for us, we will patch up a peace with the duke, and declare against him!" And the King was afraid they would have done so.[9] However, as yet he had no inclination to declare war against the duke, and was very fearful he might hear of his secret negotiations with these countries.

But let us now take a view of the sudden alteration of affairs after this battle, how negotiations were set on foot, and with what prudence and judgment our King managed his affairs; for it may serve as a fair example to such young princes, who foolishly undertake enterprises, without any foresight, without any experience, or without consulting such persons as are capable of advising them. The first step the Duke of Burgundy made, was to despatch the Lord of Contay to the King, with many submissive and friendly expressions, contrary both to his temper and custom. See what a change one hour had made in him! He entreated the King not to break the truce, excused himself for not having met his Majesty at Auxerre according to the agreement between them, and assured the King that in a little time he would attend him there, or at any other place that his Majesty might be pleased to name. The King received his envoy very kindly, and promised to comply with his demands; for he thought it not convenient to do otherwise at that juncture of time; as his Majesty was aware of the loyalty and affection of the duke's subjects toward their Prince, and that by their assistance he would quickly be recruited;[10] and therefore he had a mind to see the end of the

[9] Louis XI had made a treaty of alliance with the Emperor and the electors in December, 1475. He confirmed it on April 17, 1476. This confirmation is probably what the confederate towns now demanded.

[10] His subjects were, however, beginning to reject his demands. He assembled the estates of Franche-Comté at Salins, and stated his intention to levy an army of 40,000 men, and to impose a tax of one-fourth of their property on his subjects. In answer, the Estates declared that all they could offer him was a force of 3,000 men, "to guard the country." The estates of Burgundy declared at Dijon that the war was utterly useless, and that they would not involve themselves in a groundless quarrel, in which they could have no hope of success. And to crown all, the Flemings wrote to him that, if he were surrounded by the Swiss and Germans, and had not men enough to extricate himself, they would come to his relief. See Michelet's "Louis XI, et Charles le Téméraire."

war, without giving any occasion to either party of making a peace. But how kindly soever the Lord of Contay was entertained by the King, the people treated him with nothing but libels and lampoons; and ballads were publicly sung in the streets, to extol the courage of the conquerors and to jeer at the conquered.

As soon as Galeas, who was Duke of Milan at that time, had received an account of this defeat, he was extremely pleased, notwithstanding his alliance with the duke; which alliance indeed was only the effect of fear, upon account of the great favor and interest which the Duke of Burgundy had in Italy. The Duke of Milan immediately sent a citizen of Milan to the King (a person of no promising aspect), who by the mediation of others was directed to me, and brought me letters from his master. I informed the King of his arrival, and his Majesty commanded me to receive his instructions; for he was not yet reconciled to the Duke of Milan, who had forsaken his alliance, and made a new one with the Duke of Burgundy, though he and the King had married two sisters.[1] The design of his embassy was, to signify to the King that his master the Duke of Milan was informed that the King and the Duke of Burgundy had agreed upon an interview, in order to a final peace and alliance between them, which would be much to the prejudice of the duke his master; and he urged several arguments (but of no great force) against it: but at last, in the conclusion of his speech, he told the King that, if he would promise to make no such truce or treaty with the Duke of Burgundy, the Duke of Milan would pay him immediately 100,000 ducats. After the King had heard the substance of his embassy, he ordered him to be brought into his presence, and (there being nobody there but myself) his Majesty spoke thus to him in short: "Here is M. d'Argenton, who has told me so and so; pray tell your master I will have none of his money, and that my yearly revenue is thrice as much as his. As for war or peace, I will act as I please. However, if he repents having left me to enter into a league with the Duke of Burgundy, I am content our old alliance shall be renewed and confirmed." The ambassador

[1] The Duchess of Milan, Bona of Savoy, was sister of Charlotte of Savoy, the second wife of Louis XI. She married Galeas Sforza, on May 9, 1468, and died in 1485, after a widowhood of nine years.

returned the King most humble thanks; and concluded by his answer that he was no covetous prince; and entreated his Majesty that he would cause the said alliance to be published in the same form as before, for he was sufficiently empowered to promise that his master would do the same. The King consented, and after dinner it was proclaimed,[2] and an ambassador was immediately despatched from the King to Milan, where it was proclaimed with great pomp and solemnity. This was one of the Duke of Burgundy's first strokes of misfortune: and this was the first great man that abandoned his interest, who but three weeks before had sent a magnificent and solemn embassy to him to desire his alliance.

René, King of Sicily, had a design to make the Duke of Burgundy his heir, and to put Provence into his hand; and accordingly the Lord of Chasteau-Guyon [3] (who is now in Piedmont), and several other of the Duke of Burgundy's officers, were sent with 20,000 crowns to raise soldiers to take possession of Provence. But upon the news of this defeat, they had much ado to escape themselves, and the Count of Bresse seized upon their money. The Duchess of Savoy had received information of it also, and sent immediately to the King of Sicily to extenuate the loss, and strengthen him in his alliance. But the messengers, who were natives of Provence, were apprehended, and by that means the treaty between the King of Sicily and the Duke of Burgundy was discovered. The King our master immediately sent a good body of troops toward Provence, and despatched ambassadors to the King of Sicily, to invite him to come to him, and to assure him he should be heartily welcome; or otherwise his Majesty would be obliged to provide for his own safety by force of arms. The King of Sicily was persuaded to visit the King at Lyons, and was received with great honor and civility. I happened to be present at his arrival, and after their first compliments of salutation, John Cossé,[4] Seneschal of Provence (a person of honor, and of a noble family in the kingdom of Naples), addressed himself

[2] This treaty between Louis XI and the Duke of Milan was concluded on August 9, 1476.

[3] Hugues de Chalon, Lord of Chasteau-Guyon and Nozeroy, was the son of Louis de Chalon, Prince of Orange, and Leonore d'Armagnac. He was a man of distinguished bravery. At the battle of Granson, he twice dashed amid the enemy's ranks and nearly succeeded in taking their standard; but his charge was unsupported, and therefore unavailing.

[4] Jean, Lord of Cossé in Anjou, was one of the councillors and chamberlains of King René, and Seneschal of Provence.

to the King in the following manner: "Be not surprised, sire, if the King, my master and your uncle, has offered to make the Duke of Burgundy his heir; for it was the advice of his council (and particularly mine), upon this ground, that notwithstanding you were his nephew and sister's son, yet you had injuriously taken from him the castles of Bar and Angers, and used him unhandsomely in all his other affairs. We therefore promoted this treaty with the Duke of Burgundy, that your Majesty being informed of it, might thereby be the better inclined to do us justice, and be put in mind that my master is your uncle. But, we never intended to bring that treaty to a conclusion."

The King took his speech very wisely and well; and he knew it was true, for M. Cossé was the person that managed the whole affair. In a few days after, all their differences were adjusted; the King of Sicily and all his retinue were largely presented with money;[5] and the King entertained him among the ladies, and treated him in every respect as he loved to be treated; so that a perfect reconciliation took place between them, and no mention was made of the Duke of Burgundy, for not only King René but all his allies had abandoned him; and this was another misfortune occasioned by his defeat. The Duchess of Savoy,[6] who for a long time had been suspected to be her brother's enemy, sent a private messenger (called the Lord of Montaigny), who addressed himself to me, to endeavor her reconciliation, and to represent the reasons which had induced her to abandon the interest of the King her brother, and to state her doubts of the King. However, to speak impartially, she was a lady of great wisdom, and my master's true sister. She was unwilling to proceed to an open rupture with the Duke of Burgundy, but seemed desirous to temporize and to renew her friendship with the King. And she continued to send him news of the duke's adventures, that the King might treat her more favorably; and he ordered me to despatch her envoy with all expedition, to give her good encouragement, and to invite her into France. Thus another of the Duke of Burgundy's confederates fell off from him, and endeavored to abandon his alliance. In Ger-

[5] Louis XI undertook to pay René a pension of 60,000 francs yearly during the remainder of his life. Lenglet, iii. 392.

[6] Yolande of France, Duchess of Savoy, and sister to Louis XI.

many they began universally to declare against the duke; and several towns of the empire, as Nuremberg, Frankfort, and others, joined in a confederacy with the new and old allies of Switzerland against him; and it seemed that whatever mischief could be done to him, was quite pardonable.

The poor Swiss were mightily enriched by the plunder of his camp.[7] At first they did not understand the value of the treasure they were masters of, especially the common soldiers. One of the richest and most magnificent tents in the world was cut into pieces. There were some of them that sold quantities of dishes and plates of silver for about two sous of our money, supposing they had been pewter. His great diamond (perhaps the largest and finest jewel in Christendom), with a large pearl fixed to it, was taken up by a Swiss, put up again into the case, thrown under a wagon, taken up again by the same soldier, and after all offered to a priest for a florin, who bought it, and sent it to the magistrate of that country, who returned him three francs as a sufficient reward.[8] They took also three very rich jewels, called the Three Brothers, another large ruby called La Hatte, and another called the Ball of Flanders, which were the fairest and richest in the world; besides a prodigious quantity of other goods, which has since taught them what fine things may be purchased for money; for their victories, the esteem the King had of their

[7] The following is a list of the spoil taken by the Swiss at Granson, from Peignot's "Amusemens Philologiques":

"1. Five hundred pieces of heavy artillery, with a quantity of ammunition, and abundance of provisions.

"2. Four hundred tents of great richness, fitted with silk and velvet, and with the duke's arms embroidered thereon in gold and pearls. Most of these were spoiled by the Swiss, who made them into clothes.

"3. Six hundred banners and standards; 300 helmets, 300 cwt. of gunpowder; 3,000 sacks of barley; 2,000 baggage wagons; 2,000 barrels of herrings, and a quantity of other dried fish, and salted meat, geese, and fowls; and abundance of sugar, raisins, figs, almonds, and other things innumerable; and 8,000 spiked clubs.

"4. Four hundred pounds weight of silver plate, which was taken to Lucerne, and divided among the Swiss, to say nothing of that which was carried off by the soldiers.

"5. Three hundred complete services of magnificent silver plate; and so great a quantity of coined money that it was distributed by handfuls; four wagon-loads of crossbows and strings; and three wagon-loads of bed-linen.

"6. The coffer containing the duke's archives, and his great diamond.

"7. The duke's rosary, with the apostles in massive gold.

"8. The duke's sword, adorned with seven large diamonds and as many rubies, with fifteen pearls of the size of a bean, and of the finest water; 160 pieces of cloth of gold and silk; with innumerable relics in rich shrines; the duke's gilded chair, and his gold ring, and the ring of his brother Antony, and two large pearls set in gold, each as large as a nut.

[8] This famous diamond, called the Sancy diamond, was sold by the last-mentioned purchasers to M. de Diesbach, for 5,400 Rhine florins; he sold it to a Genevese jeweller for 7,000 Rhine florins; it was next sold to the Duke of Milan for 11,000 ducats; then to Pope Julius for 20,000 ducats; and in 1835, it was purchased by Prince Demidoff for £20,000. It is said to weigh 53½ grains.

service afterward, and the presents he made them, have enriched them prodigiously.

The King made every one of their ambassadors that was sent in the first embassy to his Majesty very considerable presents in plate or money, by which means he pacified them for not openly declaring and entering into an alliance with them; and they returned with their purses well filled, and their persons clothed in silk, beside a promise of a pension of 40,000 florins of the Rhine (which he paid afterward, but he saw the event of a second battle first), 20,000 to the towns, and 20,000 to the governors of them.[9] Nor should I tell an untruth in saying, that from the battle of Granson to the death of our master, their towns and magistrates received of his Majesty above a million of Rhine florins; and by the towns I mean only four, Berne, Lucerne, Friburg, Zurich, and their cantons, or mountains. Schwytz also is another of their cantons, though but a small village; yet I have seen an ambassador of that village, who, though he was in a mean dress, yet gave his opinion with the others. The other cantons are Glaris and Underwald.

But to return to the Duke of Burgundy's affairs. He assembled forces on all sides, and, in three weeks' time, he had as many as he had had in the late battle. His quarters were at Losanne, in Savoy,[10] where you, my Lord of Vienne, attended him with your counsels in an illness, which melancholy and vexation for the dishonor he had sustained, had occasioned; and truly I am of opinion, that from the very day of his defeat, his understanding was never so good as it had been before. The account I give you of the great army he had assembled again, I received from the Prince of Tarento,[1] who in my presence made the same relation to the King. This prince had come to the duke's court about a year before, with a very splendid equipage, in the hope of marrying his daughter, the heiress of Flanders. And, indeed, he appeared to be a king's son by the gracefulness of his person, and the splendor of his appear-

[9] Of this sum, 9,000 francs were given to certain private individuals, and the remainder was thus divided: 6,000 francs to Berne, 3,000 to Lucerne, and 2,000 to Zurich. Lenglet, iii. 379.

[10] The duke reached Lausanne on April 29, 1476, and remained there until the twenty-seventh of May.

[1] The principality of Tarentum was not actually conferred on Don Frederic of Arragon until 1485, but he appears to have enjoyed the titular dignity for some time previously. He became King of Naples in 1496, and died on November 9, 1504.

ance and retinue; for his father, the King of Naples,[2] had spared no cost to set him off. The Duke of Burgundy did but dissemble with him; for, at the same time, he was in treaty with the Duchess of Savoy for her son, beside others elsewhere. The Prince of Tarento (called Don Frederic of Arragon) and his council, growing weary of his delays, sent a herald, who was a clever person, to our King, to desire his Majesty to grant the prince a passport to return safely through his dominions into his own country, for his father had sent for him. The King granted it very willingly, because he believed it would redound to the Duke of Burgundy's dishonor, and would lessen his interest abroad. However, before the return of the messenger, the German confederates had taken the field, and lay encamped not far from the Duke of Burgundy.

The prince took his leave of the duke the night before the battle,[3] in obedience to his father's command; for in the first engagement he had given signal proofs of his valor. There are some (my Lord of Vienne) who affirm, that he left the army by your advice; and I heard him say, upon his arrival at court, to the Duke of Astoly,[4] called the Count Julio, and to several others, that your lordship transmitted an account into Italy of all that happened both in the first and second battles, several days before they were fought.[5]

At the prince's departure, the confederates (as I said before) were encamped near the Duke of Burgundy, with a design to give him battle, and raise the siege of Morat, a small town near Berne, belonging to the Count of Romont. The confederates (as I was informed by those who were present in that action) might be about 30,000 foot, all choice troops and well armed; that is to say, 11,000 picked men, 10,000 halberdiers, and 10,000 musketeers, beside a body of 4,000 horse. The confederate forces were not all arrived; so that only those mentioned above were in the engagement, and they were more than

[2] Ferdinand I, natural son of Alphonso, King of Naples, succeeded his father in 1458, and died on January 25, 1494.

[3] On June 21, 1476.

[4] According to some commentators, the person here referred to is the Duke of Ascoli, but as the name of that nobleman was Orso Orsino, it is impossible that he can be identical with "Count Julio," who, as Commines tells us, possessed the dukedom in question. It is more probable that our author alludes to Giulio Antonio Aquaviva, Duke of Atri, a distinguished statesman and warrior, known in Neapolitan history as "Count Giulio." The Duke of Atri, moreover, had been chosen by King Ferdinand to accompany Prince Frederic of Arragon on his visit to the Court of Burgundy.

[5] Angelo Catto was celebrated as a physician and astrologer.

was necessary. The Duke of Lorraine arrived at their camp also with a small re-enforcement, which was of great advantage to him afterward, for the Duke of Burgundy was in possession of his whole dukedom. Nor was it to his prejudice that our court began to grow weary of him, though I believe he was never conscious of it himself. But when a great person has lost all, those that support and maintain him soon grow weary of him. The King gave him a small sum of money, and sent a strong party of troops with him through the duchy of Lorraine, to conduct him safely into Germany, and then to return. The Duke of Lorraine had not only lost that country, but also the country of Vaudemont, and most part of Barrois (the rest being secured by the King, so that all was gone); and, which was worse, all his subjects, and even his domestics, had sworn allegiance to the Duke of Burgundy, and that voluntarily, without any compulsion; so that his condition seemed past recovery. However, in such cases God always remains judge and arbitrator, and decides such affairs according to his own pleasure.

When the Duke of Lorraine had passed through his own dominions, after several days' march, he arrived at the camp of the confederates not many hours before the engagement. Though he brought but few men, yet his arrival was much to his honor and advantage, for otherwise he would have had a poor reception. Just as he arrived, both armies were advancing to engage; for the allies had lain three days or more strongly encamped at a small distance from the Duke of Burgundy, whose army, after some small resistance, was entirely defeated and put to flight.[6] Nor did he escape so well as in the first engagement: for the Swiss not having then a body of horse, he lost not above seven men at arms; but at this battle of Morat they had 4,000 good horse, who pursued the Burgundians a great way, and cut off a considerable number of them. Beside their whole body of infantry was engaged with the duke's foot, who were very numerous; for, beside his own subjects, and a considerable body of English, who were in his pay, he had great re-enforcements out of Piedmont and Milan,

[6] Four years after the battle a chapel was erected on the field with this inscription: "Deo Optimo Maximo. Inclyti et fortissimi Burgundiæ Ducis Exercitus, Moratum obsidens, ab Helvetiis cæsus, hoc sui Monumentum reliquit." In 1822 a handsome stone obelisk was set up, in a commanding position overlooking the lake, also in commemoration of this victory.

as I said before. And when the Prince of Tarento was with the King, he told me he had never seen a finer army in his life; for, as they marched over a bridge, he caused them to be numbered, and they amounted to 23,000 men in pay, beside those that belonged to the train of artillery, and followed the camp. To me this seems a very great number, yet there are some who make it much greater, and upon very slight grounds will multiply armies prodigiously.

The Lord of Contay arrived at our court not long after the battle, and owned in my presence, that the Duke of Burgundy lost in that battle 8,000 of his standing forces, beside those that followed the camp; and, by the best information I could get, I presume that the number of the slain in all, might amount to near 18,000 men; which is not at all improbable, if we consider the great bodies of horse that the princes of Germany had there, and the vast number of those that were slain in the duke's camp before Morat. The duke fled himself as far as Burgundy, in great disconsolateness, and not without reason; he stopped at a place called La Rivière,[7] where he rallied what forces he could. The Germans pursued only that night, and then gave over the chase, without following him any farther.

This defeat drove the Duke of Burgundy almost to despair; for by what he had observed since his first loss at Granson, he perceived all his friends and allies were resolved to abandon him; and his defeat at Granson happened not above three weeks previously.[8] In this apprehension, by the advice of some people, he caused the Duchess of Savoy and one of her sons, who is now Duke of Savoy,[9] to be brought into Burgundy by force. Her eldest son at that time was saved by some of the servants belonging to the family; for those who committed this act of violence did it in fear, and were obliged to use more haste than was convenient. That which moved the duke to this exploit, was a suspicion lest she should retire to the King her brother, though, as he pretended, all this misfortune was caused him by his great affection to the house of Savoy. The duke ordered

[7] La Rivière is a small town in the arrondissement of Pontarlier, in the department of Doubs. The duke arrived there on the twenty-second of July. Lenglet, ii. 220.

[8] This is a mistake; the battle of Granson occurred three months and nineteen days before that of Morat. The former was fought on the third of March, and the latter on June 22, 1476.

[9] Charles I, born on March 29, 1408, succeeded his brother Philibert in 1482. He married Blanche of Montferrat, and died on March 13, 1489.

her to be conducted to the Castle of Rouvre,[10] near Dijon, and placed some small guard about her, but whoever had a mind had liberty to visit her. Among the rest, the Lord of Chasteau-Guyon and the Marquis of Rotelin came to wait on her Highness, between whom and two of her daughters the duke had treated of marriage, though at that time neither of them had been concluded, but both have been since. Her eldest son Philibert, at that time Duke of Savoy, was conveyed to Chambery by those who contrived his escape,[1] at which place he found the Bishop of Geneva, who was a son of the house of Savoy, but a very headstrong man, and governed wholly by a Commander de Ranvers.[2] With this bishop and his governor, the Commander de Ranvers, the King managed affairs so artfully, that the Duke of Savoy and a younger brother of his,[3] called the prothonotary, with the castles of Chambery and Montmeillan,[4] were delivered into his Majesty's hands; and he already had another castle in his possession, in which were all the jewels belonging to the duchess.

As soon as the duchess found, upon her arrival at Rouvre, that she was attended by her whole train of maids of honor and a host of other servants, as I said before; and observed the Duke of Burgundy wholly intent upon raising men, and that her guards did not retain that dread and awe of their master which they formerly had, she resolved to send to her brother the King, to propose a peace and beg his assistance; yet she would have been unwilling to have put herself into his power, had she been in any other place but where she was, for there had been a great long-standing quarrel between them. The duchess sent a gentleman of Piedmont, named Riverol,[5] who was steward of her house, and had instructions to apply to me. As soon as I had received his message, and communicated it to

[10] In the department of the Cote-d'Or. This expedition was intrusted to Oliver de la Marche, who had to answer for its performance with his head. See his Memoirs.

[1] Geoffroi, Lord of Riverol, a Piedmontese gentleman, rescued the duke from the hands of those who had seized him. Louis de Villette, a gentleman of Savoy, saved his brother.

[2] Jean de Montchenu, Commander of Saint Antoine de Ranvers, became Bishop of Agen in 1477, and was translated to the see of Vivier in 1478. In previous editions, he has been erroneously termed a commander of Rhodes.

[3] Jacques Louis de Savoie, Count of Geneva and Marquis de Gex. He died at Turin on July 27, 1485, without issue.

[4] "The Bishop of Geneva forced the governor of Montmeillan to surrender the place, wherein were all the treasures and jewels of the Regent." Guichenon, ii. 143. This must, therefore, be the castle to which Commines refers in the succeeding paragraph.

[5] Geoffroi de Riverol, mentioned in a preceding note. The duchess had previously sent her secretary Cavorret to the King; but Louis XI had put him in arrest because he was dressed in the Burgundian fashion.

the King, his Majesty ordered him to be introduced into his presence; and after he had given him audience, he told him that he would not abandon his sister in this extremity, notwithstanding the differences that had been between them; and if she would trust to him, he would send the governor of Champagne, who was then Charles d'Amboise, Lord of Chaumont, to fetch her.

M. Riverol took his leave of the King, and posted with all speed to his mistress with the news. The duchess was overjoyed to hear it, yet she immediately sent another agent to the King, to desire his Majesty would give his word that she should have liberty to return into Savoy whenever she pleased, and that he would restore to her not only the duke her son and his young brother, but the castles and places which he had seized upon, and would defend and maintain her authority in Savoy; and then she would renounce all other alliances, and keep herself entirely in his interest. The King promised to grant all she desired, and immediately despatched an express to the Lord of Chaumont to go and deliver her; which was well attempted, and as well performed; for the Lord of Chaumont, with a strong detachment,[6] went to Rouvre, without the least disorder or damage to the country through which he marched, and brought away the Duchess of Savoy and her whole train to the next garrison belonging to the King. When the King despatched this last message to the Duchess of Savoy, his Majesty had left Lyons, where he had sojourned full six months, on purpose to defeat and countermine the designs of the Duke of Burgundy, without violating the truce; and if we seriously consider the posture of the duke's affairs, we shall see that the King was a greater enemy to him in not opposing him openly, but creating him new enemies underhand, than if he had declared open war against him; for upon such a declaration, the duke would have abandoned his rash enterprises and designs, and that would not have occurred which happened to him afterward.

The King having left Lyons, continued his journey directly to Rouanne, from whence he came down the River Loire to Tours. Upon his arrival there, his Majesty received the news

[6] Oliver de la Marche says that the Lord of Chaumont took with him 200 lances.

of his sister's deliverance, at which he was extremely pleased, and sent an express immediately to direct her to come to him, and ordered a sum of money to be remitted to defray the expense of her journey. When the King was informed of her approach, he sent several persons of quality to meet her, and went himself as far as the gate of Plessis-du-Parc, where he received her with abundance of tenderness and civility, and saluted her thus, "My Lady of Burgundy, you are heartily welcome." She knew well by his countenance that he was in a merry humor, and replied very prudently, "that she was no Burgundian, but a true French woman, and ready to obey him in whatever he might command." The King conducted her to her apartment, and entertained her with great splendor; but the truth is he was very desirous to be rid of her, and she being a cunning woman, and understanding his temper perfectly well, was even more desirous to be gone than he was to have her go. The management of this whole affair was committed to me, and the King ordered me to supply her with money during her stay at court, to provide for her return, to furnish her wardrobe with silks, and to draw up the form of their alliance for the time to come. The King used his utmost endeavors to break off the matches that I mentioned before, but she excused herself, and pretended that the affections of her daughters were so far engaged, that it would be impossible to break them off; and when the King found that, he pressed it no further.

After the duchess had been at Plessis about seven or eight days, the King and her Highness entered into a mutual oath of amity for the future, and instruments to that purpose were interchangeably delivered:[7] after which she took her leave, and the King ordered her to be conducted safely into her own country; and her children, castles, jewels, and whatever belonged to her besides, were punctually restored to her. Both were extremely pleased to be rid of one another upon such handsome terms; and ever after they continued very good friends, as a brother and sister ought to do.

But to continue the chief subject of these "Memoirs," we are obliged to return to the Duke of Burgundy, who, after his defeat at Morat (in the year 1476), had fled to a town called La

[7] These papers are dated November 2, 1476. The King thereby pledged his word to defend and support his sister and her son against the attacks and pretensions of Charles of Burgundy.

Rivière, at the entrance into Burgundy, where he lay six weeks, under pretence of raising men to recruit his army; but he proceeded very slowly in that affair, and instead of being active and vigorous, he lived like a hermit, and all his actions seemed rather the effect of sullenness and obstinacy than anything else, as will appear by what follows.

His concern and grief for his first defeat at Granson was so great, and made such a deep impression on his spirits, that it threw him into a violent and dangerous fit of sickness; for whereas before, his choler and natural heat were so great that he drank no wine, but only in a morning took a little tisane, and ate conserve of roses, to refresh himself; this sudden melancholy had so altered his constitution, that he now drank the strongest wine that could be got, without any water at all; and to reduce the rush of blood to his heart, his physicians were obliged to apply cupping-glasses with burning tow to his side. But this (my Lord of Vienne) you know better than I, for your lordship attended on him during the whole course of his illness, and it was by your persuasion that the duke was prevailed upon to cut his beard, which was of a prodigious length. In my opinion his understanding was never so perfect, nor his senses so sedate and complete, after this fit of sickness, as before. So violent are the passions of men unacquainted with adversity, who never seek the true remedy for their misfortunes, especially princes, who are naturally haughty: for in such cases our best method is to have recourse to God, to reflect on the many vile transgressions by which we have offended his divine goodness, to humble ourselves before him, and to make an acknowledgment of our faults: for he determines all things as it seems best to his heavenly wisdom, and who dare question the justness of his dispensations, or impute any error to him? It is also well to unbosom ourselves freely to some intimate friends, not to keep our sorrows concealed, but to expatiate on every circumstance of them, without being ashamed or reserved; for this mitigates the rigor of our misfortunes, revives the heart, and restores their usual vigor and activity to our dejected spirits. There is another remedy also, and that is labor and exercise (for as we are but men, these sorrows cannot be dissipated without great pains and application, both in public and private), which is a much better course

than that which the duke took in hiding himself, and retiring from all manner of company; for by that means he grew so terrible to his own servants, that none of them durst venture to come near him to give him either counsel or comfort, but suffered him to go on in that melancholy state of life, fearing lest their advising him to the contrary might have turned to their destruction.

During these six weeks (or thereabouts) that he lay at La Rivière with very few troops (nor was it to be wondered at, after the loss of two such great battles as you have heard before), many declared themselves openly against him, his friends were grown cold, his subjects were defeated and rebellious, and began (as is usual) to murmur and contemn their master on account of his misfortunes. He lost several little towns in Lorraine, as Vaudemont, Espinal, and others. All the neighboring States began to make preparations to invade him; and the vilest and most insignificant of them were now the most forward in doing him mischief. The Duke of Lorraine (upon this report) assembled a small body of forces, and besieged Nancy;[8] the small towns about it were most of them in his possession already; but the Duke of Burgundy was master of Pont-à-Mousson, about four leagues off. Among those that were besieged in Nancy, there was a gentleman of the house of Croy, called the Lord of Bièvres,[9] a good officer, and a person of honor, whose forces were made up out of several countries. There was also an Englishman called Colpin, a brave soldier (though of no great birth), who with other officers belonging to the garrison of Guynes, had entered the service of the Duke of Burgundy. This Colpin had the command of about 300 English in the town, and though they were not pressed either by approaches or batteries,[10] they began to be uneasy at the duke's slowness in marching to their relief:[1] and indeed he

[8] The garrison of Nancy consisted of about 1,000 or 1,200 Burgundian troops. Duke René laid siege to the town on September 15, 1476.

[9] Jean de Rubempré, Lord of Bièvre, was appointed Bailiff of Hainault in 1473, and created a knight of the Golden Fleece in 1475. He was killed in the battle of Nancy.

[10] Molinet (i. 208) says: "The besieged ran so short of provisions that they were glad to eat horse-flesh. The townspeople were so false and disloyal to them, that if the captains had made a sortie, they would not have been admitted again into the town. And furthermore, two bombards, one culverin, and several serpentines, were continually firing on them, as many as twenty-one shots a day, by which means a gate was broken through, and the dilapidated wall was razed to the ground.

[1] The Lord of Fay, Lieutenant of Luxembourg, collected a body of forces, and marched with the Count of Campobasso to the relief of Nancy. But instead of proceeding thither at once, they spent a considerable time in de-

was highly to blame; for the quarters where he lay were at so great a distance from Lorraine, that he could do them no service, and certainly it would have been better for him to have defended what was left, than to have meditated revenge on the Swiss for what he had lost. But his perverseness in following no counsel but his own, turned greatly to his disadvantage; for notwithstanding that he was daily pressed to relieve that place, yet he continued (without any necessity) at La Rivière full six weeks; whereas if he had done otherwise, he might easily have raised the siege of Nancy, for the Duke of Lorraine's forces were not numerous,[2] and so long as the country of Lorraine was in his possession, he had free communication between his other territories (through Luxembourg and Lorraine) into Burgundy; so that if his intellects had been as right and his judgment as sound as they were formerly, he would certainly have marched with greater expedition to their relief.

While the garrison of Nancy lay in continual expectation of being relieved, it happened that the above-mentioned Colpin, who commanded the English troops in the town, was killed by a cannon-ball; his death was a vast prejudice to the Duke of Burgundy's concerns, for a prince very often is preserved from great inconveniences by the management of one single person, provided he has wisdom and valor, although his extraction be mean; and in this particular I knew no man more careful than our master, for certainly never prince was more fearful of losing his men than his Majesty. Upon the death of Colpin, the English under his command began to murmur and despair of relief. They were not aware of the Duke of Lorraine's weakness, and that the Duke of Burgundy had many ways of re-enforcing his army; and besides, the English, not having been abroad for a long time, had but little experience in foreign wars, and were wholly ignorant in regard to a siege. In short, they mutinied for a composition, and plainly told the governor, M. de Bièvres, that if he would not consent to a capitulation, they would make one without him. Though Bièvres was a good knight, yet he wanted courage and resolu-

ciding on the route they should take, and in waiting for re-enforcements. This delay arose chiefly from their expectation that they would get but little booty in Lorraine; and their allegiance to Duke Charles had been greatly shaken by his defeats at Granson and Morat, so that, says Molinet, "their succor, which should have been prompt and zealous, was very tardy and unwillingly given."

[2] According to Molinet (i. 207) the duke had 10,000 Swiss, horse and foot.

tion. He remonstrated, entreated, and begged of them to have a little patience; whereas, in my opinion, if he had hectored, and carried matters with an air of greater authority and resolution, he had succeeded better; but God had ordered it otherwise: for had they held out but three days longer, the Duke of Burgundy would have certainly raised the siege. But, in short, the governor complied with the English, and the town was surrendered [3] to the Duke of Lorraine, upon condition of saving their goods and sparing their persons.

The next day, or at furthest two days after the surrender, the Duke of Burgundy appeared with a very good army, considering his condition, for several of his own subjects had marched up through the province of Luxembourg to join him. The Duke of Lorraine and he faced one another,[4] but no action of importance happened between them, the Duke of Lorraine being too weak to attempt anything. The Duke of Burgundy, in his old obstinate way, was resolved to besiege Nancy again,[5] though it had been much wiser in him not to have undertaken it at that time; but when God is pleased to change the fortune of princes, he puts these obstinate inclinations into them. Had the Duke of Burgundy been persuaded to have garrisoned the little places about the town, as he was advised, he would quickly have reduced it to great straits, and would have forced it to surrender in a short time, for it was but ill-provided with provisions, and the multitude in the town would have presently distressed it; while he would have had time to recruit his army, and put them into quarters of refreshment; but he took quite another course.

While the Duke of Burgundy was pushing on the siege of Nancy (so unfortunately for himself, his subjects, and many others who were not at all concerned in his quarrel), many of his own party began to enter into a conspiracy against him, and new enemies, as you have heard, surrounded and invaded him on all sides. Among the rest there was the Count Nicolo Campobasso, of the Kingdom of Naples, who had been banished from thence for espousing the interest of the house of Anjou,[6]

[3] On October 6, 1476.
[4] On October 10th the Duke of Burgundy came up with Duke René at Pont-à-Mousson. Lenglet, ii. 220.
[5] On October 22, 1476.
[6] The pretensions of the house of Anjou to the Kingdom of Naples date from the will of Joan I, Queen of Naples, made on June 23, 1380, in favor of Louis I, Duke of Anjou, and brother of King Charles VI of France.

and whom, after the death of Nicholas, Duke of Calabria, the Duke of Burgundy had entertained in his service, with several other of the Duke of Calabria's servants. This count was very poor, both in money and lands; at his first coming to him, the Duke of Burgundy gave him 40,000 ducats in ready money, to raise a troop in Italy, which was to consist of 400 lances, and to be commanded and paid by himself. From that very moment, as I said before, he began to form designs against the life of his master, and continued to carry on his secret practices to the time of which I am now speaking; for, finding his master's power declining, he began to practise underhand with the Duke of Lorraine, and such of the King's officers and servants in Champagne as were not far from the Duke of Burgundy's army. His first proposal to the Duke of Lorraine was, to delay the siege of Nancy, by not taking care to provide a sufficient quantity of provisions and ammunition, so that the army would be unable to carry it on for want of necessaries; and, indeed, it was no hard matter for him to do this, for he was intrusted with this charge, and had the greatest influence with the duke his master. With our officers he dealt more freely, and promised to take or kill the Duke of Burgundy, provided he were continued in the command of his 400 lances upon the same footing as before, and had 20,000 crowns and a good county in France beside.

While he was driving his bargains after this manner, several of the Duke of Lorraine's officers attempted to throw themselves into the town; some of them got in, but others were taken, and among the rest one Cifron,[7] a gentleman of Provence, who had managed the whole affair between Campobasso and the Duke of Lorraine. The Duke of Burgundy immediately commanded this Cifron to be hanged, affirming that when a prince has once invested a town, and erected batteries to play upon it, if any endeavored to re-enforce and strengthen the garrison they were condemned to death by the laws of war. However, this was not practised in our wars, which, in other respects, are much more cruel than those of Italy or Spain, where that custom prevails. But, right or wrong, this gentleman was to die by the Duke of Burgundy's express order. The gentleman, finding that his death was inevitable, sent to ac-

[7] Suffron de Bachier, councillor and steward to King René.

quaint the duke that, if he pleased but to admit him to his presence, he would make a discovery of something that nearly concerned his person. Some gentlemen who heard his proposal, brought the news of it to the duke at a time when the Count of Campobasso was with him, either by accident, or else on purpose, having intelligence that Cifron was taken, and fearing he would discover all he knew; for he knew the whole intrigue from one end to the other, and that was the secret he would have discovered to the duke.

The duke answered those that brought him this message, that it was only an artifice to gain time, and that if he had anything to discover, he might tell it to them. The Count of Campobasso highly applauded this answer, there being only himself, who was the chief commander in the army, and a secretary that was writing, then present. The prisoner sent word again, that he could discover it to nobody but the duke himself; upon which the duke ordered him to be carried to execution immediately, and his orders were obeyed. As he was going to the place of execution, Cifron entreated several to intercede with the duke to save his life, and he would discover a secret that was of greater importance to him than the best province in his dominions. Several of his acquaintance had compassion on him, and went to desire the duke that, for their sake, he would vouchsafe to admit him into his presence; but this treacherous count stood at the door of the wooden house in which the duke lodged, refused them entrance, and told them, "The duke commands that he be immediately executed," [8] and sent messengers on purpose to hasten the provost; so that finally poor Cifron was hanged, to the unspeakable prejudice of the Duke of Burgundy, for whom it had been much better to have treated this unfortunate gentleman with more humanity, and heard what he had to say; for then, perhaps, he might have been alive to this day, and his house in a more flourishing condition, considering what occurrences had happened since in this kingdom.

But we have reason to believe that God had otherwise ordained it, as a punishment for his late disloyalty to the Count

[8] According to the Chronicle of Lorraine, Campobasso acted in just the opposite way. He undertook the defence of Suffron so strenuously that the duke, "who was armed, and had his gauntlets on, raised his hand, and knocked the count down." Calmet, vii. 118.

of St. Paul, constable of France, of which you have heard elsewhere in these "Memoirs"; how he seized upon his person, contrary to his solemn promise and engagement, delivered him to the King to be put to death, and sent all his letters and contracts to serve as an evidence against him at his trial. And though the duke had just reason to bear a mortal hatred against the constable, and to pursue him even to death, yet he should have done it without breaking his faith; nor can all the reasons that could be alleged in this case extenuate the crime, or cover the dishonor that will always be a stain and blot on the duke's character; for notwithstanding the safe-conduct and protection that he granted the constable, he yet seized upon him afterward, and sold him for covetousness, not only to obtain the town of St. Quentin and other fortresses, inheritances and movables belonging to the constable, but also in the hope of taking Nancy the first time he besieged it; for after many excuses and dissimulations he delivered up the constable, for fear that the King's army in Champagne might interrupt his enterprise; his Majesty having threatened to do so by his ambassadors, unless he should perform his articles, by which the first that took the constable was obliged to deliver him up within eight days, or to see him executed himself. But the duke had deferred his surrender for several days longer than was agreed upon between them; and the fear of being called to account for this, and of being interrupted in the siege of Nancy, prevailed with him to deliver up the constable, as you have heard.

And it is worthy of our observation, that as, in his first siege of Nancy, he was guilty of that dishonorable action toward the constable; and in his second, he ordered Cifron to be hanged (for he would not hear him, like a person whose understanding was infatuated, and his ears stopped to his own ruin) —so, in the same place he was deceived and betrayed himself by the very person in whom he reposed most confidence (and not altogether unjustly, if we reflect upon what has been said before), both in regard to the constable and Nancy. But the determination of such events depends only upon God; and I have given my opinion only to illustrate my proposition, that a good prince ought never to consent to such a base and ignominious action, whatsoever plausible reasons may be urged in

vindication of it; for it often happens that those who give their advice in such an affair do it either out of flattery, or fear of contradicting their prince, though, when the thing is done, they are heartily sorry for it, knowing how liable they are to be punished in this world and the next; however, such counsellors as these are better far off, than near any prince.

Thus you have seen how God, the sole Governor of human affairs, raised up the Count of Campobasso to be the instrument of his vengeance in the case of the constable, in the same place, and after the same manner, but with more circumstances of cruelty; for he betrayed the very person who had entertained him in his service when he was old, poor, and friendless, and had given him an annual sum of 10,000 ducats, with which to pay his soldiers, beside other posts of great advantage. And, when he first began his conspiracy he was on his journey into Italy with 40,000 ducats to raise his regiment; and yet, in that very journey, he made overtures in two several places, first, to a physician at Lyons, called Simon of Pavia, next, to another person in Savoy, as you have already heard; and at his return with his regiment, being quartered in certain small towns in the county of Marle in Lannois, he fell to his old practices, and offered to deliver up all the towns he held; or, if that were not sufficient, if the King would but face his master, and pretend to give him battle, when they were drawn up, and ready to engage, upon a signal to be agreed on between the King and him, he would come over to him and join his Majesty's army with the troops under his command; but the King was not pleased with this last overture by any means. He offered, likewise, the first time his master lay in the field, either to take him prisoner, or kill him, as he was reviewing his army; and indeed he might easily have done it; for the duke's custom was, as soon as he was alighted from his horse, at the place where his army was to encamp, to pull off the rest of his armor, and with his cuirass only, to mount upon a little palfrey, and, attended only by eight or ten archers on foot, or two or three gentlemen of his bedchamber, to ride about the army, and see that it was strongly enclosed; so that with a small party of ten horse, the count might have performed this execrable action without much difficulty.

The King, observing the restless malice of this man against

his master, and that he was conspiring against him even during the time of the truce between them, and being not well informed of the object of these overtures, resolved upon showing a singular piece of friendship and generosity to the Duke of Burgundy, and sent him in writing, by the Lord of Contay (whom I have so often mentioned in these "Memoirs"), the whole progress of the count's conspiracy. I was present at the delivery of the letters, and I am sure the Lord of Contay acquitted himself faithfully to his master; but the duke would give no credit to his information, and said, that if there was any truth in it, the King would never have communicated it. This was long before the duke's arrival before Nancy, and I verily believe he never took any notice of it to the count, for he continued his old practices afterward.

But now to proceed with our principal subject. You must know that the Duke of Burgundy besieged Nancy in the depth of winter, with a small army which was ill-provided and ill-paid. Several of his officers had entered into a conspiracy against him, and there was a general mutiny among the common soldiers, who censured and despised all his enterprises; which, as I have observed at large before, is the common fate in times of adversity; but nobody practised against his person and dominions except the Count of Campobasso, for his subjects were all loyal to him. The Duke of Burgundy being in this miserable condition, the Duke of Lorraine treated with the old and new allies [9] (whom I have mentioned before) for a supply of troops to enable him to give the duke battle, and raise the siege of Nancy. They all readily consented, and every town furnished him with a body of troops, so that now his only want was money for their subsistence. The King by his ambassadors in Switzerland encouraged him extremely in this enterprise, and remitted him 400,000 francs to pay his Swiss: and the Lord of Craon, the King's lieutenant in Champagne, was quartered in Barrois with a body of 700 or 800 lances and frank-archers, commanded by experienced officers. The Duke of Lorraine, by help of the King's favor and money, assembled a good body of Swiss, both horse and foot; for, beside the troops

[9] Oliver de la Marche (ii. 420) also states that "the Duke of Lorraine intrigued with the Swiss to induce them to come to Nancy; and the King of France secretly furnished him with money to obtain their assistance, that they might do to the Duke of Burgundy that which he did not dare to undertake himself."

that were in his own pay, they furnished him with some at their own expense. He had also many French volunteers, and the King's army (as you have already heard) was quartered in Barrois, not with a design to commit any act of hostility, but only to wait the issue of a battle, which was every day expected; for the Duke of Lorraine had marched with his Germans to St. Nicholas,[10] not far from Nancy.

The King of Portugal [1] had now been in France for nine months or thereabouts; for our King, being in an alliance with him against the King of Castile,[2] the King of Portugal flattered himself that he would assist him with a powerful army to make war upon his adversary on the side of Biscay or Navarre, for he had several towns in Castile, upon the frontiers of Portugal, and some upon our borders, as the Castle of Burgos, and others; so that I am of opinion, if our King had assisted him, as he was sometimes inclined to do, the King of Portugal might have succeeded in his designs; but, by degrees, the King's mind changed, and the King of Portugal was amused with fair words, and fed with hopes, for a year or more.

In the meantime the King of Portugal's affairs in Castile began to decline: for, when he came into France, almost all the nobility of Castile were in his interest; but his long stay in France tired their patience, and they began to grow weary, and made their peace with Ferdinand and Isabella, who now reign. The King of France indeed had promised to assist him, but he excused himself afterward upon account of the war in Lorraine, pretending that if the Duke of Burgundy prevailed, he feared that he would afterward invade his dominions. The King of Portugal, who was a very good and just prince, took a fancy to pay a visit to the Duke of Burgundy, who was his cousin-german,[3] and to try whether his good offices could effect a pacification between the King and the duke, supposing that when this obstacle was removed, the King would certainly as-

[10] On Saturday, January 4th, the Duke of Lorraine arrived at St. Nicholas with 10,500 Swiss." Molinet, i. 231.

[1] Alphonso V, surnamed the African, was the son of Duarte I, King of Portugal, and Eleanor of Arragon. He was born in 1432, and succeeded his father in 1438. He married his cousin Isabella, the daughter of Don Pedro; and he died on August 28, 1481. He was the first King of Portugal who possessed a private library.

[2] Ferdinand V, surnamed the Catholic, was the son of John, King of Navarre and Arragon, and Juana Henriquez. He was born on March 10, 1452, and ascended the throne of Spain in 1474. His first wife was the celebrated Isabella of Castile. He died on January 23, 1516.

[3] The mother of Duke Charles, Isabella of Portugal, was aunt to King Alphonso V.

sist him; for he was ashamed to return into Portugal or Castile without having been successful in his solicitations at our court, especially after coming thither in so imprudent a manner, and contrary to the opinion of the greatest part of his council.

With this design the King of Portugal began his journey toward the latter end of the winter, and being arrived at the Duke of Burgundy's camp before Nancy,[4] he began to discourse with him about what the King had told him in relation to a peace: but he found it would be no easy matter to accommodate things between them, their demands ran so high; and therefore he stayed but two days, before he took his leave of his cousin, and returned to Paris. The Duke of Burgundy pressed him to stay, and command the body of troops that were to defend the pass at Pont-à-Mousson, near Nancy, for he had received intelligence that the German army was posted at St. Nicholas. The King of Portugal excused himself, by saying that he was neither armed nor provided for such an enterprise; and upon this he returned to Paris, where he had resided so long already. At last the King of Portugal grew suspicious of the King of France, and fancied his Majesty had à design to seize on him, and deliver him up to his enemy the King of Castile. Upon the strength of this imagination he put himself into a disguise and with two more in his company, resolved to go to Rome and enter some religious house: but he was taken in that disguise by a Norman called Robinet le Beuf;[5] at which our King was extremely concerned, and being ashamed of what had passed, ordered several ships to be equipped on the coast of Normandy, and gave the command of them to Master George le Grec,[6] with orders to conduct him safe into Portugal, which he performed accordingly.

The occasion of his war against the King of Castile was in favor of his sister's daughter,[7] which sister was wife to Don

[4] He arrived at the camp before Nancy on December 29. Lenglet, ii. 221.

[5] Robinet le Beuf, a Norman knight, from the neighborhood of Evreux, was valet de chambre to Louis XI in 1466. In 1471 he was appointed one of the gentlemen of the King's household, and held that office until 1488, when he was killed in the battle of Saint-Aubin-du-Cormier.

[6] In the letters of naturalization granted to this person by Louis XI in 1477, he is designated as "George de Bicipat, surnamed the Greek, knight, native of Greece, captain of our great ship and of our town and castle of Touque, and our well-beloved and trusty councillor and chamberlain." Pierre de Lailly mentions him as George Paleologo de Bicipat. In previous editions of Commines he is erroneously called George Leger.

[7] Juana, daughter of Henry IV, King of Castile, and Juana, Infanta of Portugal, was born in 1462. She was twice betrothed, first to the Duke of Guienne, and afterward to her uncle, Alphonso V. On November 15, 1480, she took the

Henry, late King of Castile,[8] and had a beautiful daughter still living (but unmarried), in Portugal: but Queen Isabella,[9] who was sister to the said King Henry, disputed the young lady's right of succession to the crown of Castile, pretending she was illegitimate, and born in adultery. Many others were of the same opinion, objecting impotence in King Henry, and proving it by arguments, which for certain reasons I shall here omit. However this may be, and though the young lady was born in wedlock, and under the veil of marriage, yet the Crown of Castile was enjoyed by Queen Isabella of Castile, and her husband the King of Arragon and Sicily, who now reigns. The King of Portugal was very ambitious of making a match between his niece and our King Charles VIII, who is now reigning; and indeed that was the great design of his journey into France, which turned so much to his disadvantage, for not long after his return into Portugal he died. Wherefore (as I have already observed in the beginning of these "Memoirs"), it highly concerns a prince to be very careful in the choice of persons qualified to be sent on embassies to foreign courts; for if those ambassadors that came to our King from the King of Portugal upon the above-mentioned proposal, at which I was present by deputation from our King), had been as wise as they ought, they would have informed themselves better of our affairs before they advised their master to undertake a journey which proved so disadvantageous and dishonorable to him.

I could willingly have omitted this relation of the King of Portugal's affairs, had it not been to show, that one prince ought not rashly to put himself into the power of another, nor go in person to solicit his own supplies. But to proceed with my history: The King of Portugal had not left the Duke of Burgundy's camp above a day, before the Duke of Lorraine and his army of Germans broke up from St. Nicholas, and advanced toward the Duke of Burgundy, with a resolution to give him battle. The Count of Campobasso joined them that very day, and carried off with him about eight score men at arms; and it grieved him much that he could do his master no greater mischief. The garrison of Nancy had intelligence of his de-

vows in the convent of Santa Clara at Santarem, and she died at Alcacova in 1530.

[8] He died in 1474.

[9] Isabella of Castile, daughter of Juan II, and Isabella of Portugal, was born on April 23, 1451. In 1469 she married Ferdinand the Catholic, King of Arragon, and she died on November 20, 1504.

sign, which in some measure encouraged them to hold out; besides, another person [10] had got over the works, and assured them of relief, otherwise they were just upon surrendering, and would have capitulated in a little time, had it not been for the treachery of this count; but God had determined to finish this mystery.

The Duke of Burgundy, having intelligence of the approach of the Duke of Lorraine's army, called a kind of council, contrary to his custom, for generally he followed his own will. It was the opinion of most of his officers that his best way would be to retire to Pont-à-Mousson, which was not far off, and dispose his army in the towns about Nancy; affirming, that as soon as the Germans had thrown a supply of men and provisions into Nancy, they would march off again; and the Duke of Lorraine being in great want of money, it would be a great while before he would be able to assemble such an army again; and that their supplies of provisions could not be so great but before half the winter was over, they would be in the same straits as they were now; and that in the meantime the duke might raise more forces, and recruit himself; for I have been told by those who ought to know best, that the Duke of Burgundy's army did not then consist of full 4,000 men,[1] and of that number not above 1,200 were in a condition to fight. Money he did not want; for in the Castle of Luxembourg (which was not far off), there were in ready cash 450,000 crowns, which would have raised men enough. But God was not so merciful to him as to permit him to take this wise counsel, or discern the vast multitude of enemies who on every side surrounded him. Therefore he chose the worst plan, and like a rash and inconsiderate madman, resolved to try his fortune, and engage the enemy with his weak and shattered army,[2] notwithstanding the Duke of Lorraine had a numerous force of Germans, and the King's army was not far off.

[10] His name was Thierry, a draper in the town of Mirecourt. Calmet, vii. 122.

[1] Oliver de la Marche (ii. 420) says he had not 2,000 fighting men.

[2] Before the battle, says Molinet (i. 229), he inquired how many men there were in his army. "The Count of Chimay, a very eloquent, wise, and discreet man, told him in gentle and amiable language, that the captains had made inquiries, and that there were not more than 3,000 men in a condition to fight. 'I deny what you say,' replied the duke, in great anger; 'but if I were to fight alone I would fight all the same. You are what you are, and show clearly that you are sprung from the house of Vaudemont.' The count prudently and gently replied, that his deeds should show that he was sprung from an honorable line, and that, although he saw no chance of overcoming the enemy he would remain faithful to the duke."

As soon as the Count of Campobasso arrived in the Duke of Lorraine's army, the Germans sent him word to leave the camp immediately, for they would not entertain such traitors among them. Upon which message he retired with his party to Condé,[3] a castle and pass[4] not far off, where he fortified himself with carts and other things as well as he could, in hopes, that if the Duke of Burgundy were routed, he might have an opportunity of coming in for a share of the plunder, as he did afterward. Nor was this practice with the Duke of Lorraine the most execrable action that Campobasso was guilty of; but, before he left the army, he conspired with several other officers (finding it was impracticable to attempt anything against the Duke of Burgundy's person) to leave him just as they came to the charge; for, at that time, he supposed it would put the army into the greatest terror and consternation; and if the duke fled, he was sure he could not escape alive, for he had ordered thirteen or fourteen sure men, some to run as soon as the Germans came up to charge them, and others to watch the Duke of Burgundy, and kill him in the rout; which was well enough contrived, for I myself have seen two or three of those who were thus employed to kill the duke. Having thus settled his conspiracy at home, he went over to the Duke of Lorraine upon the approach of the German army; but, finding they would not entertain him, he retired to Condé, as I said before.

The German army marched forward, and with them a considerable body of French horse, whom the King had given leave to be present in that action. Several parties lay in ambush not far off, that if the Duke of Burgundy were routed, they might surprise some person of quality, or take some considerable booty. By this every one may see into what a deplorable condition this poor duke had brought himself, by his contempt of good counsel. Both armies being joined, the Duke of Burgundy's forces, which had been twice beaten before, and were weak and ill-provided besides, were quickly broken and entirely defeated. Many saved themselves by flight; the rest were either taken or killed;[5] and among them

[3] Conde-Northen, or Contghen, in the arrondissement of Metz, and department of Moselle.

[4] At the Pont de la Bussiere, half a league from Nancy. Molinet, i. 233.

[5] "In that battle were slain, among others, the Lord of Bièvre, the Lord of Verun, and the Lord of Contay; and among the prisoners were the Lord Anthony, Bastard of Burgundy, and his

the Duke of Burgundy himself was killed on the spot.[6] Not having been in the battle myself, I will say nothing of the manner of his death; but I was told by some, that they saw him beaten down, but, being prisoners themselves, were not able to assist him; yet, while they were in sight, he was not killed, but a great body of men coming that way afterward, they killed and stripped him in the throng, not knowing who he was. This battle was fought on January 5, 1476, upon the eve of Twelfth-day.

I saw a seal ring of his, after his death, at Milan, with his arms cut curiously upon a sardonyx that I have often seen him wear in a ribbon at his breast, which was sold at Milan for two ducats, and had been stolen from him by a varlet that waited on him in his chamber. I have often seen the duke dressed and undressed in great state and formality, and by very great persons; but, at his last hour, all this pomp and magnificence ceased, and both he and his family perished (as you have heard already) on the very spot where he had delivered up the constable not long before, out of a base and avaricious motive; but may God forgive him! I have known him a powerful and honorable prince, in as great esteem and as much courted by his neighbors (when his affairs were in a prosperous condition), as any prince in Europe; and perhaps more so; and I cannot conceive what should have provoked God Almighty's displeasure so highly against him, unless it was his self-love and arrogance, in attributing all the success of his enterprises, and all the renown he ever acquired, to his own wisdom and conduct, without ascribing anything to God: yet, to speak truth, he was endowed with many good qualities.

No prince ever had a greater desire to entertain young

brother Baldwin; Philip de Croy, Count of Chimay; the Count of Nassau, and the Count of Challane; the Lord Josse de Lalain, Sir Oliver de la Marche, the Lord of Croy, the eldest son of the Lord of Contay, the eldest son of the Lord of Montagu, and other noblemen." Molinet, i. 236.

[6] "The Duke of Burgundy was knocked off his black horse, and fell into a ditch near St. Jean." Lenglet, iii. 493. "A knight named Claude de Bausemont, came up with the Duke of Burgundy, and gave him a lance thrust; others then charged him suddenly, and he was put to death in a meadow near St. Jean." Calmet, vii. 133. "A page came to the Duke of Lorraine, and being interrogated, declared plainly that he had seen the Duke of Burgundy thrown from his horse, and killed in a certain place which he was ready to point out. On the following morning the page, with many notable personages, went to the field, and found the body of the Duke of Burgundy quite naked, lying on the ground among other corpses; and he had received three mortal wounds, one in the head from a halberd, which clove his skull in two, another with a pike in the groin, and a third in the buttock." Molinet, i. 234. By order of the Duke of Lorraine, the body was buried with great magnificence in St. George's Church at Nancy.

noblemen than he; or was more careful of their education. His presents and bounty were never profuse and extravagant, because he gave to many, and wished everybody should taste of his generosity. No prince was ever more easy of access to his servants and subjects. While I was in his service he was never cruel, but a little before his death he became so, which was an infallible sign of the shortness of his life. He was very splendid and pompous in his dress, and in everything else, and indeed a little too much. He paid great honors to all ambassadors and foreigners, and entertained them nobly. His ambitious desire of glory was insatiable, and it was that which more than any other motive induced him to engage eternally in wars. He earnestly desired to imitate the old kings and heroes of antiquity, who are still so much talked of in the world, and his courage was equal to that of any prince of his time.

But all his designs and imaginations were vain, and turned afterward to his own dishonor and confusion, for it is the conquerors and not the conquered that win renown. I cannot easily determine toward whom God Almighty showed his anger most, whether toward him who died suddenly, without pain or sickness in the field of battle, or toward his subjects, who never enjoyed peace after his death, but were continually involved in wars against which they were not able to maintain themselves, upon account of the civil dissensions and cruel animosities that arose among them; and that which was the most insupportable was, that the very people to whom they were now indebted for their defence and preservation, were the Germans, who were strangers, and not long since had been their enemies. In short, after the duke's death, there was not a man who wished them to prosper, whoever defended them. And by the management of their affairs, their understanding seemed to be as much infatuated as their master's was just before his death; for they rejected all good counsel, and pursued such methods as directly tended to their destruction; and they are still in great danger of a relapse into calamity, and it will be well if it turn not in the end to their utter ruin.

I am partly of the opinion of those who maintain that God gives princes, as he in his wisdom thinks fit, to punish or chas-

tise their subjects; and he disposes the affections of subjects to their princes, as he has determined to exalt or depress them. Just so it has pleased him to deal with the house of Burgundy; for after a long series of riches and prosperity and six score years'[7] peace under three illustrious princes, predecessors to Duke Charles (all of them of great prudence and discretion), it pleased God to send this Duke Charles, who continually involved them in bloody wars, as well winter as summer, to their great affliction and expense, in which most of their richest and stoutest men were either killed or taken prisoners. Their misfortunes began at the siege of Nuz, and continued for three or four battles successively, to the very hour of his death; so much so, that at the last, the whole strength of the country was destroyed, and all were killed or taken prisoners who had any zeal or affection for the house of Burgundy, or power to defend the state and dignity of that family; so that in a manner their losses equalled, if they did not overbalance, their former prosperity; for as I had seen these princes puissant, rich, and honorable, so it fared with their subjects: for I think I have seen and known the greatest part of Europe, yet I never knew any province or country, though of a larger extent, so abounding in money,[8] so extravagantly fine in their furniture, so sumptuous in their buildings, so profuse in their expenses, so luxurious in their feasts and entertainments, and so prodigal in all respects, as the subjects of these princes in my time; and if any think I have exaggerated, others who lived in my time will be of opinion that I have rather said too little.

But it pleased God, at one blow, to subvert this great and sumptuous edifice, and ruin this powerful and illustrious family, which had maintained and bred up so many brave men, and had acquired such mighty honor and renown far and near, by so many victories and successful enterprises, as none of all its neighboring States could pretend to boast of. A hundred and twenty years it continued in this flourishing condition, by the grace of God; all its neighbors having, in the meantime, been involved in troubles and commotions, and

[7] A hundred and four years only, as Philip the Bold was created Duke of Burgundy in 1363, and Philip the Good died in 1467.

[8] "Philip the Good left his son 400,000 crowns of gold in cash, 72,000 marks of silver in plate, not to mention rich tapestries, splendid jewels, gold plate adorned with precious stones, and his large and valuable library; beside which, he died worth 2,000,000 gold pieces in furniture alone." Oliver de la Marche, ii. 267.

all of them applying to it for succor or protection: to wit, France, England, and Spain, as you have seen by experience of our master the King of France, who in his minority, and during the reign of Charles VII, his father, retired to this court, where he lived six years, and was nobly entertained all that time by Duke Philip the Good. Out of England I saw there also two of King Edward's brothers, the Dukes of Clarence and Gloucester (the last of whom was afterward called King Richard III); and of the house of Lancaster, the whole family or very near, with all their party. In short, I have seen this family, in all respects the most flourishing and celebrated of any in Christendom: and then, in a short space of time, it was quite ruined and turned upside down, and left the most desolate and miserable of any house in Europe as regards both prince and subjects. Such changes and revolutions of States and kingdoms, God in his providence has wrought before we were born, and will do again when we are dead; for this is a certain maxim, that the prosperity or adversity of princes depends wholly on his divine disposal.

But to proceed with my history. The King having established posts [9] in all parts of his kingdom (which before never had been done), it was not long ere he received the news of the Duke of Burgundy's defeat; and he was in hourly expectation of the report, for letters of advice had reached him before, importing, that the German army was advancing toward the Duke of Burgundy's and that a battle was expected between them. Upon which many persons kept their ears open for the news, in order to carry it to the King. For his custom was to reward liberally any person who brought him the first tidings of any news of importance, and to remember the messenger beside. His Majesty also took great delight in talking of it before it arrived, and would say: "I will give so much to any man who first brings me such and such news." The Lord du Bouchage and I being together, happened to receive the first news of the battle of Morat, and we went with it to the King, who gave each of us 200 marks of silver. The Lord du Lude, who lay without the Plessis, had the first news of the arrival of the courier, with the letters

[9] The ordinance instituting this postal service is dated at Luxies (now Lucheux) near Doullens, on June 19, 1464. Duclos, v. 220.

concerning the battle of Nancy; he commanded the courier to deliver him the packet, and as he was a great favorite of the King's he durst not refuse him. By break of day the next morning, the Lord du Lude knocked at the door next to the King's chamber, and it being opened, he delivered in the packet from the Lord of Craon and other officers. But none of the first letters gave any certainty of the duke's death; they only stated that he was seen to run away, and that it was supposed he had made his escape.

The King was at first so transported with joy at the news, he scarce knew how to behave himself: however, his Majesty was still in some perplexity. On one hand, he was afraid that if the duke should be taken prisoner by the Germans, by means of his money, of which he had great store, he would make some composition with them. On the other, he was doubtful, if the duke had made his escape, though defeated for the third time, whether he should seize upon his towns in Burgundy or not;[10] which he judged not very difficult to do, since most of the brave men of that country had been slain in those three battles. As to this last point, he came to this resolution (which I believe few were acquainted with but myself), that if the duke were alive and well, he would command the army which lay ready in Champagne and Barrois to march immediately into Burgundy, and seize upon the whole country while it was in that state of terror and consternation; and when he was in possession of it, he would inform the duke that the seizures he had made was only to preserve it for him, and secure it against the Germans, because it was held under the sovereignty of the Crown of France, and therefore he was unwilling it should fall into their hands; and whatever he had taken should be faithfully restored: and truly, I am of

[10] The King's first design was to seize them, as is proved by the subjoined letter, addressed to the Lord of Craon: "My Lord Count, my Friend—I have received your letters, and heard the good news which you tell me, for which I thank you as much as I am able. Now it is time to employ all your five senses so as to get the duchy and county of Burgundy into my hands; and with that view, with your band and the Governor of Champagne (if the Duke of Burgundy is really dead) throw yourself into that country, and as you love me, take care that your men of war keep as good order as if you were in Paris, and tell them that I wish to treat them and keep them better than any of my own kingdom; and that with regard to our god-daughter, I intend to complete the marriage which I have already negotiated between the dauphin and her. My lord count, I do not intend that you should enter the country or mention what I have stated above, unless the Duke of Burgundy is dead; and in that case, I beg you to serve me according to the confidence I have in you. Farewell. Written at Plessis du Parc, on the ninth of January. Signed Louis, and countersigned De Chaumont." Molinet, ii. 2.

opinion his Majesty would have done it, though many people who are ignorant of the motives that guided the King, will not easily believe it. But this resolution was altered as soon as he was certain of the Duke of Burgundy's death.

Upon the King's receiving the above-mentioned first letter, (which gave no account of the duke's death), he immediately sent to Tours, to summon all his captains and other great personages to attend him. Upon their arrival, he communicated his letters to them. They all pretended great joy; but to such as more narrowly observed their behavior, it was easily to be discerned that most of them did but feign it; and, notwithstanding all their outward dissimulation, they had been better pleased if the Duke of Burgundy had been successful. The reason of this might be, because the King was greatly feared, and now if he should find himself clear and secure from his enemies, they were afraid they would be reduced, or at least their offices and pensions retrenched; for there were several present who had been engaged against him with his brother the Duke of Guienne, in the confederacy called the Public Good. After his Majesty had discoursed with them for some time, he went to mass, and then ordered dinner to be laid in his chamber, and made them all dine with him; there being with him his chancellor:[1] and some other lords of his council. The King's discourse at dinner-time was about this affair, and I well remember that myself and others took particular notice how those who were present dined; but to speak truth (whether for joy or sorrow, I cannot tell), there was not one of them that half filled his belly; and certainly it could not have been from modesty or bashfulness before the King, for there was not one among them but had dined with his Majesty many times before.

As soon as the King rose from table, he retired, and distributed to some persons certain lands belonging to the Duke of Burgundy, as though he had been dead. He despatched the Bastard of Bourbon, Admiral of France, and myself, into those parts, with full power to receive the homage of all such as were willing to submit and become his subjects. He ordered us to set out immediately, and gave us commission to open all his letters and packets which we might meet by

[1] Pierre d'Oriolle.

the way, that thereby we might ascertain whether the duke was dead or alive. We departed with all speed, though it was the coldest weather I ever felt in my life. We had not ridden above half a day's journey, when we met a courier, and commanding him to deliver his letters, we learned by them that the Duke of Burgundy was slain, and that his body had been found among the dead, and recognized by an Italian page that attended him, and by one M. Louppe, a Portuguese,[2] who was his physician, and who assured the Lord of Craon that it was the duke his master, and the Lord of Craon notified the same at once to the King.

[2] In the list of the duke's household, this physician is named Master Lope de la Garde. With reference to the page, one of the manuscripts of these "Memoirs" speaks of him as "a Spaniard, named Don Diego;" other authorities state that he was an Italian, of the house of Colonna.

TURBULENT TIMES AT COURT

BY

Marguerite de Valois

MARGUERITE DE VALOIS

1552—1615

Marguerite de Valois, daughter of Henri II of France, and first wife of the celebrated Henri IV, the victor of Ivry, was born in 1552, divorced from Henri IV in 1598, and died in 1615. She is sometimes confounded with that other Margaret of Valois, the grandmother of Henri IV, who wrote the celebrated "Heptameron des Nouvelles," modelled on Boccaccio's "Decameron." Before the assassination of Henri III by the Dominican monk Clement, an event which paved the way for the accession of Henry of Navarre to the throne of France as Henri IV, Marguerite was given in marriage, for state reasons, to the new monarch. Her married life was on the whole unhappy, Henri's amours and his fondness for the children of his mistresses being a continual source of bitterness to her. She was fated to undergo hatred and suspicion at the hands of both Protestants and Catholics, due probably to the undecided attitude she took on the religious questions that vexed the time.

"The Memoirs of Marguerite de Valois" appeared first in 1628, thirteen years after the death of their witty and beautiful author. They contain many particulars of Marguerite's life, many anecdotes hitherto unknown, and the secret history of the Court of France during the eventful years comprised in the period 1565–'82, including the massacre of Saint Bartholomew, the formation of the League, and the peace of Sens, and an account of the religious struggles which were then raging so bitterly. After the dissolution of her marriage with Henri IV, at which time she was forty-five years of age, she retired, whether under compulsion is not certain, to the castle of Ucson, built on a mountain near the little town of that name in Auvergne, and the "Memoirs" appear to have been composed in that retreat, though little of this period of her life is known. Brantôme, in his memoirs of his own time, has given us anecdotes of Marguerite during this quiet evening of her life, and, if we may believe him, the divorced queen's hours were spent in great part in reading, poetry, and music. From what Brantôme and Ronsard say concerning Marguerite's personal appearance we gather that she was graceful in person and figure, happy in her choice of dress, and majestic in appearance. To personal charm she added wit and affability, and from a letter extant, addressed by her to Brantôme, it seems that she bore herself in her enforced retreat with a spirit of genuine piety and resignation.

TURBULENT TIMES AT COURT

IT was now three o'clock in the afternoon, and no one present had yet dined. The Queen my mother was desirous that we should eat together, and, after dinner, she ordered my brother and me to change our dress (as the clothes we had on were suitable only to our late melancholy situation) and come to the King's supper and ball. We complied with her orders as far as a change of dress, but our countenances still retained the impressions of grief and resentment which we inwardly felt.

I must inform you that when the tragi-comedy I have given you an account of was over, the Queen my mother turned round to the Chevalier de Seurre, whom she recommended to my brother to sleep in his bedchamber, and in whose conversation she sometimes took delight because he was a man of some humor, but rather inclined to be cynical.

"Well," said she, "M. de Seurre, what do you think of all this?"

"Madame, I think there is too much of it for earnest, and not enough for jest."

Then addressing himself to me, he said, but not loud enough for the Queen to hear him: "I do not believe all is over yet; I am very much mistaken if this young man" (meaning my brother) "rests satisfied with this."

This day having passed in the manner before related, the wound being only skinned over and far from healed, the young men about the King's person set themselves to operate in order to break it out afresh.

These persons, judging of my brother by themselves, and not having sufficient experience to know the power of duty over the minds of personages of exalted rank and high birth, persuaded the King, still connecting his case with their own,

that it was impossible my brother should ever forgive the affront he had received, and not seek to avenge himself with the first opportunity. The King, forgetting the ill-judged steps these young men had so lately induced him to take, hereupon receives this new impression, and gives orders to the officers of the guard to keep strict watch at the gates that his brother go not out, and that his people be made to leave the Louvre every evening, except such of them as usually slept in his bedchamber or wardrobe.

My brother, seeing himself thus exposed to the caprices of these headstrong young fellows, who led the King according to their own fancies, and fearing something worse might happen than what he had yet experienced, at the end of three days, during which time he labored under apprehensions of this kind, came to a determination to leave the court, and never more return to it, but retire to his principality and make preparations with all haste for his expedition to Flanders.

He communicated his design to me, and I approved of it, as I considered he had no other view in it than providing for his own safety, and that neither the King nor his government were likely to sustain any injury by it.

When we consulted upon the means of its accomplishment, we could find no other than his descending from my window, which was on the second story and opened to the ditch, for the gates were so closely watched that it was impossible to pass them, the face of everyone going out of the Louvre being curiously examined. He begged of me, therefore, to procure for him a rope of sufficient strength and long enough for the purpose. This I set about immediately, for, having the sacking of a bed that wanted mending, I sent it out of the palace by a lad whom I could trust, with orders to bring it back repaired, and to wrap up the proper length of rope inside.

When all was prepared, one evening, at supper-time, I went to the Queen my mother, who supped alone in her own apartment, it being fast-day and the King eating no supper. My brother, who on most occasions was patient and discreet, spurred on by the indignities he had received, and anxious to extricate himself from danger and regain his liberty, came to me as I was rising from table, and whispered to me to make haste and come to him in my own apartment. M. de Matignon,

at that time a marshal, a sly, cunning Norman, and one who had no love for my brother, whether he had some knowledge of his design from someone who could not keep a secret, or only guessed at it, observed to the Queen my mother as she left the room (which I overheard, being near her, and circumspectly watching every word and motion, as may well be imagined, situated as I was betwixt fear and hope, and involved in perplexity) that my brother had undoubtedly an intention of withdrawing himself, and would not be there the next day; adding that he was assured of it, and she might take her measures accordingly.

I observed that she was much disconcerted by this observation, and I had my fears lest we should be discovered. When we came into her closet, she drew me aside and asked if I heard what Matignon had said.

I replied: "I did not hear it, madame, but I observe that it has given you uneasiness."

"Yes," said she, "a great deal of uneasiness, for you know I have pledged myself to the King that your brother shall not depart hence, and Matignon has declared that he knows very well he will not be here to-morrow."

I now found myself under a great embarrassment; I was in danger either of proving unfaithful to my brother, and thereby bringing his life into jeopardy, or of being obliged to declare that to be truth which I knew to be false, and this I would have died rather than be guilty of.

In this extremity, if I had not been aided by God, my countenance, without speaking, would plainly have discovered what I wished to conceal. But God, who assists those who mean well, and whose divine goodness was discoverable in my brother's escape, enabled me to compose my looks and suggested to me such a reply as gave her to understand no more than I wished her to know, and cleared my conscience from making any declaration contrary to the truth. I answered her in these words:

"You cannot, madame, but be sensible that M. de Matignon is not one of my brother's friends, and that he is, besides, a busy, meddling kind of man, who is sorry to find a reconciliation has taken place with us; and, as to my brother, I will answer for him with my life in case he goes hence, of which, if he had

any design, I should, as I am well assured, not be ignorant, he never having yet concealed anything he meant to do from me."

All this was said by me with the assurance that, after my brother's escape, they would not dare to do me any injury; and in case of the worst, and when we should be discovered, I had much rather pledge my life than hazard my soul by a false declaration, and endanger my brother's life. Without scrutinizing the import of my speech, she replied: "Remember what you now say—you will be bound for him on the penalty of your life."

I smiled and answered that such was my intention. Then, wishing her a good-night, I retired to my own bedchamber, where, undressing myself in haste and getting into bed, in order to dismiss the ladies and maids of honor, and there then remaining only my chamber-women, my brother came in, accompanied by Simier and Cangé. Rising from my bed, we made the cord fast, and having looked out at the window to discover if anyone was in the ditch, with the assistance of three of my women, who slept in my room, and the lad who had brought in the rope, we let down my brother, who laughed and joked upon the occasion without the least apprehension, notwithstanding the height was considerable. We next lowered Simier into the ditch, who was in such a fright that he had scarcely strength to hold the rope fast; and lastly descended my brother's *valet de chambre*, Cangé.

Through God's providence my brother got off undiscovered, and going to Ste. Geneviève, he found Bussi waiting there for him. By consent of the abbot, a hole had been made in the city wall, through which they passed, and horses being provided and in waiting, they mounted, and reached Angers without the least accident.

While we were lowering down Cangé, who, as I mentioned before, was the last, we observed a man rising out of the ditch, who ran toward the lodge adjoining to the tennis-court, in the direct way leading to the guard-house. I had no apprehensions on my own account, all my fears being absorbed by those I entertained for my brother; and now I was almost dead with alarm, supposing this might be a spy placed there by M. de Matignon, and that my brother would be taken. While I was in this cruel state of anxiety, which can be judged of only by

those who have experienced a similar situation, my women took a precaution for my safety and their own, which did not suggest itself to me. This was to burn the rope, that it might not appear to our conviction in case the man in question had been placed there to watch us. This rope occasioned so great a flame in burning, that it set fire to the chimney, which, being seen from without, alarmed the guard, who ran to us, knocking violently at the door, calling for it to be opened.

I now concluded that my brother was stopped, and that we were both undone. However, as, by the blessing of God and through his divine mercy alone, I have, amid every danger with which I have been repeatedly surrounded, constantly preserved a presence of mind which directed what was best to be done, and observing that the rope was not more than half consumed, I told my women to go to the door, and speaking softly, as if I was asleep, to ask the men what they wanted. They did so, and the archers replied that the chimney was on fire, and they came to extinguish it. My women answered it was of no consequence, and they could put it out themselves, begging them not to awake me. This alarm thus passed off quietly, and they went away; but, in two hours afterward, M. de Cossé came for me to go to the King and the Queen my mother to give an account of my brother's escape, of which they had received intelligence by the Abbot of Ste. Geneviève.

It seems it had been concerted betwixt my brother and the abbot, in order to prevent the latter from falling under disgrace, that, when my brother might be supposed to have reached a sufficient distance, the abbot should go to court, and say that he had been put into confinement while the hole was being made, and that he came to inform the King as soon as he had released himself.

I was in bed, for it was yet night; and rising hastily, I put on my night-clothes. One of my women was indiscreet enough to hold me round the waist, and exclaim aloud, shedding a flood of tears, that she should never see me more. M. de Cossé, pushing her away, said to me: "If I were not a person thoroughly devoted to your service, this woman has said enough to bring you into trouble. But," continued he, "fear nothing. God be praised, by this time the prince your brother is out of danger."

These words were very necessary, in the present state of my mind, to fortify it against the reproaches and threats I had reason to expect from the King. I found him sitting at the foot of the Queen my mother's bed, in such a violent rage that I am inclined to believe I should have felt the effects of it, had he not been restrained by the absence of my brother and my mother's presence. They both told me that I had assured them my brother would not leave the court, and that I pledged myself for his stay. I replied that it was true that he had deceived me, as he had them; however, I was ready still to pledge my life that his departure would not operate to the prejudice of the King's service, and that it would appear he was only gone to his own principality to give orders and forward his expedition to Flanders.

The King appeared to be somewhat mollified by this declaration, and now gave me permission to return to my own apartments. Soon afterward he received letters from my brother, containing assurances of his attachment, in the terms I had before expressed. This caused a cessation of complaints, but by no means removed the King's dissatisfaction, who made a show of affording assistance to his expedition, but was secretly using every means to frustrate and defeat it.

I now renewed my application for leave to go to the King my husband, which I continued to press on every opportunity. The King, perceiving that he could not refuse my leave any longer, was willing I should depart satisfied. He had this further view in complying with my wishes, that by this means he should withdraw me from my attachment to my brother. He therefore strové to oblige me in every way he could think of, and, to fulfil the promise made by the Queen my mother at the Peace of Sens, he gave me an assignment of my portion in territory, with the power of nomination to all vacant benefices and all offices; and, over and above the customary pension to the daughters of France, he gave another out of his privy purse.

He daily paid me a visit in my apartment, in which he took occasion to represent to me how useful his friendship would be to me; whereas that of my brother could be only injurious—with arguments of the like kind.

However, all he could say was insufficient to prevail on me to swerve from the fidelity I had vowed to observe to my

brother. The King was able to draw from me no other declaration than this: that it ever was, and should be, my earnest wish to see my brother firmly established in his gracious favor, which he had never appeared to me to have forfeited; that I was well assured he would exert himself to the utmost to regain it by every act of duty and meritorious service; that, with respect to myself, I thought I was so much obliged to him for the great honor he did me by repeated acts of generosity, that he might be assured, when I was with the King my husband I should consider myself bound in duty to obey all such commands as he should be pleased to give me; and that it would be my whole study to maintain the King my husband in a submission to his pleasure.

My brother was now on the point of leaving Alençon to go to Flanders; the Queen my mother was desirous to see him before his departure. I begged the King to permit me to take the opportunity of accompanying her to take leave of my brother, which he granted; but, as it seemed, with great unwillingness. When we returned from Alençon, I solicited the King to permit me to take leave of himself, as I had everything prepared for my journey. The Queen my mother being desirous to go to Gascony, where her presence was necessary for the King's service, was unwilling that I should depart without her. When we left Paris, the King accompanied us on the way as far as his palace of Dolinville. There we stayed with him a few days, and there we took our leave, and in a little time reached Guienne, which belonging to, and being under the government of the King my husband, I was everywhere received as Queen. My husband gave the Queen my mother a meeting at Réolle, which was held by the Huguenots as a cautionary town; and the country not being sufficiently quieted, she was permitted to go no further.

It was the intention of the Queen my mother to make but a short stay; but so many accidents arose from disputes betwixt the Huguenots and Catholics, that she was under the necessity of stopping there eighteen months. As this was very much against her inclination, she was sometimes inclined to think there was a design to keep her, in order to have the company of her maids of honor. For my husband had been greatly smitten with Dayelle, and M. de Thurène was in love with La

Vergne. However, I received every mark of honor and attention from the King that I could expect or desire. He related to me, as soon as we met, the artifices which had been put in practice while he remained at court to create a misunderstanding betwixt him and me; all this, he said, he knew was with a design to cause a rupture betwixt my brother and him, and thereby ruin us all three, as there was an exceeding great jealousy entertained of the friendship which existed betwixt us.

We remained in the disagreeable situation I have before described all the time the Queen my mother stayed in Gascony; but, as soon as she could re-establish peace, she, by desire of the King my husband, removed the King's lieutenant, the Marquis de Villars, putting in his place the Maréchal de Biron. She then departed for Languedoc, and we conducted her to Castelnaudary; where, taking our leave, we returned to Pau, in Béarn; in which place, the Catholic religion not being tolerated, I was only allowed to have mass celebrated in a chapel of about three or four feet in length, and so narrow that it could scarcely hold seven or eight persons. During the celebration of mass, the bridge of the castle was drawn up to prevent the Catholics of the town and country from coming to assist at it; who having been, for some years, deprived of the benefit of following their own mode of worship, would have gladly been present. Actuated by so holy and laudable a desire, some of the inhabitants of Pau, on Whitsunday, found means to get into the castle before the bridge was drawn up, and were present at the celebration of mass, not being discovered until it was nearly over. At length the Huguenots espied them, and ran to acquaint Le Pin, secretary to the King my husband, who was greatly in his favor, and who conducted the whole business relating to the new religion. Upon receiving this intelligence, Le Pin ordered the guard to arrest these poor people, who were severely beaten in my presence, and afterward locked up in prison, whence they were not released without paying a considerable fine.

This indignity gave me great offence, as I never expected anything of the kind. Accordingly, I complained of it to the King my husband, begging him to give orders for the release of these poor Catholics, who did not deserve to be punished for coming to my chapel to hear mass, a celebration of which they had been so long deprived of the benefit. Le Pin, with

the greatest disrespect to his master, took upon him to reply, without waiting to hear what the King had to say. He told me that I ought not to trouble the King my husband about such matters; that what had been done was very right and proper; that those people had justly merited the treatment they met with, and all I could say would go for nothing, for it must be so; and that I ought to rest satisfied with being permitted to have mass said to me and my servants. This insolent speech from a person of his inferior condition incensed me greatly, and I entreated the King my husband, if I had the least share in his good graces, to do me justice, and avenge the insult offered me by this low man.

The King my husband, perceiving that I was offended, as I had reason to be, with this gross indignity, ordered Le Pin to quit our presence immediately; and, expressing his concern at his secretary's behavior, who, he said, was overzealous in the cause of religion, he promised that he would make an example of him. As to the Catholic prisoners, he said he would advise with his Parliament what ought to be done for my satisfaction.

Having said this, he went to his closet, where he found Le Pin, who, by dint of persuasion, made him change his resolution; insomuch that, fearing I should insist upon his dismissing his secretary, he avoided meeting me. At last, finding that I was firmly resolved to leave him, unless he dismissed Le Pin, he took advice of some persons, who, having themselves a dislike to the secretary, represented that he ought not to give me cause of displeasure for the sake of a man of his small importance—especially one who, like him, had given me just reason to be offended; that, when it became known to the King my brother and the Queen my mother, they would certainly take it ill that he had not only not resented it, but, on the contrary, still kept him near his person.

This counsel prevailed with him, and he at length discarded his secretary. The King, however, continued to behave to me with great coolness, being influenced, as he afterward confessed, by the counsel of M. de Pibrac, who acted the part of a double-dealer, telling me that I ought not to pardon an affront offered by such a mean fellow, but insist upon his being dismissed; while he persuaded the King my husband that there was no

reason for parting with a man so useful to him, for such a trivial cause. This was done by M. de Pibrac, thinking I might be induced, from such mortifications, to return to France, where he enjoyed the offices of president and King's counsellor.

I now met with a fresh cause for disquietude in my present situation, for, Dayelle being gone, the King my husband placed his affections on Rebours. She was an artful young person, and had no regard for me; accordingly, she did me all the ill offices in her power with him. In the midst of these trials, I put my trust in God, and he, moved with pity by my tears, gave permission for our leaving Pau, that "little Geneva"; and, fortunately for me, Rebours was taken ill and stayed behind. The King my husband no sooner lost sight of her than he forgot her; he now turned his eyes and attention toward Fosseuse. She was much handsomer than the other, and was at that time young, and really a very amiable person.

Pursuing the road to Montauban, we stopped at a little town called Eause, where, in the night, the King my husband was attacked with a high fever, accompanied with most violent pains in his head. This fever lasted for seventeen days, during which time he had no rest night or day, but was continually removed from one bed to another. I nursed him the whole time, never stirring from his bedside, and never putting off my clothes. He took notice of my extraordinary tenderness, and spoke of it to several persons, and particularly to my cousin M——, who, acting the part of an affectionate relation, restored me to his favor, insomuch that I never stood so highly in it before. This happiness I had the good fortune to enjoy during the four or five years that I remained with him in Gascony.

Our residence, for the most part of the time I have mentioned, was at Nérac, where our court was so brilliant that we had no cause to regret our absence from the Court of France. We had with us the Princesse de Navarre, my husband's sister, since married to the Duc de Bar; there were beside a number of ladies belonging to myself. The King my husband was attended by a numerous body of lords and gentlemen, all as gallant persons as I have seen in any court; and we had only to lament that they were Huguenots. This difference of religion, however, caused no dispute among us; the King my husband and the princess his sister heard a sermon, while I and my

servants heard mass. I had a chapel in the park for the purpose, and, as soon as the service of both religions was over, we joined company in a beautiful garden, ornamented with long walks shaded with laurel and cypress trees. Sometimes we took a walk in the park on the banks of the river, bordered by an avenue of trees 3,000 yards in length. The rest of the day was passed in innocent amusements; and in the afternoon, or at night, we commonly had a ball.

The King was very assiduous with Fosseuse, who, being dependent on me, kept herself within the strict bounds of honor and virtue. Had she always done so, she had not brought upon herself a misfortune which has proved of such fatal consequence to myself as well as to her.

But our happiness was too great to be of long continuance, and fresh troubles broke out betwixt the King my husband and the Catholics, and gave rise to a new war. The King my husband and the Maréchal de Biron, who was the King's lieutenant in Guienne, had a difference, which was aggravated by the Huguenots. This breach became in a short time so wide that all my efforts to close it were useless. They made their separate complaints to the King. The King my husband insisted on the removal of the Maréchal de Biron, and the marshal charged the King my husband, and the rest of those who were of the pretended reformed religion, with designs contrary to peace. I saw, with great concern, that affairs were likely soon to come to an open rupture; and I had no power to prevent it.

The marshal advised the King to come to Guienne himself, saying that in his presence matters might be settled. The Huguenots, hearing of this proposal, supposed the King would take possession of their towns, and, thereupon, came to a resolution to take up arms. This was what I feared; I was become a sharer in the King my husband's fortune, and was now to be in opposition to the King my brother and the religion I had been bred up in. I gave my opinion upon this war to the King my husband and his council, and strove to dissuade them from engaging in it. I represented to them the hazards of carrying on a war when they were to be opposed against so able a general as the Maréchal de Biron, who would not spare them, as other generals had done, he being their private enemy. I begged them to consider that, if the King brought

his whole force against them, with intention to exterminate their religion, it would not be in their power to oppose or prevent it. But they were so headstrong, and so blinded with the hope of succeeding in the surprise of certain towns in Languedoc and Gascony, that, though the King did me the honor, upon all occasions, to listen to my advice, as did most of the Huguenots, yet I could not prevail on them to follow it in the present situation of affairs, until it was too late, and after they had found, to their cost, that my counsel was good. The torrent was now burst forth, and there was no possibility of stopping its course until it had spent its utmost strength.

Before that period arrived, foreseeing the consequences, I had often written to the King and the Queen my mother, to offer something to the King my husband by way of accommodating matters. But they were bent against it, and seemed to be pleased that matters had taken such a turn, being assured by Maréchal de Biron that he had it in his power to crush the Huguenots whenever he pleased. In this crisis my advice was not attended to, the dissensions increased, and recourse was had to arms.

The Huguenots had reckoned upon a force more considerable than they were able to collect together, and the King my husband found himself outnumbered by Maréchal de Biron. In consequence, those of the pretended reformed religion failed in all their plans, except their attack upon Cahors, which they took with petards, after having lost a great number of men—M. de Vezins, who commanded in the town, disputing their entrance for two or three days, from street to street, and even from house to house. The King my husband displayed great valor and conduct upon the occasion, and showed himself to be a gallant and brave general. Though the Huguenots succeeded in this attempt, their loss was so great that they gained nothing from it. Maréchal de Biron kept the field, and took every place that declared for the Huguenots, putting all that opposed him to the sword.

From the commencement of this war, the King my husband doing me the honor to love me, and commanding me not to leave him, I had resolved to share his fortune, not without extreme regret, in observing that this war was of such a nature that I could not, in conscience, wish success to either side; for

if the Huguenots got the upper hand, the religion which I cherished as much as my life was lost, and if the Catholics prevailed, the King my husband was undone. But, being thus attached to my husband, by the duty I owed him, and obliged by the attentions he was pleased to show me, I could only acquaint the King and the Queen my mother with the situation to which I was reduced, occasioned by my advice to them not having been attended to. I, therefore, prayed them, if they could not extinguish the flames of war in the midst of which I was placed, at least to give orders to Maréchal de Biron to consider the town I resided in, and three leagues round it, as neutral ground, and that I would get the King my husband to do the same. This the King granted me for Nérac, provided my husband was not there; but if he should enter it, the neutrality was to cease, and so to remain as long as he continued there. This convention was observed, on both sides, with all the exactness I could desire. However, the King my husband was not to be prevented from often visiting Nérac, which was the residence of his sister and me. He was fond of the society of ladies, and, moreover, was at that time greatly enamored with Fosseuse, who held the place in his affections which Rebours had lately occupied. Fosseuse did me no ill offices, so that the King my husband and I continued to live on very good terms, especially as he perceived me unwilling to oppose his inclinations.

Led by such inducements, he came to Nérac, once, with a body of troops, and stayed three days, not being able to leave the agreeable company he found there. Maréchal de Biron, who wished for nothing so much as such an opportunity, was apprised of it, and, under pretence of joining M. de Cornusson, the seneschal of Toulouse, who was expected with a re-enforcement for his army, he began his march; but, instead of pursuing the road, according to the orders he had issued, he suddenly ordered his troops to file off toward Nérac, and, before nine in the morning, his whole force was drawn up within sight of the town, and within cannon-shot of it.

The King my husband had received intelligence, the evening before, of the expected arrival of M. de Cornusson, and was desirous of preventing the junction, for which purpose he resolved to attack him and the marshal separately. As he

had been lately joined by M. de La Rochefoucauld, with a corps of cavalry consisting of 800 men, formed from the nobility of Saintonge, he found himself sufficiently strong to undertake such a plan. He, therefore, set out before break of day to make his attack as they crossed the river. But his intelligence did not prove to be correct, for De Cornusson passed it the evening before. My husband, being thus disappointed in his design, returned to Nérac, and entered at one gate just as Maréchal de Biron drew up his troops before the other. There fell so heavy a rain at that moment that the musketry was of no use. The King my husband, however, threw a body of his troops into a vineyard to stop the marshal's progress, not being able to do more on account of the unfavorableness of the weather.

In the meantime, the marshal continued with his troops drawn up in order of battle, permitting only two or three of his men to advance, who challenged a like number to break lances in honor of their mistresses. The rest of the army kept their ground, to mask their artillery, which, being ready to play, they opened to the right and left, and fired seven or eight shots upon the town, one of which struck the palace. The marshal, having done this, marched off, despatching a trumpeter to me with his excuse. He acquainted me that, had I been alone, he would on no account have fired on the town; but the terms of neutrality for the town, agreed upon by the King, were, as I well knew, in case the King my husband should not be found in it, and, if otherwise, they were void. Beside which, his orders were to attack the King my husband wherever he should find him.

I must acknowledge on every other occasion the marshal showed me the greatest respect, and appeared to be much my friend. During the war my letters have frequently fallen into his hands, when he as constantly forwarded them to me unopened. And whenever my people have happened to be taken prisoners by his army, they were always well treated as soon as they mentioned to whom they belonged.

I answered his message by the trumpeter, saying that I well knew what he had done was strictly agreeable to the convention made and the orders he had received, but that a gallant officer like him would know how to do his duty without giv-

ing his friends cause of offence; that he might have permitted me the enjoyment of the King my husband's company in Nérac for three days, adding, that he could not attack him, in my presence, without attacking me; and concluding that, certainly, I was greatly offended by his conduct, and would take the first opportunity of making my complaint to the King my brother.

SIDE LIGHTS ON THE REIGN OF HENRY IV

BY

Duc de Sully
(*Maximilien de Béthune*)

MAXIMILIEN DE BÉTHUNE, DUC DE SULLY

1560—1641

The Duc de Sully, the celebrated minister of Henry IV, of France, was the second son of François, Baron de Rosny, and was born at Rosny, near Mantes, in 1560. Sully was at an early age committed to the care of Henry of Navarre, the head of the Huguenot party, which not only obtained for him an excellent education, but laid the foundation of a companionship which lasted without intermission till Henry's death. After narrowly escaping during the Saint Bartholomew massacre, he accompanied his patron in his flight from court in 1575, and during the civil war which followed, exerted himself to the utmost, by daring valor in the field and otherwise to serve the master for whom he cherished the most absorbing devotion. After Henry's authority had been well established, Sully, who had for some years previous been his trusted adviser, became in 1594 counsellor of state and of finance. Not content with regulating the affairs of the revenue from the seat of power, he made a tour through the chief provincial districts armed with absolute authority, personally examined the accounts, dismissed or suspended delinquents, and largely replenished the treasury with the ill-gotten wealth which he compelled them to disgorge. By indomitable perseverance he, little by little, brought the affairs of the country into an orderly state; although in the diminution of the expenditure his efforts were by no means so successful, as the King and the companions of his pleasures combined to oppose all retrenchment as far as they were concerned.

Sully, however, was more than a mere financier; he had the supreme charge of various other branches of the administration, zealously promoted agriculture by diminishing the taxes of the peasantry, encouraging export trade, draining marsh lands, and constructing numerous roads, bridges, and causeways. Sully was the servant of the King and government alone, and was of necessity disliked by the people for his severity, by the Catholics for his religion, and by the Protestants for his invariable refusals to sacrifice the smallest jot of his master's or the country's interest for their sake. Accordingly, with the death of Henry his career of supremacy was at once ended, and he was forced to resign the superintendence of finance, January 26, 1611, though he retained his other high offices, and was presented by Maria de Medici with 300,000 livres as acknowledgment of his services. He had been created Duke of Sully and peer of France in February, 1606. Sully wrote three treatises on war and police, which are lost, and two pieces of verse, which are extant; but the work which will ever be connected with his name is the "*Mémoires des sages et royales Economies d'État de Henri le Grand*," a collection of writings of priceless value to a historian of Henry IV's time. Sully died at Villebon, near Chartres (Eure-et-Loir), December 22, 1641.

SIDE LIGHTS ON THE REIGN OF HENRY IV

THE memoirs of this year, as of the former, will contain none of those extraordinary events, which cannot be read without astonishment or horror: I shall continue in them my usual details of the government, court intrigues, and the private life of Henry as well as my own. The winter was spent in diversions more varied and more frequent than ever, and in feasts prepared with great magnificence. The King had sent for some comedians from Italy, in whose performances he took much delight: he often sent for them to Fontainebleau to play before him, and in my absence commanded my son to pay them their appointments with great exactness. The arsenal was generally the place where those plays and shows were exhibited, which required some preparations.

The King sometimes, when I was absent, came thither to run at the ring; but he never thought there were the same order and regularity preserved, as when I was there: and the Queen, and the whole court, thought no other place so agreeable and convenient for theatrical representations. For this purpose I had caused a spacious hall to be built and fitted up, with an amphitheatre; and a great number of boxes, in several galleries separated from each other, with different degrees of height, and particular doors belonging to them. Two of these galleries were destined for the ladies: no man was allowed to enter with them. This was one of my regulations, which I would not suffer should be reversed, and which I did not think it beneath me to enforce the observation of.

One day when a very fine ballet was represented in this hall, I perceived a man leading in a lady, with whom he was preparing to enter one of the women's galleries: he was a foreigner, and I easily distinguished of what country by the swarthy color of his skin. "Monsieur," said I to him, "you

must seek for another door if you please; for I do not imagine that, with such a complexion, you can hope to pass for a fair lady." "My lord," answered he in very bad French, "when you know who I am, I am persuaded you will not refuse to let me sit among those fair ladies, as swarthy as I am. My name is Pimentel, I have the honor to be very well with his Majesty, who plays very often with me"; which was, indeed too true; for this foreigner, whom I had already heard often mentioned, had gained immense sums from the King. "How, *Ventre-de-ma-vie*," said I to him, affecting to be extremely angry, "you are then that fat Portuguese,[1] who every day wins the King's money. *Pardieu*, you are come to a bad place; for I neither like, nor will suffer such people to come here."

He offered to speak, but I would not hear him. "Go, go," said I, pushing him back, "you shall not enter here: I am not to be prevailed upon by your gibberish." The King afterward asking him if he did not think the ballet very fine, and the dances exquisitely performed, Pimentel told him that he had a great inclination to see it, but that he met his grand financier, with his negative front, at the door, who turned him back. He then related his adventure with me, at which the King was extremely pleased, and laughed heartily at his manner of telling it; nor did he forget to divert the whole court with it afterward.

I shall not here have recourse to the artifices of false modesty, to insinuate that the affection the King showed for me, and the confidence he placed in me, had risen to such a height, that if I had been capable of aspiring to the superb title of favorite, I might have obtained it. The reader may judge of this by the offers his Majesty made me this year: but it is necessary to take this matter a little higher.

Among the many calumnies which in the year 1605 brought me to the brink of ruin, my enemies, by private informations, endeavored to persuade Henry, that I intended to procure so rich and so powerful an alliance for my son,[2] as might one day render him formidable to his Majesty himself: that several

[1] Pimentel was not a Portuguese, but an Italian.

[2] Maximilien de Bethune, Marquis of Rosny, eldest son of the Duke of Sully, by Anne de Courtenay, his first wife. He was superintendent of the fortifications, Governor of Mante and Gergeau, and master-general of the ordnance in reversion, after the death of his father; but died before him in 1634.

persons, either by my desire, or to make their court to me, labored so earnestly for the success of this scheme, that already I had it in my choice to marry my son either to Mademoiselle de Bourbon, de Maïenne, de Montmorency, de Bouillon, or de Crequy, or into any of the richest private families in the kingdom, if I preferred a great estate to a noble name. This was one of the principal points of that long and serious conversation I had with his Majesty the preceding year in his library, and of which I promised to relate all that I was permitted to discover, as opportunities offered. Henry asked me what were my views for my son, and whether there was any truth in those reports that he had heard concerning his marriage with one of those ladies I have mentioned. I acknowledged to this prince, that it was indeed true, each of those families had made me offers very capable of dazzling an ambitious man; but that my constant reply had been, that it was from his Majesty alone I would receive a wife for my son.

The King appeared extremely well satisfied with this answer, and these sentiments; and opening his heart entirely, he told me, that with regard to me, there were two things which would give him equal uneasiness: one of which was, if, knowing the extreme concern it gave him to see the chief of his nobility mixing their blood with that of a burgher, or a plebeian, I should ever dream of marrying my son below the dignity of his birth; and the other, if, erring in the contrary extreme, I should choose a wife for him either out of the house of Bourbon, or of Lorraine, but more especially that of Bouillon. Therefore, among the five young ladies proposed for Rosny, he saw only Mademoiselle de Crequy on whom he could fix his choice; for everyone knew the houses of Bonne, Blanchefort, and Agoust, to be of the lowest class of the nobility, although otherwise distinguished as much by brave examples of personal valor as by the most shining dignities of the State. Henry, confirming himself in this thought, added, that he would not have the proposal come from any but himself; and that he would take a convenient time for it, which he did almost immediately after.

Lesdiguières and Crequy were not hard to be persuaded: I may even say, that the eagerness they showed for the conclusion of the match did not abate, till they saw the articles

not only drawn up but signed. I may say, likewise, with equal truth, that in the conditions they found no artifice on my side: I sought rather to acquire tender friends than relations still nearer connected. Nothing fell out in the succeeding years, that did not confirm me in the thought, that I had succeeded in my endeavors to procure this happiness. Those years were full of glory and prosperity for me, but they are past: those friends so affectionate have disappeared with my favor; those allies so respectful have vanished with my fortune: but what do I say, have they not endeavored to complete my misfortune, and that of my son, by giving me cause to detest on a thousand accounts the most unhappy of all alliances? Why had I not the power of reading hearts? But perhaps I have reason to thank Heaven for my error and my credulity: the temptation to which I saw myself a short time afterward exposed might have been then too powerful for conscience to have surmounted.

Although the marriage,[3] thus absolutely resolved on, was not celebrated immediately, as both parties left it to the King to fix the time for it, from that moment I looked upon the tie, which united the family of Crequy to mine, as indissoluble, and I was so far the dupe of the sincerity and tenderness of my own heart, as to make this alliance one argument for not suffering myself to be influenced by the enchanting prospect that was suddenly offered to my view. It was at the latter end of this year, which was some months after the treaty with the Crequy family had been concluded, that this temptation was thrown in my way; and in the beginning of this, when I was more strongly assailed by it. But before I explain myself, it is necessary to observe, that it was still by an effect of the most refined malice of my enemies, that I saw myself in a situation wherein it depended only upon my own choice to reach the highest degree of greatness and splendor that any subject could arrive at.

My enemies then began to insinuate to the King, under

[3] It was not celebrated till the month of October, in the following year, at Charenton, by M. Du Moulin, a reformed minister. The lady was only nine or ten years old: she was called Frances, daughter of Charles de Blanchefort de Crequy, Prince of Poix, and afterward Duke of Lesdiguières, by his marriage with Magdelan de Bonne de Lesdiguières, daughter of the constable of that name. The Marquis of Rosny had issue by her, Maximilien Francis de Bethune, Duke of Sully, etc., and Louisa de Bethune, who died unmarried.

an appearance of zeal both for him and me, which he thought very sincere, that he had not yet done enough for me; that he ought not to delay offering and obliging me to accept all that his munificence was able to bestow, without requiring anything more of me than what indeed appeared most essential and indispensably necessary; namely, to quit the Protestant and embrace the Catholic religion. It was, doubtless, far from their intention to procure so many advantages for me; and I shall easily prove, that the object they had in view was diametrically opposite to that which they appeared to have by the proposals they made. They had inwardly so good an opinion of me, as to believe that I would not purchase any advancement at the price of quitting my religion. From my refusal, therefore, they hoped to persuade the King, that he had everything to fear from a man who was capable of making his religion triumph over his interest, which it was generally found no considerations, whether sacred or profane, was able to resist. The King, pleased with the prospect of advancing me, received this proposal with intentions so different from those by whom it was made to him, that I cannot preserve a too grateful remembrance of his goodness.

Accordingly he sent for me one morning to the Louvre; and shutting himself up alone with me in his library: "Well, my friend," said he, "you have been in great haste to conclude the treaty for your son's marriage, though I cannot conceive why; for in this alliance, neither for blood, riches, nor person, can I see any advantage for you." Henry, it is apparent, had forgot that I had done nothing in this affair but by his express commands. "I have resolved," continued he, "to employ you more than ever in the administration, and to raise you and your family to all sorts of honors, dignities, and riches; but there is a necessity that you should assist me in the execution of this design: for if you do not contribute to it on your side, it will be difficult for me to accomplish my intentions, without prejudice to my affairs, and hazarding great blame; consequences which I am persuaded you would be unwilling I should draw upon myself. My design, then, is to ally you to myself, by giving my daughter Vendôme[4] in marriage to

[4] Catherine-Henrietta de Vendôme, legitimated daughter of Henry IV by Gabrielle d'Estrées. She married Charles of Lorraine, Duke of Elbœuf, and died in 1663.

your son, with a portion of 200,000 crowns in ready money, and a pension of ten thousand a year; the government of Berry to your son, to which I shall join that of Bourbonnois after Madame d'Angoulême's decease; and the domain she possesses there, by reimbursing the money it cost her. I will likewise give your son the post of grand master of the ordnance in reversion, and the government of Poitou to your son-in-law, for which I shall give you that of Normandy in exchange; for I see very plainly, that poor M. de Montpensier [5] will not live long, any more than the constable, whose office I likewise destine for you, and will give you the reversion of it now. But to favor all this, it is necessary that you and your son should embrace the Catholic religion. I entreat you not to refuse me this request, since the good of my service, and the fortune of your house require it."

The recital I have made here is so proper to excite and to flatter vanity, that to avoid so dangerous a snare, I will not give way to any reflections upon it, not even to such as must necessarily arise on the goodness of a prince, who enforced his entreaties with acts of the highest munificence. My answer was conceived, as I remember, in these terms: I told his Majesty, that he did me more honor than I deserved, and even more than I could hope or desire: that it was not for me to decide concerning the two proposals he had made for my son, since his settlement in the world depended entirely on his Majesty, and he was arrived to an age that rendered him capable of serious reflections upon religion, and might therefore direct his choice himself: but with regard to me, the case was quite different. I assured him with the utmost sincerity, that I could not think of increasing my honors, dignities, or riches, at the expense of my conscience: that if I should ever change my religion, it would be from conviction alone; neither ambition, avarice, nor vanity, being able to influence me; and that if I acted otherwise, his Majesty himself would have good reason for distrusting a heart that could not preserve its faith to

[5] Henry de Bourbon, Duke of Montpensier, actually died in the month of February in this year, after languishing two years, during which time he lived only on women's milk; having prepared himself in a truly Christian manner for his death. Henry IV being informed of it, said aloud: "We ought all to pray to God to grant us as much time to repent as this prince had." The Duke of Montpensier was only thirty-five years old. The branch of Bourbon Montpensier was extinct in him; for he left only one daughter, who was contracted in marriage to the Duke of Orléans, second son of Henry IV.

God. "But why," replied Henry, with a cordiality that sensibly affected me, "why should I suspect you, since you would not do anything that I have not done before you, and which you yourself advised me to do, when I proposed the affair to you. Give me, I beseech you, this satisfaction: I will allow you a month to consider of it: fear not that I will fail in the performance of any of my promises."

"I have not, sire," I replied, "the least doubt but that your word is inviolable: I desire nothing so ardently as to please you; nor will I ever neglect anything that is in my power to do. I promise to think seriously of all that you have been pleased to propose to me, still hoping I shall satisfy your Majesty, though not perhaps in the manner you expect."

The Protestants hearing that I intended to break off my proposed alliance with Lesdiguières, and to marry my son to Mademoiselle de Vendôme, for this report was immediately spread everywhere, they now believed they were going to lose me entirely. They had long, with the severest reproaches, accused me with having labored to ruin the Protestant party in France, by amassing up such considerable sums for the King, and providing such an abundance of warlike stores, which their fears represented to them would be first employed against them. In vain did I endeavor to convince them, that they had no reason to apprehend such designs from a prince like Henry. Their prejudices made them always return to their former suspicions of me: in these they were confirmed by the affection the King showed for Rosny, calling him often son; the free access which all ecclesiastics had to my house; the care I took to repair churches, hospitals, and convents, in which I every year expended a considerable sum of the royal revenues; the brief of Paul V, of which several copies had been taken; and I know not how many other circumstances, which all at that moment concurred to persuade them of my breach of faith.

The chief persons among the Protestants, and the ministers especially, seemed to be most uneasy at this report, not only because of the triumph which their enemies were going to have over them; but because they were persuaded, and they even said it publicly, that if I was once prevailed upon to abandon them, I should not act with indifference toward them, but

become their most zealous persecutor. For a long space of time, I heard nothing but exhortations, remonstrances, and harangues, from that party, which were not likely to be very efficacious after what the King had said to me, if I had not happily found the strongest support within myself. The Countess of Sault, Lesdiguières, and the Crequy family, exerted themselves, in the meantime, with the utmost vigor, to hinder the marriage with Mademoiselle de Crequy from being broken off, and that with Mademoiselle de Vendôme from going forward: they endeavored to persuade the Queen to interest herself in their cause, and complained to her of what was designed to their prejudice. But finding that she would do nothing in the affair, they renewed their solicitations to me, making use of every method they thought capable of keeping me on their side; assiduities, assurances, promises, oaths, all were employed to dissuade me from a design I had never entertained.

During these transactions, I left Paris to take a journey to Sully, and my other estates; and immediately upon my return, which was at the end of ten or twelve days, his Majesty sent Villeroi to me, to receive my answer upon the proposals he had made to me. I was not sorry that he had deputed a person to me, before whom I could declare, with the utmost freedom, those sentiments which reflection had but the more confirmed. I told Villeroi, that I most humbly thanked his Majesty for all the honors he had conferred on me: that I could never consent to be invested with the offices of persons still living; and that, although they should become vacant, I did not think myself entitled to them, being already possessed of as many as I desired: that as for what regarded my son, I should never have any other counsel to give him, than to obey the King, and to do nothing against his own conscience. I had particular reasons for being still less explicit upon the articles of my change of religion: therefore, I only told Villeroi, that Cardinal Du Perron should bear my answer to his Majesty. His Eminence, as well as Henry, thought there was great meaning in these words: the King related them to Du Perron, declaring that he entertained some hopes from them. And soon after this, the cardinal came to visit me, and entreated me to open my whole heart to him. My answer had both strength, and

even theology enough in it to convince Du Perron that he had been deceived in his expectations: neither his learning nor his eloquence could move me; and at his return, he told the King I was inflexible.

This prince, who was desirous of making one effort more, sent for me again; but although he made use of no other arguments than what the gentleness of his disposition, and his affection for me suggested, and, if I may be permitted to say so, such solicitations as became our ancient friendship, yet I was persuaded, the danger would not stop there, great as it was even then, especially when he began to reproach me, and called my constancy and firmness, obduracy to him; and a certain sign, he said, that I no longer loved him. At length, he told me, that this was the last time he would speak of this matter to me; and that he expected I should give him my son at least. To this I again replied, that I would not deny him; but that I could not consent to use the authority of a father to make my son embrace the Roman Catholic religion. His firmness was equal to my own; and the King, who would not bestow his daughter on any of the princes of the blood for fear of rendering them too powerful, resolved to marry Mademoiselle de Vendôme to the son of M. le Connetable. The Countess of Sault took this opportunity to renew her instances for the accomplishing her grand-daughter's marriage.

All that now remained to be done was to guard against the counter-blow of my enemies: and this I did not neglect, when I found that they were busy in preparing it for me. I took that opportunity to write to the King, telling him that I was not ignorant of anything that was reported to him to give him a bad impression of my thoughts, words, and actions: that they imputed to me what I neither thought, said, nor did. I earnestly entreated him not to forget the promise he had made me, to declare to me himself his will, and what causes of complaint he had against me. His answer was wholly calculated to restore my quiet, and secure me against all apprehensions from my enemies: he told me in it, that I, in common with all persons in power, excited more envy than compassion. "You know," added he, "whether I am exempted from it from the people of both religions. This then is all you have to do; that since I take your advice in all my affairs, do you also take mine

in everything that relates to you, as that of the most faithful friend you have in the world, and the best master that ever was."

It was not without some reason that Henry brought himself as an example. He likewise had his uneasinesses, and his secret enemies: for although we no longer, as formerly, saw seditions ready to break out in the kingdom, because the exertion of the royal authority had obliged insolence and mutiny to keep themselves concealed; yet it was but too certain, that in court, and among the most considerable persons in the kingdom, the same turbulent and restless spirit, the same eager panting after novelties, which had so long kept the State in disorder and anarchy, were perceived. That spirit now showed itself in divisions among families, and quarrels between particular persons, which Henry labored to compose by every method in his power, looking upon them as seeds from whence nothing but the most dangerous fruits could proceed: and it gave him great pain when he could not always succeed to his wish. The reign of Henry IV, which in many respects bore a great resemblance to that of Augustus, had likewise this in conformity with his, that it was disturbed by quarrels among his nobility; and, on these occasions, the example of Augustus was what Henry commonly proposed to himself to imitate. *Æquitate non aculeo* was the motto, which, by his direction, I put on the gold medals struck this year, which represented a swarm of bees in the air, with their king in the midst of them without a sting. I presented these medals to Henry, as he passed through his little gallery to that which leads to the Tuileries, where we walked together a long time, discoursing upon the subject I have just mentioned, and those domestic quarrels which embittered the life of a prince too gentle and too good, whose unhappiness I have so often deplored.

The reader may perceive, that in my memoirs of the late years, I have faithfully observed the promise I had formerly made, to entertain him no more with the weaknesses of Henry. I carefully concealed from my secretaries, and all persons whatever, all that passed between Henry and me upon this subject, in those many long and secret conversations we had together: except the Duchess of Beaufort and the Marchioness of Verneuil, the name of no other woman has been mentioned in these

"Memoirs," with the title of mistress to the King. I choose rather to suppress all the trouble I have suffered in this article, than make it known at the expense of my master's glory: probably I have carried this scruple too far. The public has heard so often the names of Madame de Moret,[6] Mademoiselle des Essarts, old Madame d'Angoulême, the Countess of Sault, Mesdames de Ragny and de Chanlivault, two of my relations; the Commandeur de Sillery,[7] Rambouillet, Marillac, Duret the physician, another physician who was a Jew, and many of the most considerable persons at court, all differently interested in these adventures of gallantry, either as principals or as parties concerned; that I might relate a great deal without saying anything new, which would be indeed but a cold repetition of little debates and love quarrels, such as those which I have already slightly mentioned. The following circumstance I have excepted from this rule, as it is of a nature that seems to require I should justify my part in it to the public.

On one of those occasions when Henry was most deeply affected with the uneasy temper of the Queen, it was reported, that he had quitted her with some emotion, and set out for Chantilly without seeing her. This indeed was true; he took the arsenal in his way, and there opened his whole heart to me upon the cause of this dispute. The King pursued his journey, and I went in the afternoon to the Louvre, attended only by one of my secretaries, who did not follow me to the Queen's little closet, where she was then shut up. Leonora Conchini

[6] Jacqueline Du-Beuil, Countess of Moret; Charlotte des Essarts, Countess of Romorantin; two of Henry IV's mistresses. By the first he had Antony, Earl of Moret, killed at the battle of Castelnaudary in 1632; and by the second he had two daughters; one Abbess of Fontevraud, and the other of Chelles. By those two ladies, by the Duchess of Beaufort, and by the Marchioness of Verneuil, who successively had openly the title of the King's mistress, he had eight children, which were all he legitimated. Besides these, he was in love with Mary Babou, Viscountess of Estauges, two cousins of the fair Gabrielle, and many others. See "L'Histoire des Amours du Grand Alcandre."

After the death of Henry IV Mademoiselle des Essarts secretly married the Cardinal of Guise, Lewis of Lorraine; the Pope having granted him a dispensation for that marriage, and, at the same time, empowered him still to hold his benefices. This is proved by the very contract of marriage, found among the cardinal's papers after his death, executed in the most authentic form. Mention is made of this in the "Mercure Hist. and Polit.," April, 1688. From this marriage two sons were born; one Bishop of Condom, and the second Earl of Romorantin; and two daughters, one of whom married the Marquis of Rhodes. Charlotte des Essarts afterward married Francis Du-Hallier-de-l'Hospital, Maréchal of France, Earl of Rosnay, etc. The commentary of "Les Amours du Grand Alcandre" remarks only, that she was the Cardinal of Guise's mistress; and afterward of N. De-Vic, Archbishop of Auch. She was the natural daughter of the Baron of Sautour in Champagne. "Journal du Regne de Henry III," printed in 1720, vol. i. p. 277.

[7] Noel de Sillery, brother of the chancellor, ambassador at Rome.

was at the door of this closet, her head bending down toward her neck, like a person who was sleeping, or at least in a profound reverie. I drew her out of it, and she told me, that the Queen would not suffer her to enter her closet, the door of which, however, opened to me the moment I was named.[8]

I found the Queen busy in composing a letter to the King, which she allowed me to read: it breathed an air of spleen and bitterness, which must inevitably have very bad effects. I made her so sensible of the consequences it was likely to produce, that she consented to suppress it, though with great difficulty; and upon condition that I should assist her in composing another, wherein nothing should be omitted of all that, as she said, she might with justice represent to the King her husband. There was a necessity for complying with this request, to avoid something worse. Many little debates arose between us, concerning the choice of expressions and the force of each term. I had occasion for all the presence of mind I was capable of exerting, to find out the means of satisfying this princess, without displeasing the King, or of being guilty of any disrespect in addressing him.

This letter, which was very long, I shall not repeat here. The Queen complained in it of the continual gallantries of the King her husband; but declared that she was excited to this only by the earnest desire she had to possess his heart entirely. If therefore she appeared to insist too absolutely upon his sacrificing his mistress to her, her quiet, her conscience, and her honor, the interest of the King, his health and his life, the good of the State, and the security of her children's succession to the throne, which the Marchioness de Verneuil took pleasure in rendering doubtful, were so many motives which reduced her, she said, to the disagreeable necessity of making such a de-

[8] The Queen, for a long time, placed a great confidence in M. de Sully. The author "L'Histoire de la Mere and du Fils" says, that princess having resolved one day, by the advice of Conchini, to inform the King, that certain of the courtiers had had the boldness to make love to her, she was desirous of previously taking the Duke of Sully's advice in regard to it, who persuaded her not to execute that resolution, by representing to her, that she was going to give the King the strongest and justest suspicion a sovereign could have of his wife; since every man of common sense must know very well, that it would be highly improper to entertain a person of her rank on the subject of love, without previously being assured, that it would not be disagreeable to her, or from her having made the first advances: and that the King might imagine, the motives which had induced her to make such a discovery, were either fear that it should have been made by some other means, or that she had taken a disgust against the persons accused, by meeting with somebody else more agreeable in her eyes; or, in fine, through the persuasion of others, who had influence enough over her to prevail on her to take this revolution.

mand. To awaken his tenderness, and excite his compassion, she added, that she, together with the children she had by him, would throw themselves at his feet: she reminded him of his promises, and took God to witness, that if she could prevail upon him to keep them, she would, on her side, renounce all other vengeance against the Marchioness de Verneuil.

All my caution was scarce sufficient to avoid the extremes the Queen would have run into; and it is apparent, however, that I failed either in address or invention: for the King, when he received this letter, was mortally offended with it, and so much the more as he instantly perceived that it was not in the Queen's manner. I had a billet from him immediately, conceived in these terms: "My friend, I have received the most impertinent letter from my wife that ever was wrote. I am not so angry with her, as with the person that has dictated it; for I see plainly that it is not her style. Endeavor to discover the author of it: I never shall have any regard for him, whoever he be; nor will I see him as long as I live." However secure I thought myself, I could not help being uneasy at this billet.

The King, on his arrival from Chantilly, three or four days afterward, came to the arsenal. I was sufficiently perplexed by the questions he asked me concerning this affair; for it was expressly for that purpose that he came.

"Well," said he, "have you yet discovered the person who composed my wife's letter?"

"Not yet certainly," replied I, making use of some little address, "but I hope to give you this satisfaction in two days; and probably sooner, if you will tell me what there is in it that displeases you."

"Oh," replied he, "the letter is mighty well written; full of reasons, obedience, and submission; but wounds me smiling, and while it flatters piques me. I have no particular exception to make to it; but, in general, I am offended with it, and shall be the more so if it comes to be public."

"But, sire," replied I, "if it be such as you say, it may have been written with a good intention, and to prevent something still worse."

"No! no!" interrupted Henry, "it is maliciously designed, and with a view to insult me. If my wife had taken advice

from you, or from any of my faithful servants in it, I should not have been so much offended."

"What, sire," resumed I hastily, "if it was one of your faithful servants who had dictated it, would you not bear him some ill-will?"

"Not the least," returned the King; "for I should be very certain, that he had done it with a good intention."

"It is true, sire," said I: "therefore you must be no longer angry; for it was I that dictated it, through an apprehension that something worse might happen: and when you know my reasons, you will confess, that I was under a necessity of doing it. But to remove all your doubts, I will show you the original, written in my own hand, at the side of the Queen's." Saying this, I took the paper out of my pocket, and presented it to him.

The King, as he read it, made me observe some words, in the place of which the Queen, when she copied the letter, had substituted others far less obliging. "Well," said he, "since you are the author, let us say no more of it: my heart is at rest. But this is not all," added he, taking advantage of the ascendant which on this occasion I seemed to have over the mind of the Queen: "there are two services which I expect from you." I listened to the King with great attention, and without once interrupting him, although he spoke a long time; and I shall here relate his words, which I took down in writing at the time. It is by this kind of familiar conversations that the heart is best known.

"I know," said he, "that my wife came twice to your house, while I was at the chase: that she was shut up with you in your wife's closet, each time above an hour; that at her coming out from thence, although her color seemed to be raised by anger, and her eyes full of tears, yet she behaved in a friendly manner to you, thanked you, and appeared not ill satisfied with what you had said to her: and that you may know I am not ill informed, I shall not hide from you, that it was my cousin, de Rohan, your daughter, who related all this to me; not for the sake of telling secrets, but because she thought I should be glad to see my wife and you upon such friendly terms. It must certainly be, therefore, that my wife has some business of consequence with you: for, notwithstanding all the questions I have asked her, she has never said a single word, or given the

smallest intimation of these two conferences. I forbid you likewise, upon pain of my displeasure, to say anything of this matter to my cousin, de Rohan: you will deprive me of the pleasure I have in seeing her here, and she will never tell me anything more, if she knows I have repeated this to you. Although I laugh and play with her as with a child, yet I do not find in her a childish understanding. She sometimes gives me very good advices, and is extremely secret, which is an excellent quality. I have told her many things in confidence, which I have been convinced she never mentioned, either to you or any other person.

"But to return to these two important services, which only you, in my opinion, are able to undertake, I have already said, and I repeat it again, that you must be extremely careful to avoid giving the least suspicion that you have concerted with me what you are to do and say in these affairs: it must not appear that I know anything of your interposition, but that you act entirely of yourself: and you must even feign to be apprehensive of its coming to my ear. One of these services regards Madame de Verneuil; it is with her you must begin, and this will smooth your way to the other.

"You must tell this lady, that as her particular friend you come to give her notice, that she is upon the point of losing my favor, unless she behaves with great prudence and circumspection; that you have discovered that there are persons at court who are endeavoring to engage me in affairs of gallantry with others; and if this should happen, you are fully persuaded that I shall take her children from her, and confine her to a cloister; that this abatement in my affection for her is, in the first place, apparently caused by the suspicion I have entertained that she no longer loves me; that she takes the liberty to speak of me often with contempt, and even prefers other persons to me: secondly, because she seeks to strengthen herself with the interest of the house of Lorraine, as if she was desirous of some other protector than me; but, above all, her connections and familiarities with Messieurs de Guise and de Joinville offend me to the last degree; being fully convinced, that from them she will receive only such counsels as are dangerous both to my person and state; as likewise from her father and her brother, with whom, notwithstanding my prohibition to

her, she still corresponds, when she might have thought herself happy, that, at her entreaties, I spared their lives; that she sends messages to her brother by his wife, whom I have allowed to visit him; but that the chief cause of my estrangement from her is her unworthy proceedings toward the Queen."

Henry then told me many circumstances concerning the marchioness, which I have already related. "If," continued he, "either by an effect of your industry or good fortune, you can prevail upon her to alter her conduct in all these respects, you will not only free me from great uneasiness, and set my heart at rest with regard to her, but you will likewise furnish yourself with the means of disposing the Queen to accommodate herself to my will, which is the second service that I require and expect from you: you must remonstrate to her, still as from yourself, that it is absolutely necessary she should do so, if she would engage me to give her the satisfaction she demands. That, among many other causes of disgust which she gives me, nothing is more insupportable to me, than that absolute authority she suffers Conchini and his wife to have over her; that these people make her do whatever they please, oppose all that they dislike, and love and hate, as they direct her passions; that they have at length exhausted my patience; and that I often reproach myself for not following the advice given me by the Duchess of Florence, Don John, Jouanini, Gondy, and even what my own judgment suggested, which was to send them both from Marseilles back to Italy. I was desirous," pursued the King, "to repair this fault through the interposition of Don John; but I soon perceived it was too late: for scarce did Don John enter upon the subject with the Queen, to whom he proposed it by way of advice, than she entered, as you know, into such an excess of rage against him, that there was no sort of reproaches, insults, and threats, which she did not use to him; so that, not able to endure them, he quitted France, notwithstanding all my endeavors to retain him, which gave her great satisfaction on Conchini's account, whom Don John publicly threatened to poniard.

"But before this happened, the Princess of Orange thought of other expedients for removing these two persons, and proposed them to me by Madame de Verneuil, who thought to prevail upon the Queen, by this complaisance for her favorites,

to permit her to see her, and come freely to the Louvre. These expedients, to which I consented, because I found you did not oppose them, were to marry Conchini to la Leonor, and afterward to send them back to Italy, under the honorable pretence of living with splendor in their own country, upon the great riches they had acquired in France: but all this, instead of softening my wife, or engaging her to alter her conduct, has only taught her to oppose my will with more obstinacy than before; and the Conchinis, both husband and wife, are now become so insolent and audacious, that they have dared to threaten my person, if I use any violence to their friends."

It was not easy for the King to quit this article, through the rage with which he was agitated against this whole party. Among many others, he recounted the following circumstance, which, till then, I thought he had been ignorant of. My wife, knowing that Conchini had a design to purchase La-Ferté-au-Vidame, which was worth 200,000 or 300,000 crowns, she thought such a considerable estate would give occasion for murmurs that could not fail of reflecting back upon the Queen herself, on account of the protection she was known to grant them. She did not hesitate therefore a moment about waiting on the Queen, to represent to her, that it was her interest to hinder Conchini from pushing this matter any further. The Queen received this advice very graciously, and thanked my wife for giving it her: but as soon as she saw the Conchinis, they knew so well how to make her alter her opinion, that she exclaimed in a strange manner against Madame de Rosny, and would not see her for some time. Probably her resentment would have lasted much longer, had she not reflected, that both herself and her favorites had always occasion for me.

"I have been told," added Henry, "that Conchini had the impudence to reproach your wife upon this occasion, and used expressions so full of insolence both against her and me, that I am surprised she did not answer him more severely: but, doubtless, she was restrained by her fears of breaking entirely with my wife. You cannot imagine," pursued Henry, not able to cease his invectives against this Italian, "how greatly I was provoked to see this man undertake to be the challenger at a tournament, against all the bravest, and most gallant men in

France, and this in the Grande Rue St. Antoine, where my wife and all the ladies of the court were present; and that he should have the good fortune to carry it: but nothing ever gave me greater pleasure than I had at this course, when I saw M. de Nemours, and the Marquis de Rosny your son, arrive, mounted upon two excellent horses, which they managed with equal grace, and uncommon justness."

Henry, after dwelling some time longer upon a circumstance that had given him so much pleasure, renewed his former subject. "Be careful," said he to me, "to manage those two affairs, I have recommended to you, cautiously; proceed leisurely, and as opportunities offer, without hazarding anything by too great precipitation: in a word, act with your usual prudence, respect, and address. I protest I shall esteem these two services more than if you had gained me a battle, or taken the city and castle of Milan with your cannons; for my heart suggests to me, that this man and woman will one day do great mischief: I find in them designs above their condition, and absolutely contrary to their duty." Again I asked this prince, why he referred to me an affair the success of which, in my hands, were so doubtful; whereas, if he would undertake it himself, it would cost him no more to execute it than to pronounce to two women with a resolute tone a single "I will have it so." His reply to this, and the debates that followed, were the same with those which the reader has already too often seen in these "Memoirs." At last he went away, saying, with an embrace: "Adieu, my friend: I earnestly recommend to you these two affairs, for they are very near my heart: but, above all, be secret."

All that by my utmost endeavor I was able to do for the tranquillity of this prince, was to procure him some short calms, amid the long and often-repeated storms he was obliged to suffer, in such an unequal vicissitude did he pass the few days that Heaven still left him. One of his longest intervals of quiet was during the Queen's lying-in. She had followed the King, who went in the beginning of March to Fontainebleau. It was not possible to carry tenderness and solicitude further than Henry did. While she was in this condition, he often writ to me from Fontainebleau, and in every letter gave me an account of the Queen's health. "I thought," said he in one of these

letters, "to have sent you the news of my wife's being brought to bed; but I believe it will not be this night." In another, "My wife imagines she will go to the end of the month, since she has passed yesterday." The Queen was delivered of her third son [9] on the twenty-sixth of April.

The King still continuing to write to me as usual, in one of his letters ordered me to acquaint him how the news of his son's birth was received. "Not by you," said he, "for there I have no doubt; but by the public." I keep with great care the following letter, which his Majesty sent me by the Duke of Rohan, upon hearing that my wife had lain-in of a son about the same time that the Queen did. "I do not believe, that any of my servants have taken greater interest in the birth of my son d'Anjou than you; and I would have you likewise believe, that I surpass all your friends in joy for the birth of yours; you will be stunned with their flatteries; but the assurance I give you of my friendship ought to be more convincing than all their speeches. Remember me to the lying-in lady." [10]

The Queen was more indisposed after this lying-in than she had ever been before; but proper remedies being used, she was soon restored to perfect health. The King took all imaginable care of her. He came to Paris the beginning of May, but returned almost immediately after to Fontainebleau; and the joy the Queen showed at his return filled him with a real satisfaction. He allowed, at the request of this princess, that 10,000 or 12,000 crowns should be expended on buildings at Monceaux, and sent me orders to that purpose. It is from these letters of his Majesty that I collect all these circumstances. This order he repeated when the master-builder, who had undertaken the work, informed him that he had been obliged, through want of money, to dismiss his men. I had given him an assignment upon a restitution of money to be paid by the nephew of Argouges, which he had not yet done, pretending, to gain time, that he owed nothing. The King sent me orders to press him for the payment, and to advance the master-builder the money out of other funds, without referring him to Fresne,

[9] Gaston-John-Baptist of France, then called Duke of Anjou, and afterward Duke of Orleans: he died in 1660. Siri makes Henry IV say, before the birth of that prince, that he would dedicate him to the Church, and that he should be called the Cardinal of France.

[10] "I should be glad," says Henry IV, "God had sent him a dozen sons; for it would be a great pity, that from so good a stem there should not be some offsets." "Mem. Hist. de France."

who could not force him to pay it. Being apprehensive that I should give credit to the reports which were made me of the Queen's being disgusted, and that she sought a pretence for quarrelling with me, he, in another letter, for a proof of the contrary, related to me in what manner this princess had taken my part against M. and Madame de Ventadour, who had made some complaints of me to their Majesties.

One could not give Henry a more sensible pleasure than by conforming one's self to that complaisance which he had for everyone with whom he lived in any degree of friendship or familiarity. I received from him a gracious acknowledgment for some services rendered to Madame de Verneuil and Madame de Moret, and for the methods I made use of to free him from Mademoiselle des Essarts. This young lady began to be extremely troublesome to him; she had the presumption to expect she should have the same ascendant over him as his other mistresses. At last, however, she seemed willing to retire into the Abbey of Beaumont, and named certain conditions, upon which Zamet and La Varenne were often sent by Henry to confer with me. He gave himself the trouble to write to the President de Motteville, concerning the place of a *Maître-des-Comptes* at Rouen, which the young lady requested; and to Montauban, to advance the money for the purchase. There was a necessity likewise for giving her a thousand crowns, and five hundred to the Abbey of Beaumont, which she had chosen for her retreat.[1] Both these sums the King demanded of me, in a letter dated May 12th: happy indeed, to get rid of her at so easy a rate!

He likewise desired my advice, as to the manner in which he should behave to avoid a quarrel with the Queen, on an occasion when Conchini became a competitor with Madame de Verneuil, for a favor which that lady had obtained a promise for two years before. "I love," said he in his letter, "Madame de Verneuil better than Conchini"; which indeed was not to be doubted: but at that time he was obliged to act with great circumspection toward the Queen. This gave rise to an intrigue at court that afforded great pleasure to several persons, which I cannot better explain than by the following letter the King writ me from Fontainebleau:

"Although I have parted with Madame de Verneuil upon

[1] She did not retire thither; or, at least, if she did, she did not stay long there.

very bad terms, yet I cannot help having some curiosity to know, if there be any foundation for the report which prevails here, that the Prince of Joinville visits her: learn the truth of it, and give me notice in a letter, which I will burn, as you must do this. It is this that retains him so long, they say: you know well it is not for want of money."

The report was indeed true: Joinville had suffered himself to be captivated by the charms of the marchioness, who, as it was said, did not let him despair. For a long time, nothing was talked of but their intimacy, and the very passionate letters which it was pretended they writ to each other; and it was at last confidently reported, that he had offered to marry her: it must be observed, that all this I repeat after the court and Paris. Trifling as this affair may seem, there were in it some circumstances relating to the King, of such consequence as to make a profound secrecy necessary. If matters had really gone so far between the two lovers as people were willing to believe, Madame de Verneuil, notwithstanding all her experience, was here the dupe: she was not sufficiently well acquainted with the disposition and conduct of a young man, still less amorous, than rash and heedless: promises, oaths, privacies, letters, all, in a very little time, ended in a rupture, which was equally imputed to both. However, to say the truth, the fault lay on Madame de Villars,[2] who appeared too beautiful in the eyes of Joinville to leave his heart faithful to its first choice.

Madame de Villars did not at first appear so easy a conquest as her rival had been: proud of her alliance with the blood-royal, she treated him with distance and reserve. Joinville repulsed, and in despair, extorted from her the cause of her rigor. She told him, that after the correspondence he had, and still continued to carry on, with a lady so beautiful and witty as Madame de Verneuil, it would be dangerous to rely on his fidelity. Joinville defended himself; it is not necessary to say in what terms. She refuted him, by alleging their interviews, and letters; one in particular from Madame de Verneuil, more tender and passionate than the rest. On such an occasion, it is a custom to make, to the beloved lady, a sacrifice of her letters who was abandoned. Joinville resisted as long as he was able; but, at last, put into the hands of Madame de Villars that pre-

[2] Juliet-Hyppolita d'Estrées, wife of George de Brancas, Marquis of Villars.

tended letter: (I say pretended, because it was far from being certain that this letter, which he was prevailed upon with so much difficulty to show, ever came from Madame de Verneuil). But be that as it will; for the use Madame de Villars intended to make of this letter, it was indifferent to her whether it was forged or not.

This woman had an inveterate hatred to the Marchioness of Verneuil: the moment she had the letter in her possession, she flew with it to the King. It was not difficult, with such a proof, to make herself be believed; and she made such an artful use of it, that this prince, hitherto ignorant, or willing to seem so, of the greatest part of the intrigue, came instantly to me, with a heart filled with grief and rage, and related to me I know not how many circumstances, which to him appeared as certain proofs of her guilt; though I thought them far from being convincing. I told him, for it was necessary to treat this affair methodically, that he ought to hear what Madame de Verneuil could say for herself, before he condemned her. "Oh! heavens, hear her," cried Henry, "she has such a command of language, that if I listen to her, she will persuade me I am to blame, and that she is injured: yet I will speak to her, and show her these proofs of her perfidy." In effect, he went away breathing nothing but vengeance. Joinville's intrigues with the governor of Franche-Comté seemed to him not half so criminal.

The Marchioness of Verneuil, long accustomed to these sorts of transports, was not much alarmed; and maintained to the King, that Joinville had been wicked enough to forge this letter. Henry, softened by a circumstance which had not entered into his head before, became almost entirely satisfied, when she proposed to him, to submit it to my judgment, whether the handwriting was hers or not, sensible that no collusion could be suspected between us; she not having an excess of confidence in me, nor I too much esteem for her. Accordingly the papers were put into my hands, and a day fixed for the decision of this cause, which was to be determined at the house of the marchioness. I went thither in the morning, and was introduced into her closet, where she waited both for her accuser and her judge; in an undress that expressed great negligence, and no cap on.

I had already begun to examine her, when Henry came in

with Montbazon: I am not permitted to relate the rest; for the King would not suffer any of those that came with him to be present at this conference: however, they heard us talk very loud, and the marchioness weep. The King went from her apartment into another, and desiring all that were there to withdraw, took me to one of the most distant windows to examine the papers with him more exactly. This was not done so calmly, but those that were without might hear us discourse with great heat; and me often going and coming, between the lady's closet and the place where the King stood. The conclusion of this scene was, that the King returned entirely satisfied with his mistress.[3] As for Joinville, whatever part he had acted, it was happy for him that it was Henry with whom he had to do; and the more so, as he engaged, almost immediately afterward, in another intrigue of the same nature with Madame de Moret,[4] which I was not acquainted with.

The Count of Sommerive[5] was likewise hardy enough to become the rival of his master, and to make the Countess of Moret the object of his gallantries, with whom he began by a proposal of marriage; and it was believed, that he had given her a promise in writing: for to a young man transported with

[3] In the "Memoirs of Bassompierre," I find the following account of this intrigue.—"A few days afterward happened the difference between Madame de Verneuil and the King, which had its origin from Madame de Villars having shown the King some letters which Madame de Verneuil had wrote to the Prince of Joinville, and which he had given her. The affair was accommodated by the Duke of Aiguillon's bringing to the King a clerk of Bigot, who confessed that he had forged those letters; and the Prince of Joinville was banished." Our memoirs mention this to have happened in this year; but it was in the year 1603, upon the return of Henry IV from his journey to Metz.

[4] The "Memoirs for the History of France" give this account of it.—"The Prince of Joinville having made his addresses to one of the King's favorites, who was one of those whom Tertullian calls Publicarum libidinum victimæ; she, to excuse herself, alleged the prince had given her a promise of marriage. He thereby incurred the King's displeasure, who commanded him either to banish himself or marry the lady. At first, he put on the appearance of being willing to marry her, and to go on with what he had begun: but at last he declared, that he had never any such intention; and said aloud that, the King only excepted, if any gentleman, or any one of whatever quality, had given him such language, he would have set both his feet on his neck. The Count de Lude hearing of this, said it was the sentiment of a hangman. Madame de Guise, in tears, came and threw herself at the King's feet, and, as if she were in the extremest despair, begged of his Majesty to kill her. To which the King answered. 'I have never killed any ladies, and I do not know how to go about it.' Those, adds he, who were esteemed to be the most knowing at court, gave out it was the King himself who had induced the countess to do what she did."

"I gave notice," says Bassompierre in his "Memoirs," "to the Prince of Joinville, and Madame de Moret, of the design the King had to surprise them together. They were not found together; but the King discovered enough to forbid M. de Chevreuse, the name the Prince of Joinville then bore, the court; and would have done the same by her, had she not been on the point of being brought to bed; but time made up this difference." Henry gave orders to take the Prince of Joinville into custody; but he escaped out of the kingdom, and did not return till after the death of Henry IV, his family having never been able to prevail on the King to recall him.

[5] Charles-Emanuel de Lorraine, second son of the Duke of Maienne.

passion, the one costs as little as the other. The King, when he was informed of it, approved of the match, and employed La Borde, a gentleman whom he knew to be more faithfully devoted to him than any of those that resorted to the countess's house, to discover if they were sincere on both sides, and to take care to prevent the youth from transgressing the bounds of his duty. La Borde's report was not very favorable to the Count of Sommerive, who, at first, had some thoughts of murdering this troublesome Argus; and meeting him one day as he was coming from church, he fell upon him so furiously, that La Borde, to save his life, was obliged to have recourse to flight. The King commanded me to examine into this fact, which, in his fury, he called an assassination. The time Sommerive had chosen for it, and the disrespect it showed for the King, rendered him still more guilty.

However, it being necessary to observe some caution, though it were only in consideration of La Borde; for the King was sensible, that Sommerive was a far more dangerous person to deal with than Joinville; La Varenne came to me from his Majesty, to consult upon proper measures for managing this affair, without wounding his own authority; and we agreed, that the best expedient was, to prevail upon the Duke of Maïenne himself to do the King justice, with regard to the offence his son had committed against him: I was charged with this message, and the conduct of it left wholly to my judgment. I found the Duke of Maïenne so ill with a fit of the gout, which was attended with a high fever, that there was no possibility of speaking to him, especially upon such a subject. The Duke of Aiguillon,[6] Sommerive's eldest brother, told me, that this action of his brother was not more deeply resented by any person than by his whole family; that it had been the cause of his father's illness; and wished himself dead, as well as this unworthy brother, rather than to become the reproach of their relations. He added, that the King himself knew but too well how Sommerive treated them all, though, for the honor of the family, they concealed his behavior from the public; that this last offence gave them inconceivable affliction. And after entreating me to assist him with my advice, he declared that he would go himself, if his Majesty required it, to receive his or-

[6] Henry de Lorraine, Duke of Aiguillon, and afterward of Maïenne.

ders, and would execute them, whatever they were, upon his own brother; and that, for himself, he would rather lose his life than fail in the oath he had taken, to obey his master with all the fidelity and zeal of a servant and subject.

To conceal from D'Aiguillon that I had been commissioned by the King to come thither, I told him, that I would not advise him to go to his Majesty, because I did not know whether he was yet informed of the affair; but that, in twenty-four hours, I would give him such advice as I thought most for his interest, (for so long it required to send to Fontainebleau to know his Majesty's intentions). I, therefore, contented myself, at present, with representing to him the atrociousness of Sommerive's crime, and the fatal consequences that might attend it. He exclaimed against it himself, with a sincerity which I thought it my duty to relate to his Majesty, telling him, at the same time, that he had only to pronounce what satisfaction he required, the family fearing nothing so much as the loss of his favor.

Henry sent me notice, by Villeroi, that he was satisfied with what D'Aiguillon had said to me, although he was convinced that all this rage against Sommerive would not hinder them carrying it with a high hand in public, as they had already done upon other occasions of the same kind: he ordered me to make the whole house of Lorraine sensible how greatly they were indebted to his indulgence, in referring to them the chastisement of Sommerive; that he expected they would immediately oblige him to retire, though it were only to Soissons, as being unworthy to stay in a place where his Majesty was; that D'Aiguillon should come and tell him what resolution they had taken, in the meanwhile, till he should himself name the punishment; offer to be security for Sommerive's appearance, and even conduct him to the Bastile, if such was the King's pleasure; or make him leave the kingdom, and not return till after the expiration of two or three years. Henry insinuated, that it was this last part he should take, although it required some consideration on account of Sommerive's intrigues with Spain. The King had been told, that this young nobleman had endeavored to prevail upon the Count of St. Paul to go with him to Holland, with an intention to enter into the service of the archdukes; that he had taken the advice of Du Terrail, and, as soon as the fact was committed, had sent some of his servants to Flanders. It

was neither to that country, nor to any other dependent upon the Spaniards, which his Majesty chose he should retire to; but toward Nancy, from whence he might pass to the Emperor's court, or into Hungary; that country being most agreeable to his Majesty.

To this letter of Villeroi's was added a short billet, addressed to me, by the King, and contained only these few words: "I must tell you, that the best of the whole race is worth but little: God grant I may be mistaken." However he was not displeased with D'Aiguillon's behavior, when he waited on him at Fontainebleau: his Majesty only thought that he showed some little affectation in endeavoring to extenuate his brother's offence. The King told him, that it was his will Sommerive should retire to Lorraine, and not stir from thence without his permission. I was commissioned to notify this order to the Duke of Maïenne, his Majesty being willing, at the entreaties of D'Aiguillon, to spare him the ungrateful task.

D'Aiguillon did not make a proper application of the lessons the King gave him in relation to his brother. No one was ignorant of the affection his Majesty had for Balagny:[7] he had lately given a proof of it, by maintaining him in the possession of the *greffes* of Bordeaux, of which the contractors endeavored to deprive him. D'Aiguillon had the imprudence to quarrel with him upon some affairs of gallantry indeed, and the baseness, some time after, to attack him when he was almost alone, while himself was accompanied with a body of armed men. The prejudice Henry already had to this family increased the indignation he felt for this attempt. In the first emotions of his anger, he writ to me, that being resolved to punish D' Aiguillon for it, he earnestly entreated me to forget the friendship I had hitherto had for this family, since I ought to set a much higher value upon that of my King. This letter afforded me a proof of this prince's great knowledge of mankind: he predicted to me, that all the obligations I should confer on D'Aiguillon would be forgot, if through any change of my fortune, I should be incapable of adding to them: and this prediction has been fully accomplished.

[7] Damien de Montluc, Lord of Balagny, son of John, Prince of Cambray, and of Renée de Clermont de Bussy d'Amboise; he was, at that time, only twenty-five or twenty-six years old, and unmarried.

However, I was then persuaded of the contrary, and listening only to what my friendship for the whole house of Lorraine suggested to me, the King's letter, which his courier, meeting me at my return from Sully, delivered to me at Montargis, did not hinder me from answering his Majesty immediately, and that only to do the very thing he had forbid me, which was the soliciting a pardon for D'Aiguillon, without deferring it till I went to court, which I proposed to do immediately afterward. My letter was not unuseful to D'Aiguillon, when he presented himself to his Majesty to clear himself of the charge. This is what the King himself writ me—May 22: "Your letter came very seasonably; for he arrived this night, and talked to me in such a manner, that I was scarce able to restrain my anger. Certainly this youth becomes very insolent." I did not, however, abandon his interest. When I went to Fontainebleau, I found the King's resentment so violent, that there was a necessity for all the perseverance the warmest friendship is capable of to vanquish it. I obtained, at length, that this affair should be left to me, to make up in the best manner I could. I surmounted, with the same steadiness of friendship, many other difficulties, which did not yield to this; and believed that all was forgotten on both sides, congratulating myself upon my success, when I heard in what manner D'Aiguillon talked of this good office in public, and the gratitude he expressed to me for it.

Yet this man, base and faithless, dishonored himself and me, a short time afterward, by completing the crime, which I had so lately obtained his pardon for attempting, and procured Balagny to be assassinated. The letter his Majesty writ to me upon it will give the reader the truest notion of this crime. "My friend, you have doubtless heard of the wicked action committed upon Balagny: I would not write you an account of it, till I had seen all the information; for, on such occasions, the parties are not to be believed. Things are worse than you can imagine: he has violated the promise he made to you, and irreparably wounded his honor, by the extreme cowardice and cruelty of falling upon a single man with numbers. I had rather a son of mine were dead than that he should be guilty of such an action. The bearer will tell you the particulars. The relations of both have attempted to

fight; but I have taken care to prevent it. Adieu. I love you sincerely, and with this truth I conclude."

But Henry (for I felt too much horror at this indignity to dwell on it any longer) was himself in fact to blame, since it was through his easiness of temper, that the rage of duelling had spread through the court, the city, and over the whole kingdom:[8] and to such excess was it carried, that it gave me, and even his Majesty himself, infinite fatigue and trouble, to compose differences, and to hinder, each day, the disputants from proceeding to the last extremities. Before the affair of Balagny happened, the Baron de Courtaumer came to tell me, that he was busy in reconciling his two nephews, Monsieur the Prince of Conti, and the Prince of Joinville. Montigny quarrelled, for no cause, with D'Épernon, whom I was ordered to pacify. "For you know," said Henry in his letter, "that he will always be the master." The forcibly carrying away of a young lady, set by the ears together the families of La Force and St. Germain. St. Germain, the son, who was the ravisher, being sent for by the chancellor, in the King's name, left Paris, instead of obeying, and went to his father, which made his Majesty apprehensive that he would divulge, among foreigners, some important orders which he could not be ignorant that he had given La Force.

This easiness of temper in the King was the true cause of that licentiousness and sedition which had infected the court and the kingdom, and which his Majesty so deeply lamented: the gentry had taken it from the nobility, and the nobility from the princes of the blood. The Count of Soissons publicly showed his discontent. The Prince of Condé, by indiscreet sallies, some indeed only worthy of laughter, and others of consequence enough to give great cause of uneasiness to his Majesty, almost exhausted his patience. It was believed, that marriage would cure his impetuosity and wildness; and Mademoiselle de Montmorency[9] was the wife the King chose for him. It was this marriage that completed Henry's domestic troubles, as we shall see in the following year.

[8] Lomenie computed, in 1607, how many French gentlemen had been killed in duels since Henry IV came to the Crown. The number was found to be full 4,000. "Mem. Histoire de France."

[9] Margaret Charlotte of Montmorency.

The difficulties that arose, concerning the marriage of Mademoiselle de Mercœur increased his dislike of the whole house of Lorraine. She had been contracted to M. de Vendôme, in the year 1598, when the King took a journey to Brittany. The parties were now of age to consummate the marriage; but the mother, and grandmother of the young lady, had taken care to inspire her with such an aversion for M. de Vendôme, that she would not suffer him to speak to her. The Prince of Condé, who was not then married, would have been a more agreeable match, in all their opinions; but, since that could not take place, the duchess was unwilling to let her daughter's large estates go out of the family. The King could not help thinking, that the Dukes of Guise and Maïenne contributed to support this lady in her obstinate resistance to his will. I often combatted this opinion, and represented to his Majesty, that, on this occasion, he did not do them justice, which in the end he had reason to be convinced of, by the little opposition they made to his intentions, when they were declared to them by the Marquis D'Oraison, whom they had sent to his Majesty.

The readiest and the surest way for Henry to accomplish this marriage was to have assumed his authority, and given them an absolute command to fulfil the contract: but this prince [10] had less inclination to take such measures on this occasion than on any other. It only remained then, either to endeavor, by gentleness and persuasion, to prevail upon the ladies, or to have recourse to the decision of the law, which must undoubtedly have been in his favor, were his Majesty to be treated with the same impartiality as any private man: but this was to draw it out into length, by the delays and tricks of the courts of justice. It would take up a considerable time to bring up only the letters of attorney from Lorraine, without which the proceedings could not be begun; and it would be two months before the affair could be terminated, although his Majesty should interpose his authority, to oblige them to dispense with the accustomed formalities in his favor. How-

[10] Henry, in his anger, threatened the Duchess de Mercœur to make her pay 200,000 crowns for damages, besides the penalty of 100,000 for breach of covenant. The duchess, on her part, caused the King to be told, that he might not only take the 100,000 crowns, but all her estates besides, if he was entitled to them. Her daughter retired to a nunnery of Capuchins, with intent to take the veil. "Mem. Histoire de France."

ever, gentle methods were far more eligible, since not only the union of two persons, but that of several families, were concerned in it. There still remained many resources for a young woman forced from her relations, and obliged to marry, in spite of herself, to regain her liberty, although all the ceremonies were performed that should seem to have deprived her of it, especially if she could not be prevented from privately receiving bad counsels. For these reasons, therefore, I advised his Majesty to try gentle methods, in the long letter I sent him in answer to his.

For this purpose many conferences were held at the houses of the two duchesses, at that of the Duchess of Guise, aunt to the young lady, and at the Princess of Conti's, during which time M. de Vendôme was kept at a distance, his Majesty having sent him under the conduct of La Vallée into Brittany. As for me, I thought no person better qualified to manage this negotiation than Father Cotton. I advised the King to employ him, and he succeeded so well, that at the time when the King was most fully persuaded he should never terminate this affair but by the ordinary course of law, and had already writ to the first president on this subject, this father, on a sudden, gave him hopes that it would be concluded by other means. The art of directing consciences, in which he excelled, gave him up immediately the first point, and not the least essential. They began to cease their invectives, which only nourished hatred and disgust. Father Cotton did not fail to go as often as he could to the King, to give him an account of the progress he had made; and his Majesty, from time to time, sent him to the chancellor and me to take our advice, and was highly pleased with the service he did him upon this occasion.

The mother and the daughter were the first that were prevailed upon; but not without the duchess's giving such free scope to her resentment against the King, her relations, and all the world, that Henry believed he should never find a favorable moment to obtain her consent, but exhorted me, if such a one ever offered, not to let it escape. The grandmother, and some other confidants of the duchess's, as La Porte the confessor, continued a long time obstinate: but, at length, all were appeased, and the marriage was cele-

brated.[1] The King was not quite freed from his suspicion that the Guises, and all the princes of the house of Lorraine, sought, in reality, to deceive him, under an appearance of the greatest respect and deference; for which reason, when the post of first president of the chamber of accounts in Provence became vacant by the death of Beauville, and the Duke of Guise solicited it for one of his friends, as likewise the Countess of Sault for one of hers, he denied them both. "They have both been supporters of the League," said he; and this was all the reason he gave me for it, when he writ to me to consult with the chancellor about filling up this place with one more fit for it.

Not all the arguments I used to the King could prevent him from giving, if I may use the expression, a right to everyone to disturb his quiet, by continually bringing him informations against the most illustrious persons in the kingdom, as well Catholics as Protestants. Sometimes he was told, that the Duke of Bouillon, Du Plessis, and other heads of the reformed religion, were levying troops; sometimes that it was agreed upon between them, Monsieur the Prince, Monsieur the Count, and even all those that had been the greatest supporters of the League against them, to take possession of several towns. Another time it was said, that the Duke of Roanais held assembles in Anjou, which Pont Courlai writ also to me: but nothing so much alarmed his Majesty as the advice he received from a gentleman of Poitou; for this province was always made the seat of rebellion. This man said, that he had been present at assemblies of a great number of gentlemen, who acted in the names of almost all the grandees of the kingdom, beside the Protestants, in which he was a witness, that they had fixed upon a day for taking possession of a great number of towns, which he named, and had delivered out money for the making provision of scaling-ladders, petards, arms, and ammunition, necessary for the enterprise.

The King was at Fontainebleau without any train, and only with a design to make some parties for hunting, when this informer was presented to him: he sent him back to Paris, with orders to wait on Sillery and Villeroi, to whom he gave

[1] The seventh of July in the year following. "The nuptials," says the "Memoires de l'Hist. de France," "were splendid and magnificent: the King shone all over with jewels of an inestimable value; he ran at the ring, and seldom failed of carrying the prize."

such exact memorials, that the King was no longer in doubt of the truth of his report, and, full of apprehensions, returned instantly to Paris through Melun, and entered the city at the gate of St. Antoine. He sent St. Michael immediately for me, having matters, he said, of the utmost consequence to communicate to me. My wife and my children being then in the city with all the coaches of the house, I was obliged to wait till one was sent me by Phelipeaux.

I found the King shut up in the Queen's little closet; with him were that princess, the chancellor, and Villeroi, busy in examining those papers which had heated the lively imagination of Henry. "Well, Monsieur Obstinacy," said he to me as I entered, "here is the war begun." "So much the better, sire," said I; "for it can only be against the Spaniards." "No, no," answered he, "it is against much nearer neighbors, supported by all your Huguenots." "All the Huguenots?" returned I. "Ah, sire, what makes you imagine so? I will answer for many, that they do not entertain the least notion of it, and I am ready to answer for almost all the rest, that they dare not." "Did I not tell you, my dear," said his Majesty, turning to the Queen, "that he would not believe this? According to him, no one dare give me the least offence, and it depends only upon myself to give law to all the world." "It is true, sire," I replied, "and so you may whenever you please."

Villeroi and Sillery attempted to support his Majesty's opinion, that this was a most dangerous conspiracy. I represented to them that it was great weakness to suffer themselves to be intimidated thus by mere trifles: I took the paper out of their hands, and could not help smiling when I found, that, of this formidable body of rebels, only ten or a dozen poor inconsiderable gentlemen and soldiers were mentioned, whose persons I knew, being, in reality, in my government; and five or six villages, as La Haye in Touraine, St. John d'Angle, La Rocheposay, St. Savin, and Chauvigny le Blanc in Berry. "*Pardieu*, sire," resumed I with some emotion, "these gentlemen mean to jest both with your Majesty and me, by making these idle reports of consequence enough to affect you with any apprehensions, and inducing you to take measures to prevent what will never happen. The whole mystery is this: one

of your subjects has an inclination to get a hundred crowns from you."

"Notwithstanding all you can say," replied the King, "I am convinced that there is a necessity for my going thither, or else that you should set out in two days, and give proper orders there for keeping everything quiet."

"If you would consent, sire," replied I, after listening patiently to a long detail he made me of the artillery, ammunition, and other warlike stores necessary for this expedition, "to let me manage it my own way, I will engage to bring this affair to a conclusion, without so much trouble or expense."

"*Pardieu*," said Henry, "you are the most obstinate man I ever saw; well, what would you say?"

"Sire," answered I, "I only desire you will give me Moret the *prévôt*, and twenty archers, and I will bring you a good account of these rebels."

"You will have it so," said Henry, vanquished by my perseverance; "but if any accident should happen, you will have all the blame."

However, the King's fears were wholly groundless. My whole army consisted of twenty horse, with which I seized all those persons that had been accused, very few of whom were punished, his Majesty finding most of them innocent, and that the others were not worth troubling himself with.

The assembly of Protestants, which it was necessary should be held this year, for appointing the two deputies-general, seemed to the King to merit still more attention, on account of the present situation of affairs. He ordered me to assist at it for the third time; and that I might do so with the greater conveniency, the assembly was summoned to meet at Gergeau, of which I was governor, and where I could direct everything from my estate of Sully, which extended to the gates of that city. I shall be silent as to the article of my instructions. On October 3, when I wrote for the first time to Villeroi, the assembly had not yet taken any form, although the members had met some days before; for they still expected some of the provincial deputies. When I found, that, by one single word, I had put all the disaffected to silence, I took upon myself to answer for it to his Majesty, that nothing would be done in it contrary to his will; which, however, he could not be persuaded

to believe. All the letters I received from the King and Villeroi were filled with complaints of the Protestants. "Send back my courier immediately," said the King in one of his letters, "there are people at Gergeau whom there is no dealing with: they have treated you like a Catholic; I knew they would do so: and four days ago, I saw a letter from Saumur which prescribed the manner."

It is certain, that there was, at first, some tumult in the assembly, and upon this account in particular, that his Majesty had sent two Catholic governors into the cities of Montendre and Tartas, which they alleged had been yielded to them by the King. They supported their demands by the tenor of their edicts, and complained that Caumont had been taken from them in the same manner. Chambaut, Du Bourg, and Du Ferrier, were sent, by the assembly, to me at Sully, with messages full of submission to his Majesty, to whom they had likewise resolved to depute two or three of their body upon the same subject. As I knew his Majesty would not receive this deputation favorably, I endeavored to dissuade them from that design: I represented to them, that I had no commission from the King to treat upon this article; but that I would write about it to him. I excused myself from having anything to do with regard to Moncenis, a place upon which they had the same pretensions as the two former, because it belonged to Monsieur the Count.

I wrote to Villeroi what the assembly had proposed, charging him to represent to the King, that, if he was willing this affair should not be protracted, it would be necessary to satisfy such of their demands as were just, or promise, at least, to do so, when he should return an answer to them: to which his Majesty consented. This article despatched, which was one of the eight proposed by the assembly, I told them, that, of those that remained, five were to be brought before the council, as falling under the cognizance of that tribunal; and that they ought now to settle the principal affair, which was the appointing the two deputies. His Majesty notified his intentions to them on this subject, which were conformable to what he had declared to them before, as has been seen when I treated of the general assembly held at Châtellerault: and this affair was likewise concluded to the entire satisfaction of both par-

ties, by means of a proposal I made to the King, to appoint Villarnou to be deputy for the nobility, and Mirande for those of the second order. The former would have been chosen the preceding year, if he had not been proposed in a manner contrary to the form prescribed by the King. He went immediately to receive his orders, bearing a letter from me to the King, who summed up to him, in a few words, the duties of his office, and seemed very well satisfied with his choice.

The assembly, after this, continued no longer than was necessary to receive the brevet of the deputies' acceptation, and all was over before the first of November. His Majesty, in every letter he wrote to me, recommended to me, in particular, to be speedy in settling this business; to return to him as soon as possible, and always concluded with his usual expressions of goodness. The last courier that I despatched to him found him at the arsenal, from whence, as Villeroi informed me in his letter, he returned at seven in the evening, making him write to me at eight, not being willing to do it himself, for fear of keeping the courier too long.

When I returned, I gave his Majesty a more exact acount than I had done in my letters, of all that had passed at Gergeau, and of the pacific dispositions in which I had found a great number of the best and most considerable persons of the Protestant body. His Majesty was then at Fontainebleau, where he stayed as long this year as any of the former ones: he had returned thither the middle of May, after that short journey to Paris which I have mentioned, and stayed there all June and July; in August he went back to Paris, from whence he went to St. Germain, and afterward to Monceaux, where he stayed fifteen days; and, passing through Fontainebleau, came to Paris the beginning of October, while I was still at Gergeau; in the middle of October he went again to Fontainebleau, where he stayed all the remainder of that month, and part of November, and then returned to Paris to despatch his affairs. I have already observed, that this manner of living was only fatiguing to himself, and a few of his principal ministers.

He was not, this year, afflicted with any dangerous distemper. In a letter he wrote to me from Fontainebleau, dated June 2d, he says: "I have had a fever, which has lasted two

days and a night, but it only proceeds from a cold, which, by the help of God, I hope will not have any bad consequences. I am resolved to take more care of my health than I have done hitherto: this you may depend upon, as also upon the assurance I give you of my affection for you." Yet he still continued the fatigue of the chase. From St. Germain he wrote to me, that he had taken a stag in an hour: that he went afterward to bed, where he lay another hour, and then went to walk in his gardens, and to visit his manufacturers. Henry, while this cold in his head continued, wet eight or ten handkerchiefs in a day: he had, at the same time, a defluxion in his ears and throat, which was very troublesome to him. And afterward preparing himself, by purges, to drink the waters of Spa, he was seized with a looseness, from which he suffered violent pains for two days, and which left a weakness upon him for a considerable time afterward. This was a disorder that prevailed not only over all that district, from whence his Majesty wrote to me, that he had with him the good man Villeroi, and above a hundred gentlemen of his court, who were afflicted with it, but likewise in Paris, and all the neighboring parts.

Almost all the children of his Majesty were sick during the month of May. In this letter to me, in which he sent me an account of it, his paternal tenderness made him enter into the smallest circumstances relating to the state of their health, none of which, indeed, were indifferent to me. In his letter he sent me from Fontainebleau, dated May 16th, he says: "I am in great affliction, having all my children ill here: my daughter De Verneuil has got the measles; my son, the Dauphin, vomited twice yesterday; he has a slight fever, attended with a drowsiness, and a sore throat: from these symptoms, the physicians think he likewise will have the measles. Last night, my daughter began to have a little fever: my son d'Orleans has a continued one; but it is more violent one day than another." This prince's illness was most dangerous, and lasted longer than any of the other. "Judge," continued he, "whether, with all this, I must not suffer great uneasiness. I will every day give you an acount of my children's health." Happily they all recovered. "Whatever it shall please God to do with them," said this prince to me, "I will submit patiently to his will: all the dispensations of his providence are

good." He inquired, with his usual goodness, how my son did, who, he had been told, had the small-pox. He chose Noisy for the place of his children's residence during the summer, and would not suffer them to be removed to St. Germain till November, at which time he sent me orders, as usual, to have them carried thither, with Madame de Montglat, in the coaches and litters of the Queen and Queen Margaret; ordering me to tell Madame de Verneuil to send hers thither likewise, the small-pox then raging at Paris.

The son of this lady, who was called the Marquis de Verneuil,[2] was, by the King his father, designed for the church; and the bishopric of Metz becoming vacant, he had some thoughts of giving it to him; but the procuring this prince to be nominated, the illegitimacy of his birth, and his youth, for he was yet but a child, were three obstacles to his advancement to this see. It was in the power of the Chapter of Metz to remove the first, by admitting the young prince as a candidate; or, if that was too difficult to be granted, to appoint the Cardinal of Guise either to be bishop or administrator, because, from his hands, it might afterward easily pass into those of the young De Verneuil. This chapter having both a right to choose themselves a bishop, in case of a vacancy, by resignation, or death, and of giving the administration of the revenues of the bishopric to any person they pleased, there was no necessity for using many persuasions with them; for, as soon as they perceived that it would please the King to have his son appointed, he was admitted and chosen unanimously.

But it was the Pope alone who could grant the necessary dispensation on the other two articles, the birth and age of the young prince. His Majesty, to prevail upon him to grant this favor, sent the Duke of Nevers to Rome.[3] Valerio, the courier from Rome, was received in a most obliging manner at Paris, and retained there until the end of March. The Marchioness of Verneuil neglected nothing to secure the success of this affair. However, all that could be obtained from

[2] Henry de Bourbon, Marquis, or, according to others, Duke of Verneuil, afterward Bishop of Metz. If Paul V showed himself so difficult on account of the bishopric of Metz, Innocent X showed himself much more so: for he positively refused to give the purple to this prince. He enjoyed more than 400,000 livres a year in benefices, when he gave them all up in 1668, to marry Charlotte Sequier, widow of Maximilien Francis, third Duke of Sully. He died in 1682.

[3] The memoirs of those times take notice of the magnificent entry and reception of the duke at Rome.

the Pope, was a dispensation for the birth. He refused the second request, as being absolutely contrary to the canons and discipline of the Church; but, by the force of entreaties and solicitations, they drew from him, at length, that kind of approbation, which, in the Roman style, is called expectative, and that the young prince might bear, at present, the title of Bishop of Metz. Valerio brought this news to Fontainebleau the latter end of April, and, by the King's command, I acquainted Madame de Verneuil with it immediately.

The little complaisance which Paul V, on this occasion, showed his Majesty, was well repaid by him, when, at that pontiff's request, the cardinals and prelates of France renewed their solicitations to Henry, that the decrees of the Council of Trent might be published in the kingdom: the King, without suffering himself to be moved by their repeated attempts on this head, replied, that since they could not get this council approved by Francis I, Henry II, and Charles IX, although they had not the same obligations to the Protestants as he had, nor had granted them such favorable edicts as he had done, they must not expect that he would ever give his consent to it. He showed them the mischief such a grant was capable of doing in the kingdom, and declared, that he had no inclination to establish the Inquisition in France; and that he thought it very surprising, for he was aware of that objection, that such a strange clause should be made one of the conditions of his absolution. All therefore that they could obtain from his Majesty was, that the mass should be permitted in Béarn.[4]

This year the Roman college lost the Cardinals de Lorraine and Baronius. The Duke of Florence, and the famous Scaliger died also about the same time; and in France, the Chancellor de Bellievre, Father Ange de Joyeuse, and Miron.[5]

[4] The exercise of the Catholic religion had been re-established at Béarn ever since the time of the edict of Nantes. There is therefore a mistake here in these memoirs; and, instead of the mass, it should be read the Jesuits; those fathers being established there this year by the King's edict of February 16th. They were obliged for this to the solicitations of the Bishop of Olleron.

[5] Francis Miron, master of requests, superintendent of the government of the Isle of France, president of the great council, provost of Paris, and lieutenant-civil within the provostship thereof, etc., died in the month of June, this year, extremely regretted on account of his probity, and other good qualities. His party esteemed him so much for the steadiness with which he had opposed the superintendent on occasion of the order of council which had been made the year before for the suppression of the annuities of the Hôtel de Ville, and of the bold remonstrances he made to the King on that behalf, that they got together in a body, and came, in a seditious manner, to defend his house against the threatenings of the council. Péréfixe agrees, that the inquiry into the case of the

Some new embellishments were made at Fontainebleau and Monceaux. The Bridge Marchand [6] was built at Paris, in the place of that called the Bridge Aux Meûniers. I gave the King a design for La Place Dauphine, by which leaving the fund to be managed by the undertaker for his own advantage, it might be finished in three years. It was offered to the first president, and to the Parliament. I also drew a plan for the bridge of Rouen; which my son presented to his Majesty, for I was then upon the spot. Henry thought nothing could be better contrived for the conveniency of the ground. The bridge of Mante was finished this year. In Bourbonnois, I deposited several pieces of artillery, which procured me the thanks of that province by St. Géran.

These works of necessity, or of public utility, might have been carried much further, if the King had been willing to follow the advice I gave him, to sacrifice some of his private expenses to such laudable undertakings. The money he lost at play only would have answered those purposes. At one time, I was ordered to pay Edward Fernandez,[7] a Portuguese, 34,000 pistoles which he had lost to him. This order is dated August 27th. He often sent me others for 2,000 or 3,000 pis-

annuitants was in itself most just; and yet blames the authors of it: "Because," says he, "the greatest part of those annuities having passed through several hands, or been divided, many families must be put to great trouble by it. Miron," adds he, "earnestly requested the citizens to retire, and not to make him criminal; assuring them they had nothing to fear; that they had to do with a King who was as great as wise, as gentle as equitable; and who would not suffer himself to be influenced by the advice of evil counsellors."

But another action, which does real honor to M. de Sully (taken out of the "Memoires pour l'Hist. de France"), was, his soliciting Henry IV on behalf of the President Miron, brother of the deceased, who had resigned the office of lieutenant-civil to him, and afterward of his son. The King said to him: "I am surprised you should desire my favor for persons whom you formerly so much hated." "And, sire," replied Sully, "I am more surprised to find you hate people you formerly so much loved, and who love you, and have done you good service." The Queen, at the recommendation of Conchini, procured this office for Nicholis Le Geai, the King's attorney of the Châtelet.

[6] "So called after the name of Charles Le Marchand, captain of the arquebusiers and archers of Paris, who undertook, with the King's permission, to build the said bridge at his own costs and expenses, on certain conditions, which were granted to him, and among others, that it should bear his name." "Journal de L'Étoile."

This bridge, which formerly was called Pont-aux-Colombes (the Pigeon-bridge), because pigeons were sold on it, had afterward the name of Pont-aux-Meûniers (the Millers' bridge), because there was a mill under every arch. It had been broke down ever since the year 1596 by a flood, on December 22d, between five and six o'clock in the evening, crushing under its ruins upward of 500 persons, who were for the most part, as it was said, of the number of those who had enriched themselves at the massacre of St. Bartholomew; and it had ever since continued unrepaired. It was begun this year, and finished the next. It took fire twelve years after, being of wood, and was burned down, together with another bridge, called Pont-au-Change, which was rebuilt with stone in 1639; and the two bridges were united in one, which, at present, is called Pont-au-Change. See "Antiquities and Descriptions of Paris."

[7] This Edward Fernandez is taken notice of in the "Memoirs of Bassompierre," as being a rich Portuguese banker; who lent money to the courtiers for play, on pledges, and at large interest.

toles,[8] and many more for sums less considerable. However it must be confessed, that this passion for play never hindered him from agreeing to every proposal in which the public good was concerned.

A dreadful devastation[9] was made by the Loire, in the month of October. In my journey from D'Olivet to Orléans, I expected to have been involved in it. This whole passage was one continued sea, in which the boats swam over the tops of the trees and houses the water had yet left standing. However, no accident happened to myself; but the boat, which carried me, stuck in its return, and fell in two pieces, but fortunately all the passengers saved themselves by swimming. The desolation was extreme, and the damage infinite. In the petitions of the injured towns and villages, not only a total

[8] "I do not know," says M. de Péréfixe, "what answer to make to those who charge him with being fonder of cards and dice than was becoming a great king; and that besides he played ill, being eager to win, timorous when large sums were depending, and out of temper when he lost." It requires no answer; for it must be owned, that it is a blot in the life of this great prince. How can one justify a passion for play, when pushed to the degree it was by Henry IV? What can be more pernicious in the master of a whole nation? What example can be worse? What can have a stronger tendency to the subversion of order, and the corruption of manners?

We find, on this subject, in the "Memoirs for the History of France," a story as pleasant as it is pleasantly told.—"M. de Créquy, afterward Duke of Lesdiguières and Maréchal of France, lost so much money that one day, coming from the King's, in a manner out of his senses, he met M. de Guise, who was going to the castle, to whom he said: 'Friend, friend, where are the guards placed to-day?' On which M. de Guise, stepping back two or three paces, said, 'Excuse me, sir, I am not of this country'; and immediately went to the King, who laughed heartily at the story."

The Maréchal de Bassompierre says, that Pimentel, the foreigner, already mentioned, "won upward of 200,000 crowns, which he carried off; and came back to France the following year, where he made another good harvest." It is reported, that the stratagem he made use of to win so much was to get into his hands all the dice which were in the shops at Paris, and substituting false dice, which he had got made, in the place of them. But what some people have said, that Henry IV was informed of the cheat, and countenanced it, with design to impoverish his courtiers, and thereby to make them more submissive to him, ought to be looked upon as a mere stroke of satire. The Duke of Épernon lost considerable sums, and all his jewels. The Duke of Biron also lost, in one year, more than 500,000 crowns.

[9] This devastation lasted twenty-four hours, and came in an instant. Had not the banks broke down, the city of Tours must have been laid under water, and Blois ran a great risk. M. de Sully, who was then at Sully, with great difficulty saved himself: both he and his whole duchy were in great danger. "Mem. Histoire de France."

According to Le Mercure François, this misfortune happened twice, in this year, in the Loire: once toward the end of winter, after a frost; the second time, in the beginning of summer, by the sudden melting of the snow on the mountains of Velai and Auvergne: it places none of those floods in the month of October. "The loss of men, women, children, cattle, castles, mills, houses, and all sorts of goods, was inestimable. There was not a bridge on this river, which has a course of more than 500 leagues, which had not some of its arches broke down. The force of the water made breaches in all the banks. The low grounds were covered with it quite to the skirts of the hills; the lands, which are very fruitful there, were for a long time overflowed, there being no vent for the water to run off; and became quite barren, being covered with sand and stones, which the water had brought from Auvergne."

This year was called the year of the hard winter, that season being unusually severe. Henry IV said his beard froze in bed with the Queen by him. He had some frozen bread given him on the twenty-third of January, which he would not suffer to be thawed.

discharge of the taille was demanded, but likewise a speedy and effectual succor, at least for their most urgent necessities, without which most part of the lands must remain untilled, and the houses be deserted. "God," said Henry, in his answer to a letter I wrote to him upon this terrible accident: "has given me subjects, that I may preserve them as my children. Let them meet with tenderness and charity from my council. Alms are always highly acceptable to God; and in cases of public misery, more especially so. It would lie heavy on my conscience, if I neglected to do everything I can for their relief." I seconded, with all my power, the King's pious intentions.

In the same letter I obtained three little gratuities for different persons: the profits of a mill, at the gates of Paris, for one; the remainder of some trees, that had been cut down, for another; and the timber, which had served to repair the stone bridge at Mante, for the third.

The merit and learning of Messieurs Fenouillet and D'Abeins, so well known throughout the whole kingdom, encouraged me to request, for the first, the reversion of the bishopric of Poitiers; and, for the second, the first bishopric which should become vacant, both which were promised me. I set out immediately after for Sully; but I had scarce left his Majesty, when news was brought him of the death of the Bishop of Montpelier, which he instantly sent to inform me of. I was of opinion, that I should make some alteration in the favor I had obtained of the King. I therefore wrote to him, that Montpelier being full of Protestants, it seemed to me to require, that a man as eloquent as the Abbé Fenouillet should be made bishop of it; and that the mild and moderate disposition of the Abbé d'Abiens rendered him absolutely fit for the bishopric of Poitiers, that province having many hot and violent spirits in it that required tempering. Henry read my letter to the courtiers about him, and, smiling, asked them whether the Catholics could have made a better disposition.[10] Fervaque was so dangerously ill, that I advised his Majesty to think of

[10] Pérefixe relates this fact something differently: "The bishopric of Poitiers being become vacant, Rosny earnestly recommended one Fenouillet to him, who was esteemed a man of learning, and a good preacher. The King, notwithstanding this recommendation, gave it to the Abbot of La Rocheposai, who also possessed many good qualities; and besides was the son of a father who had served equally well with his sword in the wars, and with his genius in embassies. Some time after the bishopric of Montpelier became vacant, on which the King, of his own motion, sent for Fenouillet, and gave it to him; but on condition, that he should take it as an obligation to him alone."

disposing of the very considerable posts he held in Normandy. But he soon destroyed our opinion of his danger, by writing, some days afterward, that if a commission was sent him to hold the states of that province, he found himself able to preside at the assembly.

The treaty of 1564, between France and Lorraine, daily suffered some new difficulties relating to the limits of the country of Messin, which determined the King to send commissioners upon the spot. These were chosen by the chancellor and me, out of the council and elsewhere. Another work, no less useful, and much more considerable, was to order a report to be given in, upon exact views, of all the encroachments made by our neighbors in different parts of the frontiers, and especially upon the confines of Champaign, with Franche-Comté, and Lorraine. Châtillon, the engineer, to whom I committed this task, executed it with the utmost exactness. He made it clear, that the King of Spain, and the Duke of Lorraine, had unjustly appropriated to themselves a great number of fiefs, and even whole villages, as the village of Pierre Court, the town of Passeran, the lordship of Commercy, and many others, which it would be too tedious to enumerate here.

This work was but a small part of what, by his Majesty's orders, I had undertaken. The most exact plans of all the coasts and frontiers of France were to be drawn. The Duke of Maïenne and the inhabitants of Antibes having put to sale the lands they had in the neighborhood of that city, the King was desirous of purchasing them, which, when known, was sufficient to make them set such a price upon those lands as disgusted his Majesty, who ordered them to be told, that they might sell their land to whomsoever they pleased, but that he would put a governor into Antibes, who might probably make them repent of their injustice to himself.

Let us come to the finances. There was a new regulation made, directed to the treasurers of the exchequer, of the private expenses of the posts, of the Swiss League, of the ordnance, of the extraordinary of the wars, and the extraordinary on this side the mountains, and the rest, which prescribed them still a more exact method for giving in their accounts, and placed them in the lowest dependence on their superintendent, without a precept from whom they had scarce the power of

doing anything. This regulation was extended, likewise, even to the registers and the secretary of the council. I put in the same subjection those who acted under me in every other business: I obliged Lichani, under whose direction the streets of Paris were paving, to come every Wednesday and Saturday noon, to give me an account of the payment and employment of his workmen.

By a circular letter sent to all the managers of the finances, I forbade them to place any more, in their accounts, such articles as had been once rejected, or reduced by the council, leaving no means to recover them but that of petition; and that they might not plead want of rules, I sent them forms drawn up with clearness and exactness. They were obliged even to quote the date, and the signatures of the patents and edicts of council that were there mentioned. The regulation of the fees of the chamber of accounts, and another, concerning the money embezzled by the treasurers of France, and the receivers-general, was joined to the former. This new scheme brought the King, at present, 100,000 crowns profit, which would be doubled, when it came to be perfectly observed. The chamber of accounts did not let go its fees but with a great deal of trouble, not even when it was made appear upon how false a supposition they had been established. I was obliged even to get a formal order from his Majesty, to obtain from them a delivery of the registers, for which I had occasion. I had a great deal of trouble with the procurer-general, and the presidents of that chamber, to make them verify an edict with respect to those who paid their rents, and for the extinction of 48,000 livres of rents settled by composition.

I declared to the sovereign courts, and the office of finances of Languedoc, the resolution of the King upon several questions which they had sent to me, respecting rights of presence, feudal or seigneurial rights, supplement of the Crown lands, new purchases, the Crown lands of Navarre, rights of *traite foraine et domaniale*, payments upon cloths, and particularly the *taille réelle*, upon which the council determined, with one voice, that the prince, the officers of the Crown, and the King himself being obliged to pay it, for the lands which they possessed in that province, it must be paid by everyone else, both cities

and communities. I ordered Maussac to carry letters concerning all this, to the Parliament of Toulouse, the treasurers of France, and the farmers of the *gabelles*. I directed the edict for the repurchase of the registers to M. de Verdun, first president of that Parliament, that he might see it registered, which he did without any difficulty or subterfuge. He wrote, at the same time, that he had proceeded to make a compensation to the registers of the several courts; and assured me of the exact submission of the Parliament to the King's will. To this he added some personal acknowledgments, and thanked me, among other things, for having sent such a commissioner as Colange, a man of soft address, and insinuating behavior.

I do my best to suppress all particularities, which must naturally be tedious; and shall therefore say nothing of the letters which I wrote to the procurer-general of Dauphiné, to the Sieur Marion, and to the treasurers of Burgundy upon the repurchase of the domain, upon the late regulations, and upon every other subject.

When I saw the year drawing to an end, I wrote to the King at Fontainebleau, that his presence was necessary for a general view of the finances: that I wanted his orders for a thousand things, such as his garrisons, his troops, the galleys, the officers of the Dauphin's household, and of the children of France; that, by his absence, many other affairs were left unsettled, which, by those who had them in charge, were considered as merely of my invention, and indifferent to him. I shall honestly confess, that I have always endeavored to join his Majesty with his ministers in the management of business, because, in reality, the best regulations come to nothing, unless it plainly appear that neglect will be punished by the displeasure of the prince.

ROCHELLE
AND
THE GREAT CABAL

BY

Cardinal de Richelieu
(Armand Jean Du Plessis)

ARMAND JEAN DU PLESSIS, CARDINAL DE RICHELIEU

1585—1642

Armand Jean du Plessis, Cardinal and Duc de Richelieu, was born at Paris in 1585 and died there in 1642. He was educated for the army, but, following the example of his elder brother, forsook arms for the Church. In 1607 he was consecrated Bishop of Luçon, and at the States-General in 1614, as a representative of the clergy, he attracted royal notice. In 1616 he was secretary of war, but by intrigue was compelled to return to his diocese. But through happy circumstances he was able to effect a reconciliation between Louis XIII and the Queen-mother, and thence-forward the foundation of Richelieu's influence was solidly laid. He formed an alliance with the powerful favorite, the Duc de Luynes, and in 1622 was named cardinal, and two years later, 1624, he was made minister of state—a position which, although frequently menaced, and constantly beset by every variety of court intrigue, he retained to the end of his life.

His first important measure was the conclusion of the alliance with England, by the marriage of Henrietta, sister of the King, with Charles, then Prince of Wales, in 1624. His successful conduct of the war of the Valteline, an affair of much delicacy for a cardinal, as presenting the Pope himself as the antagonist of France, tended still more to strengthen his power. His enemies, however, were constantly on the watch for opportunities of undermining his influence, and even of bringing about his death. The Queen withdrew her favor, and the King, while he trusted him implicitly, never ceased to fear him. The crisis of the struggle took place on December 11, 1630, when Richelieu himself believed that his fate was inevitable. His disgrace, indeed, had been decided; the King fearing to meet him face to face, had refused him an audience. His attempts to force an entrance to the King at the Luxembourg were defeated; but Louis, in his weak fear of Richelieu, having withdrawn to Versailles, the cardinal there succeeded in obtaining an audience, and having once effectually overborne the weakness and alarmed the fear of the sovereign, his supremacy remained from that day firmly and irrevocably established. This famous day is known as *La Journée des Dupes.* Richelieu's internal administration of France has been severely criticised. He was reckless and unscrupulous in the use of means against his enemies, and the expenditure which his foreign wars entailed led to many and oppressive impositions. His own personal expenditure was magnificent even to prodigality, but he is acquitted of all sordid schemes of self-aggrandizement. Notwithstanding his many distracting occupations, the writings which he left behind fill several volumes. Some of these, ascetical or controversial, were written before his entrance into political life. Of his later writings, his "Memoirs" have attracted much notice. He even indulged occasionally in literature, and wrote two plays of indifferent reputation. His letters are numerous, and many of them full of interest. He was a liberal patron of literature, and to him France owes the establishment of the royal printing-presses and the foundation of the French Academy.

ROCHELLE AND THE GREAT CABAL

THE citizens of La Rochelle were at the last extremity of suffering from the siege. They had no longer any grass on their counterscarps, ox-hides or horse-hides, boots, shoes, straps, belts, leather-bags of which they made jelly with brown sugar, and sweet broths which they swallowed for food, the rich starving along with the poor. They resolved, therefore, to ask for mercy and beg the cardinal (Richelieu) to inform the King that they would send deputies to him to surrender. This request was granted, and they sent the deputies on October 27, 1628. The day before the men of La Rochelle who were in the English army arrived without knowing anything about each other. The cardinal during the conference of the men from La Rochelle with him told them that their brothers who were in the English army had already obtained pardon. As they could not believe this he made Vincent and Gobert come to them. They embraced with tears, not daring to speak of affairs, because it had been forbidden on penalty of their lives. This done, they returned to the city, the cardinal having promised to do all that he could in their favor with the King.

The audacity which always accompanies rebellion was so profoundly stamped upon the spirit of these unfortunates that although they were nothing but the mere shadows of living men, and that their lives depended only on the clemency of the King, they dared nevertheless to propose to the cardinal their desire to make a general treaty for all those of their party, and to have a continuation of their old privileges, franchises, and immunities save those which might give rise to new troubles. They asked that Madame de Rohan might be included in the treaty, and restored to the possession of her property; and that M. de Soubise should also be included. They sought that

part of what they had done should be given to the English, that nothing should be put into the treaty which should permit the destruction of the city, nor the changing of their government. They demanded that the treaty should be called a treaty of peace and not a pardon, that the mayor should be maintained in office, and that the troops should march out, with drums beating and matches lighted.

The cardinal ridiculed their impudence, and told them that they ought to expect nothing more than pardon, and that they did not deserve even that. On one hand he well knew that in ten or twelve days he would have them as if with a halter about their necks, but on the other hand he considered haste necessary to avoid many inconveniences and so that Montagu should find peace an accomplished fact and that the navy should see it done without his consent, which would make more easy the affairs of the King, with regard to England, Spain, or in France. On October 28, 1628, the treaty, or rather the pardon, was signed, by which the King gave property to those citizens of the city who were still there, and granted the exercise of the so-called reformed religion in La Rochelle. On the 29th they sent twelve deputies to the King, whom Marshal de Bassompierre, on horseback with all his suite, conducted on foot to the lodgings of the King.

The cardinal received them and presented them to the King, from whom they begged forgiveness, having confessed their crimes and their frequent lapses into rebellion, protesting their regret, and pledging complete fidelity in the future, and praying remembrance of their former service to his royal father. His Majesty replied that he prayed God it was from their hearts that they made these pledges and not from necessity only; that he knew very well they had always been malicious, and had tried their best to shake off his yoke; that he would pardon their rebellions and that if they would be faithful subjects he would be a good prince, and if their actions warranted it he would keep all his promises to them.

On October 30th some troops were sent to seize the fort of Tadon, and others to La Rochelle to seize the gates, towers, squares, and their cannons and munitions, and remove their troops. They found only sixty-four Frenchmen and ninety Englishmen, all the rest having died with hunger and exposure.

The cardinal also entered the town. The mayor coming with six constables to salute him, he commanded him to dismiss his men and not to act any longer as mayor, under penalty of his life. They found the city full of dead people, in the rooms, in the houses, in the streets and public squares. The weakness of those who were left was such that they could not bury the dead, but let them lie where they fell. And yet there seemed to be no infection from the corpses, they being so attenuated that they merely dried up. The first of November in the morning the cardinal said mass in the Church of St. Marguerite.

In the afternoon the King made his entry, armed and on horseback, having first sent in all sort of provisions. In this we must remark the great clemency of the King, who did not content himself only with sparing their lives, but also sent them bread to nourish them in their extreme need, without which the greater part of those left in the city would have perished in a day or two. The cardinal advised the King to send the mayor out of the city, on account of the great inhumanity he had showed to the citizens, having preferred that they should starve rather than surrender; to send to Niort Madame de Rohan, the dowager, as the torch which had inflamed these people; and to send back in the English ships the deputies of La Rochelle who were in that army, so that they might tell the news of what they had seen. His Majesty also after that commanded that the walls and fortifications of that town, so prominent in rebellion, should be destroyed. The evil nature of its inhabitants, and the exemplary punishment demanded by the service of the State caused the King to destroy all the fortifications no longer necessary, even to the Citadel of St. Martin-en-Ré, which was the finest fortress in France, and too dangerous to be left standing. It would have taken 2,000 men to defend it. This would have been too great an expense. His Majesty, however, preserved the little fort of La Prée, so as always to have a fort assured by which to land troops in the island of Ré when he might wish to do so.

Toiras opposed this as well as he could. But the reasons of state were so evident that he did not insist on his views. The King gave him 100,000 livres by way of recompense. The capture of this city might have been hastened by several methods of procedure. They might have cut off their water, which

would have been easy. They might have destroyed the crops of wheat and vegetables which the besieged grew on the side of their counterscarp, on which the people lived for two months by their own confession. They might have begun sooner to treat with rigor those who entered or left the town, with the certainty that the example and punishment would have stopped those unfortunates who, unable to get out, and suffering in the city, would have insisted on an earlier surrender. And they might on the return of the King have attacked the town in force, it being destitute of troops, and only filled with citizens little accustomed to fatigue and incapable of enduring fighting coupled with hunger.

Some may be astonished, perhaps, that the cardinal, having the credit he had with the King, since all these things would have advanced the siege, did not propose and accomplish them. To this there is nothing to answer, unless that it is wrong in a council to take by authority that which one ought to yield by reason, and to guarantee an event to the failure of which everyone contributes the more willingly in that the council has been taken against their judgment. Such were the errors committed after the King had come in person to the siege. But before this two principal ones had been committed, more notable than all the others. The Duke of Angoulême, whom the King sent at the beginning of his illness to oppose the descent of the English and favor the aid of Ré, had no sooner arrived, in July, before La Rochelle than they sent him many despatches to prevent the people of La Rochelle from getting in all the wheat which they had on their farms and in their country places.

But this order was not obeyed, which prolonged the siege three months. The other error was to let Tadon be fortified, and not to have taken the eminence to build a fort there, instead of making it at Coreille, where it was perfectly useless. Pompée-Targon was the principal cause of this fault, preferring the post of Coreille to this spot, the importance of which the enemy knew so well that they fortified it at once, realizing that on it depended their salvation or ruin. But in the time when God gave the victory to the King it brought a universal discouragement to his enemies, and great hope to his allies, who regarded the capture of this city as the deliverance of Italy and the subjection of these rebels to the legitimate domination

of the King as the freeing of all Europe from the unjust yoke of the tyranny of the house of Austria. When they heard the news at Casal they took a new hold on life. Although they were short of food and of all commodities, and suffered all the extremities of a town besieged for a long time by a powerful enemy, and abandoned by its prince, too weak to defend it, they not only took courage, but no longer felt their woes, finding in this news all they needed. The ladies even, knowing that there was no money to pay the soldiers, brought their rings and most precious ornaments for this purpose, and were ready to give their own tresses, were there need, as the women of Carthage cut their hair to make bowstrings for their husbands against the Romans. At Rome the Pope caused a Te Deum to be sung. It was no longer feared that by this city, as by the opening of another wooden horse of Troy, there might enter into the kingdom hostile armies to bring fire and destruction.

It was not doubted that the Huguenot party was ruined, communication with foreign lands having been cut off, and with it the power of obtaining supplies and support from without. But the trouble was that all the air was full of cabals in the court and in the State. They all hated the royal authority, and consequently the cardinal, who strengthened it by his counsels. They hated the cardinal first because ' e was the favorite of his master, and it is an ordinary thing in the courts of kings that where there is the love and confidence of the prince there shall be also the hatred of the courtiers. In this they are like demons who try to insinuate themselves by their malignity into the soul in which they see God's grace. They hated him from the envy they brought to his glory in having so wisely foreseen, so courageously persevered, and so happily succeeded in his counsels against their intention and their desire.

This thought deprived them of rest, not as with Themistocles, whom the trophies of Miltiades kept from sleeping, by emulation to imitate and equal his virtue, but like vile and low souls who at the sight of another's virtue feel their bowels yearn to destroy him. They hated him, again, because he did not accommodate himself to their desires, and only regarded their interest in the service of his master. But they hated him still chiefly because, abhorring as they did the establishment and

strengthening, they could not bear to look on him who joyfully contributed all his care and his life to that end. And the more unrighteous were the causes of their hatred the more irreconcilable it was. And it was not in the power of the cardinal to remedy this. On the contrary, he was forced to increase it every day because it was nourished on his fidelity. They had been accustomed for a long time to live in confusion, and they could not bear to see themselves obliged to lead another life. They knew liberty only as a license to commit with impunity all sorts of bad actions. It seemed to them that they were oppressed in being restrained within the equitable limits of justice and duty. One of them had the hardihood to say when La Rochelle was taken: "We may say that we are all lost."

These are the principal reasons for which they opposed the cardinal, whom they recognized as the principal organ that God had given the King to bring about so great a good. They wanted to get rid of him at any price. There was no trick that they did not invent to place evil by calumny and lies in the mind of the King, even to the extent of injuring public affairs, so that he might get the blame. In this they left nothing undone. They were not content with uniting with each other. They called strangers into the party, and even abused the goodness of Monsieur, and, deceiving him, won him over to their side—so far did their malice carry them.

Monsieur continued his complaints and brought to memory the various pretexts that the factionists had given him to feign discontentment; that he was treated as a child, having no part in affairs; that they had at first constrained him from marrying by the imprisonment of the colonel; that they had afterward refused him Chaudebonne; then they had given her her liberty without telling him; that during the illness of the King they had provided for the aid of Ré without telling him a word of it; that they had treated with Spain on that occasion without his knowing of it; that the King had rebuked Desouches; and that the cardinal showed very plainly that he did not love him. Le Coigneux was so daring as to say to Sieur Bouthillier that either the cardinal would have to quit the affair or that he must treat Monsieur better, or that Monsieur would declare against him and procure his ruin, and said himself to the cardinal that Monsieur was jealous of the King.

They scattered these complaints in the court, and spake to the Count de la Rochefoucauld about them. Notwithstanding the promises that Monsieur had made to the King and to the Queen-mother not to think further of the marriage of Princess Marie, he intrigued more than ever. Madame de Longueville advised him to give a promise to the girl without the knowledge of the Queen. He saw the girl secretly, and sent to her frequently. He visited Madame de Longueville every day. The Queen complained of this. Then Monsieur complained of this, and Monsieur denied ever having promised the King and the Queen to give up the idea. Le Coigneux desired to make a journey to the court, and asked the Queen to advise Monsieur to send him there. He came, and the King treated him very well. He was contented, and returned satisfied, securing the delay of the departure of Mademoiselle de Nevers, on condition that Monsieur promised anew to the Queen not to think more of marriage without the consent of their Majesties. Instead of recognizing this favor, M. de Bellegarde said to the Queen from Monsieur, that the latter saw well that she did not love him, opposing what he most desired, and that without her he had obtained from the King, by Le Coigneux, the delay of the journey of this girl, for which he was under no obligation to the Queen.

This evil speech was contradicted by Le Coigneux at his arrival before M. de Bellegarde, recognizing that Monsieur had only obtained this favor of the King by the interposition of the latter, and that the King had a great aversion to this marriage, as he had showed. They told the Queen-mother that Monsieur thought that the King had no aversion to this marriage, because Camprerny, being at Paris, had said that the King did not worry about it, and that this had been confirmed by M. de Saint Simon, who remained with Madame de Longueville. Never were there seen so many artifices. It was thought that Le Coigneux, before starting, had advised Monsieur to make a number of blusterings in his absence, to show that he was not the cause. Often before and after the journey of this Coigneux, M. de Bellegarde informed the Queen that Monsieur was on the point of retiring to his home. M. de Bellegarde had said that when he desired he would win over the prince by giving his daughter in marriage for his son.

Gondy said to the Queen that he knew from very accurate sources that Mirabel, for the last five or six months, not only saw the countess, but, what is more, that he encouraged La Longueville to marriage, promising her that his master would arrange the affair of his brother. Gondy said also that he knew that the same person said that by this means he would either prevent Monsieur from marrying at all, by the aversion of the Queen-mother, or would make him marry La Nevers, who would always be out with the Queen, and who perhaps would never have issue. Among the many factionists was Toiras himself, to whom the King had shown so many favors. He complained that he did not receive good treatment and that no account was made of him, just as if being intrusted with the citadel of Ré was a small thing.

Later the King told the cardinal that Toiras had said that the cardinal had tried to corrupt him with money, to discover everything he was doing. Tricks were played on all sides. They threw on the bed of the King at Surgères a paper badly drawn, in effect, but of which the design and the substance were diabolical, and Préaux warned the cardinal that it was common report that the cabal of Toiras had thrown this paper. When by the confession of all France the cardinal was doing his best, he was accused of being the disturber of the public peace and to him were imputed the diversions of the King. The cardinal, instead of complaining, kept silence, remembering that the political sage, the Roman legislator, estimated this quality the first for government, and made a law among the Romans to worship among the deities particularly the one of Silence. And not only did the cardinal remain silent, but he became proud of their hatred, being glad that the enemies of the King persecuted him, as the true praises of a minister of state are the complaints that the wicked make of him. Nevertheless, so many factions and cabals made him very anxious as to the advice that he had to give to the King.

When all work together for the benefit of the master it is easy to make things succeed, but when some tear down what others build it is difficult to receive honor from what one undertakes. Furthermore, who can guarantee all events? Although one embarks in good weather, with favoring wind and tide, often tempests arise and betray our hopes. How much more

ought one to fear, when the sea is rough and the sailors are not in accord for the service of the ship? The cardinal saw that they wished to make him responsible for everything, and that their only hope was to destroy him. But having searched his spirit and communed with God, the cardinal took the resolve to defy all and abandon himself to every peril for the service of the King. He advised the King to think of Italian affairs.

The King resolved to advance in person into Dauphiné, where he had a powerful army. Before taking his resolutions there were many councils held, and nothing bearing upon the subject was forgotten. The cardinal said to the King that it was an affair in which he ought to make up his mind for himself, because the consequence would be very great. Among other things the cardinal said the following: It might happen that Spain, feeling herself touched to the quick by the opposition to her designs, would seek revenge and cause to descend on our frontiers troops from Germany. There was not much appearance of her being in a state to do us much injury, but it was good to look at the worst which could happen, in order not to be deceived by the event. He added that the English peace was not concluded, and that therefore it was necessary to be careful lest in undertaking this affair they should make Spain forget her anger against England and form a coalition with her against us, to divert his Majesty from so good a design. Holland must also be considered.

All these considerations had no little weight, but there were others not less strong. Glory itself was no small motive to take the King to the aid of the Duke of Mantua, to deliver a prince unjustly reduced to extremities by the power which pretended to be the greatest in Europe, and to undertake the passage of the mountains in a season which would not permit of fighting even in the most beautiful country in the world. To embark on this enterprise notwithstanding the other affair that the King had in his kingdom would be an action which would surpass all the great expeditions of the Romans, and which could not have enough reward in the reputation of men. It must also be considered that if Spain should despoil the Duke of Mantua she would be absolute mistress of Italy. It was also to be feared that after this conquest the Spaniards would join Germany and Italy, making themselves masters, if

not of the whole Helvetian Republic, at least of the Grisons, where their power would have a double force. If Spain should accomplish all these designs she could only advance by taking some of our feathers such as Navarre, Namur, Artois, Flanders, and other countries belonging to this State, without speaking of Italy.

The cardinal, having represented all these things to the King, begged him to make the decision himself, and assured him of his best services whatever might be the choice. His Majesty was a little vexed with him for this procedure, and after telling him that his mind was fully made up to go to the aid of the Duke of Mantua he commanded him to give freely his own opinion. The cardinal asked him to remember that he had first taken this resolve, so that in the future he would not impute to him this counsel, if he found difficulties in the execution. Then the cardinal submitted willingly to the command that he should give his own opinion in the affair, and gave it, not only on the present matter, but on the whole conditions of Europe, asking for a special hour before his journey to confer with him in private, with no other present but the Queen his mother and Father Suffren.

Nevertheless, to obey his orders without delay, he avowed that he thought his Majesty had taken a good resolution, that the greatest affairs had often only an instant of opportunity, which never returned when once passed; that Spain had never been in greater necessity; that great wars on all sides and the loss of her fleet had reduced Spain to this condition; that the Spanish were very feeble before Casal. He added that as for England, their necessity was so great that they thought of nothing but re-establishing themselves; that the death of Buckingham had changed affairs; that the house of Austria would never give up what had fallen into their hands. He did not forget to represent that England acted often contrary to all rules of reason and prudence, but that with a new government he could not believe that the English would despise the dictates of prudence, especially as he did not see what profit would come to them out of the affair.

Finally, he put forth a reason which seemed invincible to him, namely, that the King had time to assist Casal before his enemies could be ready to attack him. The King determined

to start two days later, and he ordered the cardinal to come to him in the evening. There, in the presence of the Queen-mother and Father Suffren, the cardinal read him some memoranda which he had written on this subject. They were as follows: Now that La Rochelle was taken, if his Majesty wished to become the most powerful monarch in the world, and the most esteemed prince, he ought to consider before God that which was to be descried in his own person and that which was to be reformed in his State.

State interests were divided into two heads, one of which concerned the interior and one the exterior relations. As to the former, he must destroy the rebellion of heresy, take Castres, Nîmes, Montauban, and all the other places in Languedoc, Rouergue, and Guienne, then enter Sedan and secure money. He must fortify the frontiers. He must make his authority supreme among great and small, fill the bishoprics with chosen wise and capable persons, and innocently increase his revenues. As for the exterior policy, he must have a perpetual design of arresting the course of the progress of Spain. The first thing to do was to make himself powerful on the sea, which gives entrance to all the countries of the world. He must fortify himself at Metz and advance as far as Strasbourg, if possible, to gain entrance into Germany. He must build a great citadel at Versoix to make himself considerable to the Swiss, have an open door there, and put Geneva in the state of being one of the dependencies of France. He must also think of acquiring the sovereignty of Neuchâtel and the marquisate of Saluces. He must support thirty galleys in commission, changing the officers every three years.

As to the person of the King, he had so many good qualities, said the cardinal, that it was difficult to find anything to criticise, but inasmuch as the faults of kings consist chiefly in omissions, it would not be strange if there were something of this kind to remark, not by lack of qualities necessary in a prince, but by the lack of putting them in practice. A prince should give permission to his familiars to inform him of his faults. In the time of Tiberius they kept the finger on the lips. But Augustus permitted the courtiers to tell him his faults, and thanked them for it and rewarded them.

His Majesty was very good, virtuous, secret, courageous, and

fond of glory. But it might be said with truth that he was extremely quick, suspicious, jealous, sometimes susceptible to various fleeting aversions and to first impressions—in fine, subject to a certain variety of humors and diverse inclinations more easy for the King to correct than for him to report, as he was so accustomed to publish his virtues to everybody that he could scarcely remark his faults even to the King himself. His judgment was good. As to the suspicions to which he was inclined, it is true that they were sometimes such that he took offence if two persons talked together. This was not compatible with the management of affairs, which often requires one to talk to everybody to penetrate and discover what one esteems necessary for the service of his master, and by a good reception stop the course of many discontentments that the court produces every day, and to which men lean ordinarily when they are not well treated. Many inconveniences might come also from the jealousy of his Majesty, who ought to be assured that if he did not take a resolution to drop it, in reference to Monsieur, his brother, and give him his way in minor matters, the lack of understanding between them might result in disorder in the kingdom.

After the King had heard all the memoranda of which the above are examples he told the cardinal that he would profit by the suggestions, but that he could not hear of the cardinal's retiring.

Let us look at France at the end of the year 1630. The King, with a generosity not of that time but of ancient ages, undertook with justice the defence of a prince born his subject, against the *finesse* of Spain and the forces of the empire. God gave him so great a success that in all the conflicts his army was victorious. He caused the siege of Casal to be raised, gave to Mantua victory and honor. Not only Italy, but all Christianity raved over so magnanimous an action, and called the King the restorer of the common liberty and the powerful protection of weak princes against the violence of stronger ones. The cardinal was the one whom God used to give counsel to his Majesty which his enemies did not dare openly to oppose. But they made opposition secretly by treacherous cabals. It was necessary to use a marvellous dexterity to disentangle all these intrigues.

The cardinal was the only one to co-operate in this with the King. He exposed his life, and by continual watchfulness, despising his own good and all the things of this world, hoping only to bring his master safely out of this enterprise, as finally God gave him the grace to do. After all this the Queen-mother, to whom, in common with the King, his services were rendered, withdrew her favor, and instead of the recognition which was due to him showed only an ingratitude. We have before mentioned that, for many reasons, of which the chief was to cure the suspicions that the envy and malice of men had put into the mind of the Queen, he had been obliged to go, shortly after the King, from St. Jean-de-Marienne, to seek their Majesties at Lyons, where he arrived on August 22, 1630.

On his arrival he found that the time employed by him in fidelity, courage, and virtue for the greater glory of his master had been employed by his enemies in envy, jealousy, and malignity to destroy him in the mind of the Queen and to take from him all the hope of his labor. He found the Queen changed, and was ignorant of the cause, because he was a witness to himself of his sincerity, knew how things had come to pass, and could not know how his enemies had twisted the truth to turn the Queen against him. He suspected some in this, and discovered others. He tried to cure all by good and solid reasons. But he could not win her over to his side, so far had they alienated her from him. Nevertheless, she appeared to be satisfied either because of shame at not being able to contradict his convincing arguments or that by this disguise she hoped the better to gain her ends. She departed from Lyons. He accompanied her on his journey to Paris, rendering her every honor and attention.

But on her arrival at Paris her dissimulation could no longer continue; the abscess burst, and scarcely had she a chance to see the King than she told him, on the tenth of November (afterward called the Day of Dupes), that she would never like the cardinal. She declared that she never wanted to see him again in her house, nor any of his friends or relatives. She went beyond this, and said that she would not take part in any of his councils if the cardinal were present, and no prayer of the King could turn her from this determination. Cardinal de Bagny was employed, but to no purpose. Father Suffren, her

confessor, had no better success than the others. She thought that the King would abandon him, and that her authority as mother and the piety and honor that the King owed her as her son would prevail over the public care which as King he owed to his State and his people. The treacherous spirits who had deceived her persuaded her of this.

But God, who held in his hand the heart of this prince, disposed otherwise. His Majesty, seeing that at any price she wished to deprive him of a servant whom he had proved so useful, made up his mind to defend the cardinal against the malice of those who led her to this conclusion. He took leave of her, went to Versailles, commanded the cardinal to follow him, and summoned also the guardian of the seals, De Marillac. The custodian of the seals, who, on the report of the outburst of the Queen, and the belief he had that the cardinal had been dismissed and had gone to Pontoise, thought the case against the cardinal had been won, went in the morning to Glatigny, near Versailles. In the evening, on going to bed, he received the disagreeable news that the cardinal was with the King, who not only had given him a good reputation, but had lodged him in a room above his own. In the morning the guardian of the seals received worse news—worse, because so entirely unexpected—which was that his Majesty had ordered him to give up his seals and consider himself under arrest. And because the cabal which troubled the State was plotted by him and the marshal his brother, and that it was nothing to arrest one if the other should remain at liberty, especially having in hand the forces of the King in Italy, his Majesty sent to Maréchal de Schomberg an express order to seize his person. He did this with much dexterity and not less surprise on the part of the said Marillac, who, the evening previous, had received a despatch from his brother that gave him news of the disgrace of the cardinal.

His Majesty, without waiting any longer, gave that very day the custody of the seals to Sieur de Chateauneuf, and made Le Jay first president of the Parliament of Paris, which had been vacant for a long time by the death of Sieur de Champigny. Monsieur (the brother of the King), at the first news of what had happened between the King and the Queen-mother, at the Hôtel du Luxembourg, on the subject of the cardinal,

went to find the Queen-mother and assure her of his services. But when he saw the rapid changes that this outburst had produced and that the King had espoused the cause of the cardinal, he changed his plans and went to find the King, disapproved of the actions of the Queen his mother, and vowed never to depart from the interests and the wishes of his Majesty, which should always be the rules of his own. He also promised the cardinal to love him and defend him against all those who, to the prejudice of the royal authority, should desire to offend him.

This brought no little satisfaction to the King. The Queen, while astonished, both in the change in the officers at the will of Monsieur, who remained in the service of the King instead of changing to her party, and while she saw that the King undertook absolutely the protection of the cardinal, would nevertheless not be conquered in her opposition to the cardinal whatever the King might say. We finished the discussion of the preceding year by the deplorable division which factious spirits had made in the royal house. We shall see in the sequel how difficult it is to cure evils caused to States by the inconsiderate vanity and violent passions of men. The King had caused the arrest of the Marshal de Marillac and his brother, who had been the principal firebrands to influence the mind of the Queen-mother against the cardinal and the most dangerous spirits in the conduct of the plot against him. But they were not the only ones. There were many others about the Queen who were dangerous. The princesses de Conti and the duchesses of Ornano and d'Elbeuf were the chief ones, all three of the house of Lorraine, shown by experience unfriendly to royal authority.

The first two princesses had a hatred against the cardinal on account of the interest of M. de Guise, who was his declared enemy, and the third on account of M. de Vendôme. These three princesses drew after them many grandees and gallants of the court, some from love and others from the idea that they would profit by the overthrow of the cardinal. Mirabel, ambassador of Spain, as skilful as evil-disposed, was secretly of their party, preferring the wishes of the Queen-mother to those of the King. These three princesses worked continually on the mind of the Queen-mother and never let her out of their sight.

Father Suffren, her confessor, and who in that capacity was the most proper organ to bring her to a reconciliation, was first employed to that end. But the malice of those surrounding the Queen overcame his efforts.

Then recourse was had to Cardinal Bagny to see if the authority of his interposition would succeed where the simple piety of the first had failed. The Queen-mother promised the King in the presence of the aforesaid cardinal and of Father Suffren, that she would be present in the future at the councils, and would consent to see the cardinal there (Richelieu) as formerly. But her promise was of no effect, her spirit being so bitter that she could not conquer it. Maréchal de Schomberg, who had returned from Italy the year before, and had acquired the reputation of being a sincere and disinterested man, labored often with her, showing her the folly of her position. The King himself added the weight of his repeated requests.

But it was in vain. As soon as the Queen showed that the cardinal was not in her favor, Monsieur, who had an understanding with her, gave open evidence that he did not care to see him, out of consideration for the Queen his mother. The King spoke to Monsieur of the cardinal, declaring that he would protect him. Monsieur promised the cardinal in the presence of the King, very coldly, that he would have nothing to fear from him. The Queen-mother saw with much displeasure that she was deserted by Monsieur in her evil cause. The ambition of the people in the following of Monsieur gave her a way to regain him to her side to the great prejudice of the State. They had for a time kept Monsieur in the path of duty, won by the extraordinary favors of the King. But Puylaurens began soon to make new demands, and Le Coigneux, who was already in possession of the office of president, was not contented with the promise of a cardinal's hat, but wanted the King to press his Holiness to hasten the promotion, which his Majesty could not do. The discontented spirits again won over to the cause of the Queen the mind of Monsieur, representing to him that there was no safety for him at court and complaining of the bad treatment he was getting. The cardinal asked them what it was, and what Monsieur could reasonably desire beyond the advantage the King had awarded him.

To this they made no definite answer, only that Monsieur

was badly treated, and that they knew well enough how he ought to be treated to give him satisfaction. Finally, the cardinal was constrained to tell them that he had three masters, the King, the Queen-mother, and Monsieur; that he wished to serve them all, but each in his or her proper order; that to give to the last what was due to the first was not reasonable, and that he would never do it. Finally, their temerity went so far that they caused Monsieur to take the resolution of retiring from court, so that the Queen, remaining, might receive and give him advice, and foment the cabals that were formed, while those without should scatter divisions in the provinces and cause uprisings there. With this object Monsieur asked from the Queen the jewels of his late wife, which he had placed in her hands, and which were of great value, and went (January 30, 1631) to seek the cardinal in his palace in Paris, strongly accompanied. He told the cardinal that he would deem very strange the object that brought him there; that while he thought he would serve him he had been willing to be friendly; but that now he saw the cardinal failing in all his promises, he had come to withdraw his pledges of friendship.

The cardinal asked him, with great respect, in what he had been remiss. He said that the cardinal had done nothing for M. de Lorraine, and that the way in which he had acted served only to show the world that he had abandoned the Queen-mother. The cardinal replied that he would himself see to the rights of M. de Lorraine when his deputies should come, but that they had not yet arrived, and so he had nothing to complain of. Monsieur said that there was no need of further explanations.

On this, the cardinal replied no further, only to say that he would always be his faithful servant. Monsieur then told him that he was going home, and that if he were pressed he would defend himself very well. They had given him more violent counsel, but it was so contrary to the greatness and generosity of his birth and the goodness of his nature that he would not follow it. Monsieur then entered his coach and started for Orléans. The cardinal sent word to the King, who was at Versailles, and set out at the same time to go and see him, and assured him of his protection, knowing well that there was no one who wished him evil except for the faithful ser-

vices he had rendered him. Monsieur sent Chaudebonne, on leaving, with a confidential letter to the King, to make his excuses and protest his allegiance.

The King and his brother, Monsieur, were not to be fully reconciled until 1634. In the preceding year he and the Queen-mother had given the appearance of desiring to get back into the favor of the King, who received their propositions with sincerity. The King said that they could wish for nothing more desired both by his Majesty and his State, but the malice with which evil counsellors advised Monsieur had kept them apart. Monsieur had too long been under the influence of the Spanish, enemies of the country. The artifices of the ministers of the Queen-mother had made too easy an impression. The King began to be weary of the duration of the evil, and resolved to put an end to it, and to win Monsieur, his brother, by the two greatest powers that God has established on this earth, by love and force, hope and fear, a sovereign clemency and the secret threat of a just severity.

After much negotiation, Monsieur, being in Flanders, recognising that all he undertook against the service of his Majesty was turned aside by the wisdom of the King's counsels, that his spies were discovered and punished according to their deserts, and that the Spaniards were not in a position to keep their promises, finally came to himself and recognized his fault in remaining out of the good graces of the King. Puylaurens ceased to oppose the ideas of reconciliation. Delbene was selected as an envoy to the King, and the measure succeeded more happily than others. He went to the King in September (1634), and told him that the friends of Monsieur no longer thought him safe in Flanders, where the Spaniards were pressing him to act, and that Monsieur was grieved that he had fallen into disgrace, and desired to make a complete submission to the King's wishes, and to renounce all plottings against his services, and hoped that his Majesty would forget all that had happened since he left the court and the country. Delbene asked on the part of Monsieur that the King should approve his marriage, but if it should be annulled, that his Majesty should not compel him to remarry against his will. The King should permit him to live in Auvergne, Bourbonnais, or Dombes, Monsieur promising on his part to conduct himself

like a true brother and good subject without conspiring either within or without the kingdom.

In consideration of the above his Majesty forgave him all his faults, and granted a general amnesty to all those who had followed and served him since he left the kingdom, of whatever rank, to be delivered to Monsieur a week after his return to France, it being understood that those who were in Flanders should return to the kingdom three weeks after Monsieur's return, and the others who were farther off six weeks after. Exception was made in the cases of La Vieuville, Le Coigneux, Mousigot, Vieuxpont, and the bishops who had been tried by ecclesiastical commissioners, or who were still on trial.

His Majesty re-established Monsieur in all his possessions, appanages, and pensions, granted him 400,000 livres to pay his debts, at Brussels and elsewhere, to be given him when he should return to France, and 100,000 écus within fifteen days afterward for his equipment. His Majesty gave him the government of Auvergne instead of Orléans and Blaisois, and made other concessions. All this was granted by the King on condition that Monsieur would accept the terms within three weeks from the date of the agreement, which the King, being at Écouen, gave the second of October (1634) to Delbene. So that if the terms were not accepted his Majesty could provide for the safety of his affairs and of his kingdom as he should find it necessary.

On the eleventh of October Monsieur started for Soissons, having sent the Sieur Saint Quentin to Brussels to make apologies for his sudden departure. He wrote especially to the Queen-mother to beg her to take good care of the Princess Marguerite, whom he called his wife. He intrusted the princess to her, judging that she could not be in better hands than hers during his absence. The King having been informed of Monsieur's entrance into the kingdom, sent to him the Sieur Bouthillier, secretary of state, with 50,000 écus, to assure him that he was welcome in the kingdom, where he would receive every kindness. Bouthillier was received by his Highness with great favor. Although he told Monsieur that his Majesty desired to see him, the prince resolved nevertheless to remain at some distance from the King until Bouthillier, having seen the cardinal, should tell him that his Majesty would find it

agreeable, and that then he would come with a small following to show that he had entire confidence and hoped to inspire the same feeling, and that, after meeting the King, he would go to Blois, where he wished for neither gendarmes nor light cavalry, nor even guards.

His Majesty, recognizing by this that Monsieur had not only the proper sentiments, but was actually in submission to his will, and wanted to see the King to thank him, granted Monsieur an interview. So Monsieur having come to Écouen to await his commands, and staying there a day, set out, Saturday, the eleventh of the month, to go to St. Germain. Here the King received him with the greater joy in that he saw him out of the power of the Spaniards, who wanted to use him to the injury of France.

After the first compliments, which were given Monsieur by the whole court, and especially by the cardinal and the ministers of State, who had come to St. Germain, Monsieur said to the King, that outside of the fact that reason brought him back to France, necessity had constrained him to the decision, because he was in evident danger of being made prisoner. He added, after this speech, that the Queen his mother, or at least Chanteloube, on his part, and all by concert with the Prince Thomas, Duke d'Elbeuf and President Costa, had sent three couriers to the Marquis Aytonne at Maestricht to advise his arrest. He said further that some time after Sieur Carandolet, dean of Cambray, was arrested, Chanteloube gave a paper to the Marquis d'Aytonne, which bore, in express terms, proof that he was in intelligence with the said dean to put Cambray into the hands of the King, which Chanteloube did with the intention of ruining him.

Monsieur went to Ruel on the twenty-second, where the cardinal entertained him. From the first time that he saw the King and the cardinal, and afterward on other trips that he made from Blois to the court at the end of the year, he opened his heart and told the King and cardinal many important circumstances that could only be known from his mouth. He spoke of the designs that the counsellors of the Queen and his own advisers had against France, and mentioned many things that had happened both between the Queen and himself and between them and the Spaniards. Among other things

he lamented especially that Father Chanteloube had taken a memorandum from her to Marquis d'Aytonne, by which it was represented, that Monsieur wanted to escape into France, and stated in express terms that the said marquis should prevent by peace or by force the reconcilement of Monsieur with the King, from which he concluded that she advised his arrest. Monsieur also said that the Marquis d'Aytonne found this so strange that he wanted a copy of it to show to the rest of the Spanish Council. These things, and others similar, showed him the danger that he, Monsieur, ran of his liberty and his life in Flanders, and the belief they had always had that the malice of Chanteloube, who stopped at no limits, would go to extremes, and that he could not trust him. For the carelessness he had of his own reputation, saying that it was indifferent to him whether they deemed him an assassin or not, was a certain proof that there was not a spark of virtue in his heart.

The cardinal was not only attacked in his life by Chanteloube, but Le Coigneux and Mousigot were mixed up in it too, and Puylaurens confessed ingenuously that when Monsieur left Paris in 1631 for Orléans, Mousigot and Le Coigneux did all they could to lead Monsieur to kill the cardinal in his home. Monsieur did not always volunteer these disclosures himself, but the cardinal asked him if it were not true that such and such things were said or done, and Monsieur ingenuously confessed them. Monsieur, speaking of the Queen-mother, said to the cardinal that her ill-will toward him went so far that she wanted everyone to believe all the calumnies that were vomited against his honor, although they were destitute of truth and she really did not believe them herself; that the first quarrel he had with the Queen-mother in Flanders was because Saint Germain, intimating in all his writings that the cardinal wanted to make himself King, Monsieur had said to the Queen: "That is good enough for those who are fools enough to believe it, but there was not an honest man who did not know the contrary." That M. de Bellegarde had two promises in writing which were made before the cardinal went to Pignerol. One of those, made by the Queen over her own signature, was that she would do her best to ruin the cardinal with the King. The other, by Monsieur, agreed that he would never marry the Princess Marie.

Puylaurens added that M. de Bellegarde had a box of gold made in which he placed these promises, and which he wore on his neck hung on a golden chain. And still recently, in Flanders, the first article that she desired to be put into the treaty which she wanted him to sign with her and the Spaniards before starting for France was that he would never agree to prevent the absolute ruin of the cardinal, so much had Chanteloube poisoned her against him. Monsieur expatiating upon the subject of Chanteloube, the cardinal said that he had always had great influence with the Queen, not by his capacity, but by his cunning and her natural jealousy and suspicion. That, at Angers, he had put the Queen in such a state of jealousy and suspicion about passing events that she turned red whenever she saw him, and Father Suffren could be a witness to this fact.

Continuing to speak of past occasions, the cardinal said that these two principles had destroyed her, and that Vaultier, Le Fargis, and many others had encouraged her in her humor, and used her to their ends by a thousand misrepresentations. Monsieur asked the cardinal of whom she had the most suspicion and jealousy. The cardinal answered that at various times she was jealous of different persons, that on the journey to Suse she was jealous of Monsieur and the countess, that at Lyons she was jealous of Monsieur on account of Peccais given to his brother. That she was jealous of the confidence the King reposed in him, the cardinal, and finally of everybody.

The cardinal said that after all the Queen-mother was one of the most virtuous of princesses in the world, and had many excellent qualities. But her suspicions and jealousy and remembrance of fancied injuries caused the objects of her disfavor to be on their guard.

Let us return to the festival which the cardinal gave to Monsieur, at Ruel, on the twenty-second of the month. That evening Monsieur returned to St. Germain, from which place he departed on the twenty-third, to go to Limours, and from there to Orléans. The Sieur Bouthillier secretary of state, had told him when he was at Soissons, that his Majesty had desired to have a consultation of doctors and prelates in the presence of his Highness and his friends, on the subject of his nullification of marriage. Monsieur said that he would be very

glad to listen to them. And Puylaurens promised absolutely that with the aid of these learned personages he would give the last stroke to this affair and would put the mind of Monsieur in such a state that the King would be entirely enlightened as to his intentions, and gave his word to Sieur Bouthillier that if the alleged marriage were declared void he would answer on his life that Monsieur would submit to the decree with good heart.

On these good hopes the King sent, toward the end of October (1634), some doctors to Orléans to confer with Monsieur on the subject. They laid down the nullity of the marriage to him, but he gave no token of his sentiment on the subject. Puylaurens, however, changed the language that he (Puylaurens) had formerly used, said that as for him he was satisfied, but that Monsieur said that he, the latter, was not sufficiently clear on the subject, and that he could not force the will of Monsieur. This man, Puylaurens, had often promised that Monsieur would yield to the King in this matter, but by weakness or malice he had not kept his promises. He gained everything that had been promised to him. The cardinal received him into his alliance, and gave him in marriage the second daughter of the Baron de Pontchâteau, and a few days later he was made duke and peer. Then, seeing that he had attained all his wishes, he said to the cardinal that he would be an ingrate, traitor, and very disloyal if he did not seek all the inventions in the world to content the King on all subjects, and especially on the subject of the marriage of Monsieur. He said that although up to the present Monsieur had refused to join the King in asking the Pope for judges *in partibus*, he assured them that he would do it now, or if the King should call an assembly of prelates who would declare the law of France such as his Majesty and Parliament had ruled he assured them that Monsieur would be content with this procedure.

But all this was only wind. The King had been informed that Monsieur since his return had continually received news of Princess Marguerite and sent her news from himself. Even during the conference of doctors at Orléans a valet of the princess arrived, before whom Monsieur said openly that he would never break the marriage.

These things made the King discontented with Puylaurens. He thought he never advised Monsieur to do his duty except under pressure. At the beginning of 1635, after having for a long time struggled against the war which the ambition of Spain was forcing on France, we were forced to declare war against the Spaniards. What had the Spaniards done since the treaty of Vervins but to increase at the expense of their feeble neighbors, and go from province to province, subjecting one after the other? They sought to do the same with all the States of Europe, and by this means to arrive at a universal monarchy of Christendom, which was the only limit of their schemes. What they called peace was nothing but an empty name devoid of all reality.

In truth, they had a perpetual war against the whole world. Thus greatness so unjust, with no respect for treaties, oaths, and alliances, increasing continually by the ruin of our neighbors, did it not impose upon us the necessity of making a war of defence? Was it prudent and just to wait until all the others had been devoured to be ourselves the last? Were we not assured that they wished to come to us by the orders they had sent to Flanders to attack us openly when they thought a suitable time had arrived, by the treaty they had made with Monsieur, by which he was to assist them in putting all this kingdom to fire and blood and to dispute the crown with the King, by their naval army, which was to descend on Provence, by their designs on Languedoc, and by many other enterprises against various other places of this State?

Were not all these things proofs clearer than day that there was no longer question as to whether we should have war, since they left us no choice but simply to know whether the theatre of war should be their State or ours; whether it should be begun at their convenience or ours; and whether we should wait until they burst upon us with all their power and that of our allies, now become our enemies, or whether, getting ahead, of them we should unite to us the rest of our allies to weaken them and fortify ourselves?

The King for all these reasons was obliged this year (1635) to declare war. As the Spaniards had been astonished that, when they expected it the least, Monsieur had escaped from their hands and had returned to his duty in France by a sudden

and unforeseen change, and given up plotting with them, so they thought that with the same facility they could recall him to their side again, and that he would not have the firmness to remain faithful to the King, his brother. Monsieur's intents, his birth, his good-nature, gave them little hope of winning him to their side by openly addressing his person. So they had recourse to the means which had been the cause of all his previous faults. They renewed or continued their understandings and secret correspondence with Puylaurens by the agency of enemies of this Crown and bad Frenchmen whom they had among them.

The King was informed of the plottings of Puylaurens. He could hardly believe the news, because he had loaded him with benefits since his return, had raised him to a duke and peer, which was much above his birth and far from his deserts. The cardinal also had received him in alliance and married him to the daughter of Baron de Pontchâteau, his cousin-german, because he had taken a solemn oath to abandon, and never to renew any intrigues against the State and to give to the King warning of any attempts that might be made against his service. But finally his Majesty the King being assured by undeniable and indubitable proofs, the cardinal, shutting his eyes to his own private interests and regarding only those of the State, advised the King to seize the person of Puylaurens, and if he were found guilty, to give him the exemplary punishment so signal a treachery should merit.

His Majesty the King acted on this advice and gave orders to Sieur de Gordes, captain of the guards, to arrest Puylaurens. This was done at the Louvre, February 14, 1635. With him were also arrested Sieur du Fargis, the most bold and the least considered of all his confidants. They were taken next day to Vincennes. Some others of the cabal were also arrested: Le Coudray-Montpensier, Charnizé, Besart, and the two Senantes. Monsieur, according to appearances, was very much surprised at this news. But his Majesty embraced him tenderly, assuring him of the satisfaction he had with him, and showing him the ingratitude of such a bad servant, from whom he need not have expected better treatment than his Majesty had received. Monsieur, the King's brother, showed great feeling for Puylaurens, but much more for jus-

tice and his duty to the King, to whom he protested that he would abandon Puylaurens if he were shown to be so unworthy of the favor of the King.

But nevertheless when the King desired to begin the trial of Puylaurens, the friendship of Monsieur, which his crime had seemed to extinguish, was rekindled by pity for him in his misery. And the prayers in his favor which he made to the King had sufficient power to postpone the trial from day to day, so that finally, after four months in prison, good fortune took Puylaurens out of the world July 1, 1635, and saved him from the infamy of the shameful death he could not have avoided.

THE ECLIPSE OF MAZARIN

BY

Cardinal de Retz

JEAN FRANÇOIS PAUL DE GONDI, CARDINAL DE RETZ

1614—1679

Jean François Paul de Gondi, Cardinal de Retz, was born at Montmirail, in France, of an ancient and noble family. By his father he was compelled to enter the Church, with the intention that he should become Archbishop of Paris, a position which had already been held by two members of his house. In his studies he displayed great brilliancy and penetration, but his private life was dissolute. He became connected with the Comte de Soissons, and engaged to some extent in political intrigue; but, after the death of that nobleman, resumed his theological studies and was made coadjutor of the Archbishop of Paris, his uncle, by Louis XIII on his death-bed. He devoted himself to his duties with zeal, and gained great popularity by his profuse distribution of alms. On the breaking out of the faction of the Fronde he at first was of great assistance to the royal cause, but was distrusted by the court, and became at last the leader of the popular party, though he did not openly declare himself as such. Though ambitious, it was admitted that he acted in these troubles with dignity and moderation. In 1650 he was gained over by Mazarin and rewarded with a cardinal's hat. After the close of the war and the return of the court to Paris, in 1652, a mission to Rome was offered to Gondi if he would leave his see; he was still greatly distrusted by the royalists; and as he hesitated was arrested and imprisoned at Vincennes. He resigned his archbishopric, which he had attained on his uncle's death, and was allowed to retire to Nantes, whence he made his escape into Spain and repaired to Rome. Here he revoked his resignation and succeeded in bartering the archbishopric for profitable benefices.

After some years of exile he became reconciled to Louis XIV and returned to France, but abstained altogether from further political intrigue. He sold his estates, paid his debts, which were enormous, and devoted the rest of his life to works of charity and religion. His "Memoirs" display the greatness, the impetuosity and the inequality of his achievements. They picture their author as one who dexterously improved all the opportunities presented to him by fortune; as a man of violent passions, yet ready in subterfuge; quick to change his party as self-interest might direct; a student of character, yet a naïve self-flatterer; popular with the masses, and necessary or formidable to his sovereign as circumstances dictated.

THE ECLIPSE OF MAZARIN

CARDINAL MAZARIN thought of nothing else now but how to rid himself of the obligations he lay under to the Prince de Condé, who had actually saved him from the gallows. And his principal view was an alliance with the house of Vendôme, who had on some occasions opposed the interest of the family of Condé.

In Paris the people libelled not only the cardinal, but the Queen. Indeed it was not our interest to discourage libels and ballads against the cardinal, but it concerned us to suppress such as were levelled against the Queen and government. It is not to be imagined what uneasiness the wrath of the people gave us upon that head. Two criminals, one of whom was a printer, being condemned to be hanged for publishing some things fit to be burned and for libelling the Queen, cried out, when they were upon the scaffold, that they were to be put to death for publishing verses against Mazarin, upon which the people rescued them from justice.

On the other hand, some gay young gentlemen of the court, who were in Mazarin's interest, had a mind to make his name familiar to the Parisians, and for that end made a famous display in the public walks of the Tuileries, where they had grand suppers, with music, and drank the cardinal's health publicly. We took little notice of this, till they boasted at Saint Germain that the Frondeurs were glad to give them the wall. And then we thought it high time to correct them, lest the common people should think they did it by authority. For this end M. de Beaufort and a hundred other gentlemen went one night to the house where they supped, overturned the table, and broke the musicians' violins over their heads.

Being informed that the Prince de Condé intended to oblige the King to return to Paris, I was resolved to have all the

merit of an action which would be so acceptable to the citizens. I therefore resolved to go to the court at Compiègne, which my friends very much opposed, for fear of the danger to which I might be exposed, but I told them that what is absolutely necessary is not dangerous.

I went accordingly, and as I was going upstairs to the Queen's apartments, a man, whom I never saw before or since, put a note into my hand with these words: "If you enter the King's domicile, you are a dead man." But I was in already, and it was too late to go back. Being past the guard-chamber, I thought myself secure. I told the Queen that I was come to assure her Majesty of my most humble obedience, and of the disposition of the Church of Paris to perform all the services it owed to their Majesties. The Queen seemed highly pleased, and was very kind to me; but when we mentioned the cardinal, though she urged me to it, I excused myself from going to see him, assuring her Majesty that such a visit would put it out of my power to do her service. It was impossible for her to contain herself any longer; she blushed, and it was with much restraint that she forbore using harsh language, as she herself confessed afterward.

Servien said one day that there was a design to assassinate me at his table by the Abbé Fouquet; and M. de Vendôme, who had just come from his table, pressed me to be gone, saying that there were wicked designs hatching against me.

I returned to Paris, having accomplished everything I wanted, for I had removed the suspicion of the court that the Frondeurs were against the King's return. I threw upon the cardinal all the odium attending his Majesty's delay. I braved Mazarin, as it were, upon his throne, and secured to myself the chief honor of the King's return.

The court was received at Paris as kings always were and ever will be, namely, with acclamations, which only please such as like to be flattered. A group of old women were posted at the entrance of the suburbs to cry out, "God save his Eminence!" who sat in the King's coach and thought himself Lord of Paris; but at the end of three or four days he found himself much mistaken. Ballads and libels still flew about. The Frondeurs appeared bolder than ever. M. de Beaufort and I rode sometimes alone, with one lackey only behind our coach,

and at other times we went with a retinue of fifty men in livery and a hundred gentlemen. We diversified the scene as we thought it would be most acceptable to the spectators. The court party, who blamed us from morning to night, nevertheless imitated us in their way. Everybody took an advantage of the ministry from our continual pelting of his eminence. The prince, who always made too much or too little of the cardinal, continued to treat him with contempt; and, being disgusted at being refused the post of superintendent of the seas, the cardinal endeavored to soothe him with the vain hopes of other advantages.

The prince, being one day at court, and seeing the cardinal give himself extraordinary airs, said, as he was going out of the Queen's cabinet, "Adieu, Mars." This was told all over the city in a quarter of an hour. I and Noirmoutier went by appointment to his house at four o'clock in the morning, when he seemed to be greatly troubled. He said that he could not determine to begin a civil war, which, though the only means to separate the Queen from the cardinal, to whom she was so strongly attached, yet it was both against his conscience and honor. He added that he should never forget his obligations to us, and that if he should come to any terms with the court, he would, if we thought proper, settle our affairs also, and that if we had not a mind to be reconciled to the court, he would, in case it did attack us, publicly undertake our protection. We answered that we had no other design in our proposals than the honor of being his humble servants, and that we should be very sorry if he had retarded his reconciliation with the Queen upon our account, praying that we might be permitted to continue in the same disposition toward the cardinal as we were then, which we declared should not hinder us from paying all the respect and duty which we professed for his Highness.

I must not forget to acquaint you that Madame de Guéménée, who ran away from Paris in a fright the moment it was besieged, no sooner heard that I had paid a visit to Mademoiselle de Chevreuse than she returned to town in a rage. I was in such a passion with her for having cowardly deserted me that I took her by the throat, and she was so enraged at my familiarity with Mademoiselle de Chevreuse

that she threw a candlestick at my head, but in a quarter of an hour we were very good friends.

The Prince de Condé was no sooner reconciled with the court than he was publicly reproached in the city for breaking his word with the Frondeurs; but I convinced him that he could not think such treatment strange in a city so justly exasperated against Mazarin, and that, nevertheless, he might depend on my best services, for which he assured me of his constant friendship.

Moissans, now Maréchal d'Albret, who was at the head of the King's gendarmes, accustomed himself and others to threaten the chief minister, who augmented the public odium against himself by re-establishing Emeri, a man detested by all the kingdom. We were not a little alarmed at his re-establishment, because this man, who knew Paris better than the cardinal, distributed money among the people to a very good purpose. This is a singular science, which is either very beneficial or hurtful in its consequences, according to the wisdom or folly of the distributor.

These donations, laid out with discretion and secrecy, obliged us to yield ourselves more and more unto the bulk of the people, and, finding a fit opportunity for this performance, we took care not to let it slip, which, if they had been ruled by me, we should not have done so soon, for we were not yet forced to make use of such expedients. It is not safe in a faction where you are only upon the defensive to do what you are not pressed to do, but the uneasiness of the subalterns on such occasions is troublesome, because they believe that as soon as you seem to be inactive all is lost. I preached every day that the way was yet rough, and therefore must be made plain, and that patience in the present case was productive of greater effects than activity; but nobody comprehended the truth of what I said.

An unlucky expression, dropped on this occasion by the Princesse de Guéménée, had an incredible influence upon the people. She called to mind a ballad formerly made upon the regiment of Brulon, which was said to consist of only two dragoons and four drummers, and, inasmuch as she hated the Fronde, she told me very pleasantly that our party, being reduced to fourteen, might be justly compared to that regiment

of Brulon. Noirmoutier and Laigues were offended at this expression to that degree that they continually murmured because I neither settled affairs nor pushed them to the last extremity. Upon which I observed that heads of factions are no longer their masters when they are unable either to prevent or allay the murmurs of the people.

The revenues of the Hôtel de Ville, which are, as it were, the patrimony of the *bourgeois*, and which, if well managed, might be of special service to the King in securing to his interest an infinite number of those people who are always the most formidable in revolutions—this sacred fund, I say, suffered much by the licentiousness of the times, the ignorance of Mazarin, and the prevarication of the officers of the Hôtel de Ville, who were his dependents, so that the poor annuitants met in great numbers at the Hôtel de Ville; but as such assemblies without the prince's authority are reckoned illegal, the Parliament passed a decree to suppress them. They were privately countenanced by M. de Beaufort and me, to whom they sent a solemn deputation, and they made choice of twelve syndics to be a check upon the *prévôt des marchands*.

On the eleventh of December a pistol, as had been concerted beforehand, was fired into the coach of Joly, one of the syndics, which Président Charton, another of the syndics, thinking was aimed at himself, the Marquis de la Boulaie ran as if possessed with a devil, while the Parliament was sitting, into the middle of the Great Hall, with fifteen or twenty worthless fellows crying out "To arms!" He did the like in the streets, but in vain, and came to Broussel and me; but the former reprimanded him after his way, and I threatened to throw him out at the window, for I had reason to believe that he acted in concert with the cardinal, though he pretended to be a Frondeur.

This artifice of Servien united the prince to the cardinal, because he found himself obliged to defend himself against the Frondeurs, who, as he believed, sought to assassinate him. All those that were his own creatures thought they were not zealous enough for his service if they did not exaggerate the imminent danger he had escaped, and the court parasites confounded the morning adventure with that at night; and upon this coarse canvas they daubed all that the basest flattery, black-

est imposture, and the most ridiculous credulity was capable of imagining; and we were informed the next morning that it was the common rumor over all the city that we had formed a design of seizing the King's person and carrying him to the Hôtel de Ville, and to assassinate the prince.

M. de Beaufort and I agreed to go out and show ourselves to the people, whom we found in such a consternation that I believed the court might then have attacked us with success. Madame de Montbazon advised us to take post-horses and ride off, saying that there was nothing more easy than to destroy us, because we had put ourselves into the hands of our sworn enemies. I said that we had better hazard our lives than our honor. To which she replied, "It is not that, but your nymphs, I believe, which keep you here [meaning Mesdames de Chevreuse and Guéménée]. I expect," she said, "to be befriended for my own sake, and don't I deserve it? I cannot conceive how you can be amused by a wicked old hag and a girl, if possible, still more foolish. We are continually disputing about that silly wretch [pointing to M. de Beaufort, who was playing chess]; let us take him with us and go to Peronne."

You are not to wonder that she talked thus contemptibly of M. de Beaufort, whom she always taxed with impotency, for it is certain that his love was purely Platonic, as he never asked any favor of her, and seemed very uneasy with her for eating flesh on Fridays. She was so sweet upon me, and withal such a charming beauty, that, being naturally indisposed to let such opportunities slip, I was melted into tenderness for her, notwithstanding my suspicions of her, considering the then situation of affairs, and would have had her go with me into the cabinet, but she was determined first to go to Peronne, which put an end to our amours.

M. de Beaufort waited on the prince and was well received, but I could not gain admittance.

On the fourteenth the Prince de Condé went to Parliament and demanded that a committee might be appointed to inquire into the attempt made on his life.

The Frondeurs were not asleep in the meantime, yet most of our friends were dispirited, and all very weak.

The *curés* of Paris were my most hearty friends; they

labored with incredible zeal among the people. And the *curé* of Saint Gervais sent me this message: "Do but rally again and get off the assassination, and in a week you will be stronger than your enemies."

I was informed that the Queen had written to my uncle, the Archbishop of Paris, to be sure to go to the Parliament on the twenty-third, the day that Beaufort, Broussel, and I were to be impeached, because I had no right to sit in the House if he were present. I begged of him not to go, but my uncle being a man of little sense, and that much out of order, and being, moreover, fearful and ridiculously jealous of me, had promised the Queen to go; and all that we could get out of him was that he would defend me in Parliament better than I could defend myself. It is to be observed that though he chattered to us like a magpie in private, yet in public he was as mute as a fish. A surgeon who was in the archbishop's service, going to visit him, commended him for his courage in resisting the importunities of his nephew, who, said he, had a mind to bury him alive, and encouraged him to rise with all haste and go to the Parliament House; but he was no sooner out of his bed than the surgeon asked him in a fright how he felt. "Very well," said my lord. "But that is impossible," said the surgeon; "you look like death," and feeling his pulse, he told him he was in a high fever; upon which my lord archbishop went to bed again, and all the kings and queens in Christendom could not get him out for a fortnight.

We went to the Parliament, and found there the princes with nearly a thousand gentlemen and, I may say, the whole court. I had few salutes in the hall, because it was generally thought I was an undone man. When I had entered the great chamber I heard a hum like that at the end of a pleasing period in a sermon. When I had taken my place I said that, hearing we were taxed with a seditious conspiracy, we were come to offer our heads to the Parliament if guilty, and if innocent, to demand justice upon our accusers; and that though I knew not what right the court had to call me to account, yet I would renounce all privileges to make my innocence apparent to a body for whom I always had the greatest attachment and veneration.

Then the informations were read against what they called "the public conspiracy from which it had pleased Almighty

God to deliver the State and the royal family," after which I made a speech, in substance as follows:

"I do not believe, gentlemen, that in any of the past ages persons of our quality had ever received any personal summons grounded merely upon hearsay. Neither can I think that posterity will ever believe that this hearsay evidence was admitted from the mouths of the most infamous miscreants that ever got out of a jail. Canto was condemned to the gallows at Pau, Pichon to the wheel at Mans, Sociande is a rogue upon record. Pray, gentlemen, judge of their evidence by their character and profession. But this is not all. They have the distinguishing character of being informers by authority. I am sorely grieved that the defence of our honor, which is enjoined us by the laws of God and man, should oblige me to expose to light, under the most innocent of kings, such abominations as were detested in the most corrupt ages of antiquity and under the worst of tyrants. But I must tell you that Canto, Sociande, and Gorgibus are authorized to inform against us by a commission signed by that august name which should never be employed but for the preservation of the most sacred laws, and which Cardinal Mazarin, who knows no law but that of revenge, which he meditates against the defenders of the public liberty, has forced M. Tellier, secretary of state, to countersign.

"We demand justice, gentlemen, but we do not demand it of you till we have first most humbly implored this House to execute the strictest justice that the laws have provided against rebels, if it appears that we have been concerned directly or indirectly in raising this last disturbance. Is it possible, gentlemen, that a grandchild of Henri the Great, that a senator of M. Broussel's age and probity, and that the Coadjutor of Paris should be so much as suspected of being concerned in a sedition raised by a hot-brained fool, at the head of fifteen of the vilest of the mob? I am fully persuaded it would be scandalous for me to insist longer on this subject. This is all I know, gentlemen, of the modern conspiracy."

The applause that came from the court of inquiry was deafening; many voices were heard exclaiming against spies and informers. Honest Doujat, who was one of the persons ap-

pointed by the Attorney-General Talon, his kinsman, to make the report, and who had acquainted me with the facts, acknowledged it publicly by pretending to make the thing appear less odious. He got up, therefore, as if he were in a passion, and spoke very artfully to this purpose: "These witnesses, monsieur, are not to accuse you, as you are pleased to say, but only to discover what passed in the meeting of the annuitants at the Hôtel de Ville. If the King did not promise impunity to such as will give him information necessary for his service, and which sometimes cannot be come at without involving evidence in a crime, how should the King be informed at all? There is a great deal of difference between patents of this nature and commissions granted on purpose to accuse you."

You might have seen fire in the face of every member. The first president called out "Order!" and said, "MM. de Beaufort, *le coadjuteur*, and Broussel, you are accused, and you must withdraw."

As Beaufort and I were leaving our seats, Broussel stopped us, saying: "Neither you, gentlemen, nor I are bound to depart till we are ordered to do so by the court. The first president, whom all the world knows to be our adversary, should go out if we must."

I added, "And M. le Prince," who thereupon said, with a scornful air:

"What, I? Must I retire?"

"Yes, yes, monsieur," said I, "justice is no respecter of persons."

The President de Mesmes said: "No, monseigneur, you must not go out unless the court orders you. If the coadjutor insists that your Highness retire, he must demand it by a petition. As for himself, he is accused, and therefore must go out; but, seeing he raises difficulties and objections to the contrary, we must put it to the vote." And it was passed that we should withdraw.

Meanwhile, most of the members passed encomiums upon us, satires upon the Ministry, and anathemas upon the witnesses for the Crown. Nor were the *curés* and the parishioners wanting in their duty on this occasion. The people came in shoals from all parts of Paris to the Parliament House. Nevertheless, no disrespect was shown either to the King's

brother or to M. le Prince; only some in their presence cried out: "God bless M. de Beaufort! God bless the coadjutor!"

M. de Beaufort told the first president next day that, the State and royal family being in danger, every moment was precious, and that the offenders ought to receive condign punishment, and that therefore the chambers ought to be assembled without loss of time. Broussel attacked the first president with a great deal of warmth. Eight or ten councillors entered immediately into the great chamber to testify their astonishment at the indolence and indifference of the house after such a furious conspiracy, and that so little zeal was shown to prosecute the criminals. MM. de Bignon and Talon, counsel for the Crown, alarmed the people by declaring that as for themselves they had no hand in the conclusions, which were ridiculous. The first president returned very calm answers, knowing well that we should have been glad to have put him into a passion in order to catch at some expression that might bear an exception in law.

On Christmas Day I preached such a sermon on Christian charity, without mentioning the present affairs, that the women even wept for the unjust persecution of an archbishop who had so great a tenderness for his very enemies.

On the twenty-ninth M. de Beaufort and I went to the Parliament House, accompanied by a body of 300 gentlemen, to make it appear that we were more than tribunes of the people, and to screen ourselves from the insults of the court party. We posted ourselves in the Fourth Chamber of the Inquests, among the courtiers, with whom we conversed very frankly, yet upon the least noise, when the debates ran high in the great chamber, we were ready to cut one another's throats eight or ten times every morning. We were all distrustful of one another, and I may venture to say there were not twenty persons in the House but were armed with daggers. As for myself, I had resolved to take none of those weapons inconsistent with my character, till one day, when it was expected the House would be more excited than usual, and then M. de Beaufort, seeing one end of the weapon peeping out of my pocket, exposed it to M. le Prince's captain of the guards and others, saying, "See, gentlemen, the coadjutor's prayer-

book." I understood the jest, but really I could not well digest it.

We petitioned the Parliament that the first president, being our sworn enemy, might be expelled the House, but it was put to the vote and carried by a majority of thirty-six that he should retain his station of judge.

Paris narrowly escaped a commotion at the time of the imprisonment of Belot, one of the syndics of the Hôtel de Ville annuitants, who, being arrested without a decree, Président de la Grange made it apear that there was nothing more contrary to the declaration for which they had formerly so exerted themselves. The first president maintaining the legality of his imprisonment, Daurat, a councillor of the third chamber, told him that he was amazed that a gentleman who was so lately near being expelled could be so resolute in violating the laws so flagrantly. Whereupon the first president rose in a passion, saying that there was neither order nor discipline in the House, and that he would resign his place to another for whom they had more respect. This motion put the great chamber all in a ferment, which was felt in the fourth, where the gentlemen of both parties hastened to support their respective sides, and if the most insignificant lackey had then but drawn a sword, Paris would have been all in an uproar.

We solicited very earnestly for our trial, which they delayed as much as it was in their power, because they could not choose but acquit us and condemn the Crown witnesses. Various were the pretences for putting it off, and though the informations were not of sufficient weight to hang a dog, yet they were read over and over at every turn to prolong the time.

The public began to be persuaded of our innocence, as also the Prince de Condé, and M. de Bouillon told me that he very much suspected it to be a trick of the cardinal's.

On January 1, 1650, Madame de Chevreuse, having a mind to visit the Queen, with whom she had carried on in all her disgrace an unaccountable correspondence, went to the King's palace. The cardinal, taking her aside in the Queen's little cabinet, said to her:

"You love the Queen. Is it not possible for you to make your friends love her?"

"How can that be?" said she; "the Queen is no more a queen, but a humble servant to M. le Prince."

"Good God!" replied the cardinal; "we might do great things if we could get some men into our interest. But M. de Beaufort is at the service of Madame de Montbazon, and she is devoted to Vigneul and the coadjutor"; at the mention of which he smiled. "I take you, monsieur," said Madame de Chevreuse; "I will answer for him and for her."

Thus the conversation began, and the cardinal making a sign to the Queen, Madame de Chevreuse had a long conference that night with her Majesty, who gave her this billet for me, written and signed with her own hand:

Notwithstanding what has passed and what is now doing, I cannot but persuade myself that M. le Coadjuteur is in my interest. I desire to see him, and that nobody may know it but Madame and Mademoiselle de Chevreuse. This name shall be your security. ANNE.

Being convinced that the Queen was downright angry with the Prince de Condé on account of a rumor spread abroad that he had some intriguing gallantries with her Majesty, I weighed all circumstances and returned this answer to the Queen:

Never was there one moment of my life wherein I was not devoted to your Majesty. I am so far from consulting my own safety that I would gladly die for your service. . . . I will go to any place your Majesty shall order me.

My answer, with the Queen's letter enclosed, was carried back by Madame de Chevreuse and well received. I went immediately to court, and was taken up the back staircase by the Queen's train-bearer to the *petit oratoire*, where her Majesty was shut up all alone. She showed me as much kindness as she could, considering her hatred against M. le Prince and her friendship for the cardinal, though the latter seemed the more to prevail, because in speaking of the civil wars and of the cardinal's friendship for me she called him "the poor cardinal" twenty times over. Half an hour after, the cardinal came in, who begged the Queen to dispense with the respect he owed her Majesty while he embraced me in her presence. He was pleased to say he was very sorry that he could not give me that very moment his own cardinal's cap. He talked so much of

favors, gratifications, and rewards that I was obliged to explain myself, knowing that nothing is more destructive of new reconciliations than a seeming unwillingness to be obliged to those to whom you are reconciled. I answered that the greatest recompense I could expect, though I had saved the Crown, was to have the honor of serving her Majesty, and I humbly prayed the Queen to give me no other recompense, that at least I might have the satisfaction to make her Majesty sensible that this was the only reward I valued.

The cardinal desired the Queen to command me to accept of the nomination to the cardinalate, "which," said he, "La Rivière has snatched with insolence and acknowledged with treachery." I excused myself by saying that I had taken a resolution never to accept of the cardinalship by any means which seemed to have relation to the civil wars, to the end that I might convince the Queen that it was the most rigid necessity which had separated me from her service. I rejected upon the same account all the other advantageous propositions he made me, and, he still insisting that the Queen could do no less than confer upon me something that was very considerable for the signal service I was likely to do her Majesty, I answered: "There is one point wherein the Queen can do me more good than if she gave me a triple crown. Her Majesty told me just now that she will cause M. le Prince to be apprehended. A person of his high rank and merit neither can nor ought to be always shut up in prison, for when he comes abroad he will be full of resentment against me, though I hope my dignity will be my protection. There are a great many gentlemen engaged with me who, in such a juncture, would be ready to serve the Queen. And if it seemed good to your Majesty to intrust one of them with some important employment, I should be more pleased than with ten cardinals' hats."

The cardinal told the Queen that nothing was more just, and the affair should be considered between him and me.

We had several conferences, at which we agreed on gratifications for some of our friends and to arrest the Prince de Condé, the Prince de Conti, and the Duc de Longueville.

The cardinal took occasion to speak of the treachery of La Rivière. "This man," said he, "takes me to be the most

stupid creature living, and thinks he shall be to-morrow a cardinal. I diverted myself to-day with letting him try on some scarlet cloth I lately received from Italy, and I put it near his face to know whether a scarlet color or carnation became him best."

I heard from Rome that his Eminence was not behindhand with La Rivière upon the score of treachery. For on the very day he got him nominated by the King, he wrote a letter to Cardinal Sachelli more fit to recommend him to a yellow cap than to a red one. This letter, nevertheless, was full of tenderness for La Rivière, which Mazarin knew was the only way to ruin him with Pope Innocent, who hated Mazarin and all his adherents.

Madame de Chevreuse undertook to see how the Duc d'Orléans would relish the design of imprisoning the princes. She told him that, though the Queen was not satisfied with M. le Prince, yet she could not form a resolution of apprehending him without the concurrence of his Royal Highness. She magnified the advantages of bringing over to the King's service the powerful faction of the Fronde, and the daily dangers Paris was exposed to, both by fire and sword. This last reason touched him as much or more than all, for he trembled every time he came to the Parliament; M. le Prince very often could not prevail upon him to go at all, and a fit of colic was generally assigned as the reason of his absence. At length he consented, and on January 18th the three princes were put under arrest by three officers of the Queen's Guards.

The people having a notion that M. de Beaufort was apprehended, ran to their arms, which I caused to be laid down immediately, by marching through the streets with flambeaux before me. M. de Beaufort did the like; and the night concluded with bonfires.

The Queen sent a letter from the King to the Parliament with the reasons, which were neither strong nor well set out, why the Prince de Condé was confined. However, we obtained a decree for our absolution.

The princesses were ordered to retire to Chantilly. Madame de Longueville went toward Normandy, but found no sanctuary there, for the Parliament of Rouen sent her a message to desire her to depart from the city. The Duc de

Richelieu would not receive her into Havre, and from there she retired to Dieppe.

M. de Bouillon, who after the peace was strongly attached to the Prince de Condé, went in great haste to Turenne; M. de Turenne got into Sténai; M. de La Rochefoucault, then Prince de Marsillac, returned home to Poitou; and Maréchal de Brézé, father-in-law to the Prince de Condé, went to Saumur.

There was a declaration published and registered in Parliament against them, whereby they were ordered to wait on the King within fifteen days, upon pain of being proceeded against as disturbers of the public peace and guilty of high treason.

The court carried all before them. Madame de Longueville, upon the King going into Normandy, escaped by sea into Holland, whence she went afterward to Arras, to try La Tour, one of her husband's pensioners, who offered her his person, but refused her the place. She repaired at last to Sténai, whither M. de Turenne went to meet her, with all the friends and servants of the confined princes that he could muster. The King went from Normandy to Burgundy, and returned to Paris crowned with laurels of victory.

The princess-dowager, who had been ordered to retire to Bourges, came with a petition to Parliament, praying for their protection to stay in Paris, and that she might have justice done her for the illegal confinement of the princes her children. She fell at the feet of the Duc d'Orléans, begged the protection of the Duc de Beaufort, and said to me that she had the honor to be my kinswoman. M. de Beaufort was very much perplexed what to do, and I was nearly ready to die for shame; but we could do nothing for her, and she was obliged to go to Valéry.

Several private annuitants, who had made a noise in the assemblies at the Hôtel de Ville, were afraid of being called to account, and therefore, after M. le Prince was arrested, they desired me to procure a general amnesty. I spoke about it to the cardinal, who seemed very pliable, and, showing me his hat-band, which was *à la mode de la Fronde*, said he hoped himself to be comprised in that amnesty; but he shuffled it off so long that it was not published and registered in Parliament

till May 12th, and it would not have been obtained then had not I threatened vigorously to prosecute the Crown witnesses, of which they were mightily apprehensive, being so conscious of the heinousness of their crime that two of them had already made their escape.

The present calm hardly deserved that name, for the storm of war began to rise again in several places at once.

Madame de Longueville and M. de Turenne made a treaty with the Spaniards, and the latter joined their army, which entered Picardy and besieged Guise, after having taken Catelet; but for want of provisions the archduke was obliged to raise the siege. M. de Turenne levied troops with Spanish money, and was joined by the greater part of the officers commanding the soldiers that went under the name of the prince's troops.

The wretched conduct of M. d'Épernon had so confounded the affairs of Guienne that nothing but his removal could retrieve them.

One of the greatest mischiefs which the despotic authority of ministers has occasioned in the world in these later times is a practice, occasioned by their own private mistaken interests, of always supporting superiors against their inferiors. It is a maxim borrowed from Machiavelli, whom few understand, and whom too many cry up for an able man because he was always wicked. He was very far from being a complete statesman, and was frequently out in his politics, but I think never more grossly mistaken than in this maxim, which I observed as a great weakness in Mazarin, who was therefore the less qualified to settle the affairs of Guienne, which were in so much confusion that I believe if the good sense of Jeannin and Villeroi had been infused into the brains of Cardinal de Richelieu, it would not have been sufficient to set them right.

Senneterre, perceiving that Cardinal Mazarin and I were not cordial friends, undertook to reconcile us, and for that end took me to the cardinal, who embraced me very tenderly, said he laid his heart upon the table—that was one of his usual phrases—and protested he would talk as freely to me as if I were his own son. I did not believe a word of what he said, but I assured his Eminence that I would speak to him as if he were my father, and I was as good as my word. I told him

I had no personal interest in view but to disengage myself from the public disturbances without any private advantage, and that for the same reason I thought myself obliged to come off with reputation and honor. I desired him to consider that my age and want of skill in public affairs could not give him any jealousy that I aimed to be the first minister. I conjured him to consider also that the influence I had over the people of Paris, supported by mere necessity, did rather reflect disgrace than honor upon my dignity, and that he ought to believe that this one reason was enough to make me impatient to be rid of all these public broils, beside a thousand other inconveniences arising every moment, which disgusted me with faction. And as for the dignity of cardinal, which might peradventure give him some umbrage, I could tell him very sincerely what had been and what was still my notion of this dignity, which I once foolishly imagined would be more honorable for me to despise than to enjoy. I mentioned this circumstance to let him see that in my tender years I was no admirer of the purple, and not very fond of it now, because I was persuaded that an Archbishop of Paris could hardly miss obtaining that dignity some time or other, according to form, by actions purely ecclesiastical; and that he should be loath to use any other means to procure it.

I said that I should be extremely sorry if my purple were stained with the least drop of blood spilt in the civil wars; that I was resolved to clear my hands of everything that savored of intrigue before I would make or suffer any step which had any tendency that way; that he knew that for the same reason I would neither accept money nor abbeys, and that, consequently, I was engaged by the public declarations I had made upon all those heads to serve the Queen without any interest; that the only end I had in view, and in which I never wavered, was to come off with honor, so that I might resume the spiritual functions belonging to my profession with safety; that I desired nothing from him but the accomplishment of an affair which would be more for the King's service than for my particular interest; that he knew that the day after the arrest of the prince he sent me with his promise to the annuitants of the Hôtel de Ville, and that for want of performance those men were persuaded that I was in concert with the court to deceive

them. Lastly, I told him that the access I had to the Duc d'Orléans might perhaps give him umbrage, but I desired him to consider that I never sought that honor, and that I was very sensible of the inconveniences attending it. I enlarged upon this head, which is the most difficult point to be understood by prime ministers, who are so fond of being freely admitted into a prince's presence that, notwithstanding all the experience in the world, they cannot help thinking that therein consists the essence of happiness.

When truth has come to a certain point, it darts such powerful rays of light as are irresistible, but I never knew a man who had so little regard for truth as Mazarin. He seemed, however, more regardful of it than usual, and I laid hold of the occasion to tell him of the dangerous consequences of the disturbances of Guienne, and that if he continued to support M. d'Épernon, the prince's faction would not let this opportunity slip; that if the Parliament of Bordeaux should engage in their party, it would not be long before that of Paris would do the same; that, after the late conflagration in this metropolis, he could not suppose but that there was still some fire hidden under the ashes; and that the factious party had reason to fear the heavy punishment to which the whole body of them was liable, as we ourselves were two or three months ago. The cardinal began to yield, especially when he was told that M. de Bouillon began to make a disturbance in the Limousin, where M. de La Rochefoucault had joined him with some troops.

To confirm our reconciliation, a marriage was proposed between my niece and his nephew, to which he gave his consent; but I was much averse to it, being not yet resolved to bury my family in that of Mazarin, nor did I set so great a value on grandeur as to purchase it with the public odium. However, it produced no animosity on either side, and his friends knew that I should be very glad to be employed in making a general peace; they acted their parts so well that the cardinal, whose love-fit for me lasted about a fortnight, promised me, as it were of his own accord, that I should be gratified.

News came about this time from Guienne that the Ducs de Bouillon and de La Rochefoucault had taken Madame la Princesse into Bordeaux, together with M. le Duc, her son.

The Parliament was not displeased with the people for receiving into their city M. le Duc, yet they observed more decorum than could be expected from the inhabitants of Gascogne, so irritated as they were against M. d'Épernon. They ordered that Madame la Princesse, M. le Duc, MM. de Bouillon and de La Rochefoucault should have liberty to stay in Bordeaux, provided they would promise to undertake nothing against the King's service, and that the petition of Madame la Princesse should be sent to the King with a most humble remonstrance from the Parliament against the confinement of the princes.

At the same time, one of the presidents sent word to Senneterre that the Parliament was not so far enraged but that they would still remember their loyalty to the King, provided he did but remove M. d'Épernon. But in case of any further delay he would not answer for the Parliament, and much less for the people, who, being now managed and supported by the prince's party, would in a little time make themselves masters of the Parliament. Senneterre did what he could to induce the cardinal to make good use of this advice, and M. de Châteauneuf, who was now chancellor, talked wonderfully well upon the point, but seeing the cardinal gave no return to his reasons but by exclaiming against the Parliament of Bordeaux for sheltering men condemned by the King's declaration, he said to him very plainly: "Set out to-morrow, monsieur, if you do not arrange matters to-day; you should have been by this time upon the Garonne."

The event proved that Châteauneuf was in the right, for though the Parliament was very excited, they stood out a long time against the madness of the people, spurred on by M. de Bouillon, and issued a decree ordering an envoy of Spain, who was sent thither to commence a treaty with the Duc de Bouillon, to depart the city, and forbade any of their body to visit such as had correspondence with Spain, the princess herself not excepted. Moreover, the mob having undertaken to force the Parliament to unite with the princes, the Parliament armed the magistracy, who fired upon the people and made them retire.

A little time before the King departed for Guienne, which was in the beginning of July, word came that the Parliament of Bordeaux had consented to a union with the princes, and had

sent a deputy to the Parliament of Paris, who had orders to see neither the King nor the ministers, and that the whole province was disposed for a revolt. The cardinal was in extreme consternation, and commended himself to the favor of the meanest man of the Fronde with the greatest suppleness imaginable.

As soon as the King came to the neighborhood of Bordeaux the deputies of Parliament, who went to meet the court at Lebourne, were peremptorily commanded to open the gates of the city to the King and to all his troops. They answered that one of their privileges was to guard the King themselves while he was in any of their towns. Upon this, Maréchal de La Meilleraye seized the castle of Vaire, in the command of Pichon, whom the cardinal ordered to be hanged; and M. de Bouillon hanged an officer in Meilleraye's army by way of reprisal.

After that the marshal besieged the city in form, which, despairing of succor from Spain, was forced to capitulate upon the following terms:

That a general pardon should be granted to all who had taken up arms and treated with Spain, that all the soldiers should be disbanded except those whom the King had a mind to keep in his pay, that Madame la Princesse and the duke should be at liberty to reside either in Anjou or at Mouzon, with no more than two hundred foot and sixty horse, and that M. d'Épernon should be recalled from the government of Guienne.

The princess had an interview with both the King and Queen, at which there were great conferences between the cardinal and the Ducs de Bouillon and de La Rochefoucault.

The deputy from Bordeaux, arriving at Paris soon after the King's departure, went immediately to Parliament, and, after an eloquent harangue, presented a letter from the Parliament of Bordeaux, together with their decrees, and demanded a union between the two Parliaments. After some debates it was resolved that the deputy should deliver his credentials in writing, which should be presented to his Majesty by the deputies of the Parliament of Paris, who would, at the same time, most humbly beseech the Queen to restore peace to Guienne.

The Duc d'Orléans was against debating about the petition to the Queen for the liberation of the princes and the banish-

ment of Cardinal Mazarin; nevertheless, many of the members voted for it, upon a motion made by the Président Viole, who was a warm partisan of the Prince de Condé, not because he had hopes of carrying it, but on purpose to embarrass M. de Beaufort and myself upon a subject of which we did not care to speak, and yet did not dare to be altogether silent about, without passing in some measure for Mazarinists. Président Viole did the prince a great deal of service on this occasion, for Bourdet—a brave soldier, who had been captain of the guards and was attached to the interest of the prince—performed an action which emboldened the party very much, though it had no success. He dressed himself and four score other officers of his troops in mason's clothes, and having assembled many of the dregs of the people, to whom he had distributed money, came directly to the Duc d'Orléans as he was going out, and cried, "No Mazarin! God bless the princes!" His Royal Highness, at this apparition and the firing of a brace of pistols at the same time by Bourdet, ran to the great chamber; but M. de Beaufort stood his ground so well with the duke's guards and our men, that Bourdet was repulsed and thrown down the Parliament stairs.

But the confusion in the great chamber was still worse. There were daily assemblies, wherein the cardinal was severely attacked, and the prince's party had the pleasure of exposing us as his accomplices. What is very strange is that at the same time the cardinal and his friends accused us of corresponding with the Parliament of Bordeaux, because we maintained, in case the court did not adjust affairs there, we would infallibly bring the Parliament of Paris into the interest of the prince. If I were at the point of death I should have no need to be confessed on account of my behavior on this occasion. I acted with as much sincerity in this juncture as if I had been the cardinal's nephew, though really it was not out of any love to him, but because I thought myself obliged in prudence to oppose the progress of the prince's faction, owing to the foolish conduct of his enemies; and to this end I was obliged to oppose the flattery of the cardinal's tools as much as the efforts made by those who were in the service of the prince.

On September 3d Président Bailleul returned with the other

deputies, and made a report in Parliament of his journey to court; it was, in brief, that the Queen thanked the Parliament for their good intentions, and had commanded them to assure the Parliament in her name that she was ready to restore peace to Guienne, and that it would have been done before now had not M. de Bouillon, who had treated with the Spaniards, made himself master of Bordeaux, and thereby cut off the effects of his Majesty's goodness.

The Duc d'Orléans informed the House that he had received a letter from the archduke, signifying that the King of Spain having sent him full powers to treat for a general peace, he desired earnestly to negotiate it with him. But his Royal Highness added that he did not think it proper to return him any answer till he had the opinion of the Parliament. The trumpeter who brought the letter gathered a party at Tiroir cross, and spoke very seditious words to the people. The next day they found libels posted up and down the city in the name of M. de Turenne, setting forth that the archduke was coming with no other disposition than to make peace, and in one of them were these words: "It is your business, Parisians, to solicit your false tribunes, who have turned at last pensioners and protectors of Mazarin, who have for so long a time sported with your fortunes and repose, and spurred you on, kept you back, and made you hot or cold, according to the caprices and different progress of their ambition."

You see the state and condition the Frondeurs were in at this juncture, when they could not move one step but to their own disadvantage. The Duc d'Orléans spoke to me that night with a great deal of bitterness against the cardinal, which he had never done before, and said he had been tricked by him twice, and that he was ruining himself, the State, and all of us, and would, by so doing, place the Prince de Condé upon the throne. In short, monsieur owned that it was not yet time to humble the cardinal. "Therefore," said M. Bellièvre, "let us be upon our guard; this man can give us the slip any moment."

Next day a letter was sent from the Prince de Condé, by the Baron de Verderonne, to the archduke, desiring him to name the time, place, and persons for a treaty. The baron returned with a letter from the archduke to his Royal Highness, desiring that the conferences might be held between Rheims and

Rhétel, and that they might meet there personally, with such others as they should think fit to bring with them. The court was surprised, but, however, did not think fit to delay sending full powers to his Royal Highness to treat for peace on such terms as he thought reasonable and advantageous for the King's service; and there were joined with him, though in subordination, MM. Molé, the first president, d'Avaux, and myself, with the title of ambassadors extraordinary and plenipotentiaries. M. d'Avaux obliged me to assure Don Gabriel de Toledo, in private, that if the Spaniards would but come to reasonable terms, we would conclude a peace with them in two days' time. And his Royal Highness said that Don Gabriel being a lover of money, I should promise him for his part 100,000 crowns if the conference that was proposed ended in a peace, and bid him tell the archduke that, if the Spaniards proposed reasonable terms, he would sign and have them registered in Parliament before Mazarin should know anything of the matter.

Don Gabriel received the overture with joy; he had some particular fancies, but Fuensaldagne, who had a particular kindness for him, said that he was the wisest fool he ever saw in his life. I have remarked more than once that this sort of man cannot persuade, but can insinuate perfectly well, and that the talent of insinuation is of more service than that of persuasion, because one may insinuate to a hundred where one can hardly persuade five.

The King of England, after having lost the battle of Worcester, arrived in Paris the day that Don Gabriel set out—September 13, 1651. My Lord Taff was his great chamberlain, *valet de chambre*, clerk of the kitchen, cup-bearer, and all—an equipage answerable to his court, for his Majesty had not changed his shirt all the way from England. Upon his arrival at Paris, indeed, he had one lent him by my Lord Jermyn; but the Queen, his mother, had not money to buy him another for the next day. The Duc d'Orléans went to compliment his Majesty upon his arrival, but it was not in my power to persuade his Royal Highness to give his nephew one penny, because, said he, "a little would not be worth his acceptance, and a great deal would engage me to do as much hereafter." This leads me to make the following digression: that there is

nothing so wretched as to be a minister to a prince, and, at the same time, not his favorite; for it is his favor only that gives one a power over the more minute concerns of the family, for which the public does, nevertheless, think a minister accountable when they see he has power over affairs of far greater consequence.

Therefore I was not in a condition to oblige his Royal Highness by assisting the King of England with a thousand pistoles, for which I was horridly ashamed, both upon his account and my own; but I borrowed fifteen hundred for him from M. Morangis, and carried them to my Lord Taff.[1] It is remarkable that the same night, as I was going home, I met one Tilney, an Englishman whom I had formerly known at Rome, who told me that Vere, a great parliamentarian and a favorite of Cromwell, had arrived in Paris and had orders to see me. I was a little puzzled; however, I judged it would be improper to refuse him an interview. Vere gave me a brief letter from Cromwell in the nature of credentials, importing that the sentiments I had enunciated in the "Defence of Public Liberty" added to my reputation, and had induced Cromwell to desire to enter with me into the strictest friendship. The letter was in the main wonderfully civil and complaisant. I answered it with a great deal of respect, but in such a manner as became a true Catholic and an honest Frenchman. Vere appeared to be a man of surprising abilities.

I now return to our own affairs. I was told as a mighty secret that Tellier had orders from the cardinal to remove the princes from the Bois de Vincennes if the enemy were likely to come near the place, and that he should endeavor by all means to procure the consent of the Duc d'Orléans for that end; but that, in case of refusal, these orders should be executed notwithstanding, and that he should endeavor to gain me to these measures by the means of Madame de Chevreuse. When Tellier came to me I assured him that it was all one, both to me and the Duc d'Orléans, whether the princes were removed or not, but since my opinion was desired, I must declare that I think nothing can be more contrary to the true interest of the King; "for," said I, "the Spaniards must gain

[1] Lord Clarendon extols the civilities of Cardinal de Retz to King Charles II, and has reported a curious conversation which the cardinal had with that prince.

a battle before they can come to Vincennes, and when there they must have a flying camp to invest the place before they can deliver the princes from confinement, and therefore I am convinced that there is no necessity for their removal, and I do affirm that all unnecessary changes in matters which are in themselves disagreeable are pernicious, because odious.

"I will maintain, further, that there is less reason to fear the Duc d'Orléans and the Frondeurs than to dread the Spaniards. Suppose that his Royal Highness is more disaffected toward the court than anybody; suppose further that M. de Beaufort and I have a mind to relieve the princes, in what way could we do it? Is not the whole garrison in that castle in the King's service? Has his Royal Highness any regular troops to besiege Vincennes? And, granting the Frondeurs to be the greatest fools imaginable, will they expose the people of Paris at a siege which two thousand of the King's troops might raise in a quarter of an hour though it consist of a hundred thousand citizens? I therefore conclude that the removal would be altogether impolitic. Does it not look rather as if the cardinal feigns apprehension of the Spaniards only as a pretence to make himself master of the princes, and to dispose of their persons at pleasure? The generality of the people, being Frondeurs, will conclude you take the Prince de Condé out of their hands—whom they look upon to be safe while they see him walking upon the battlements of his prison—and that you will give him his liberty when you please, and thus enable him to besiege Paris a second time.

"On the other hand, the prince's party will improve this removal very much to their own advantage by the compassion such a spectacle will raise in the people when they see three princes dragged in chains from one prison to another. I was really mistaken just now when I said the case was all one to me, for I see that I am nearly concerned, because the people —in which word I include the Parliament—will cry out against it; I must be then obliged, for my own safety, to say I did not approve of the resolution. Then the court will be informed that I find fault with it, and not only that, but that I do it in order to raise the mob and discredit the cardinal, which, though ever so false, yet in consequence the people will firmly believe it, and thus I shall meet with the same treatment I

met with in the beginning of the late troubles, and what I even now experience in relation to the affairs of Guienne. I am said to be the cause of these troubles because I foretold them, and I was said to encourage the revolt at Bordeaux because I was against the conduct that occasioned it."

Tellier, in the Queen's name, thanked me for my unresisting disposition, and made the same proposal to his Royal Highness; upon which I spoke, not to second Tellier, who pleaded for the necessity of the removal, to which I could by no means be reconciled, but to make it evident to his Royal Highness that he was not in any way concerned in it in his own private capacity, and that, in case the Queen did command it positively, it was his duty to obey. M. de Beaufort opposed it so furiously as to offer the Duc d'Orléans to attack the guards which were to remove him. I had solid reasons to dissuade him from it, to the last of which he submitted, it being an argument which I had from the Queen's own mouth when she set out for Guienne, that Bar offered to assassinate the princes if it should happen that he was not in a condition to hinder their escape. I was astonished when her Majesty trusted me with this secret, and imagined that the cardinal had possessed her with a fear that the Frondeurs had a design to seize the person of the Prince de Condé. For my part, I never dreamed of such a thing in my life. The Ducs d'Orléans and de Beaufort were both shocked at the thought of it, and, in short, it was agreed that his Royal Highness should give his consent for the removal, and that M. de Beaufort and myself should not give it out among the people that we approved of it.

The day that the princes were removed to Marcoussi Président Bellièvre told the keeper of the seals in plain terms, that if he continued to treat me as he had done hitherto, he should be obliged in honor to give his testimony to the truth. To which the keeper of the seals returned this blunt answer: "The princes are no longer in sight of Paris; the coadjutor must not therefore talk so loud."

I return now to the Parliament, which was so moderate at this time that the cardinal was hardly mentioned, and they agreed, *nemine contradicente*, that the Parliament should send deputies to Bordeaux to know once for all if that Parliament was for peace or not.

Soon after this the Parliament of Toulouse wrote to that of Paris concerning the disturbances in Guienne, part whereof belonged to their jurisdiction, and expressly demanded a decree of union. But the Duc d'Orléans warded off the blow very dexterously, which was of great consequence, and, more by his address than by his authority, brought the Parliament to dismiss the deputies with civil answers and insignificant expressions, upon which Président Bellièvre said to me, "What pleasure should we not take in acting as we do if it were for persons that had but the sense to appreciate it!"

The Parliament did not continue long in that calm. They passed a decree to interrogate the State prisoners in the Bastille, broke out sometimes like a whirlwind, with thunder and lightning, against Cardinal Mazarin; at other times they complained of the misapplication of the public funds. We had much ado to ward off the blows, and should not have been able to hold out long against the fury of the waves but for the news of the Peace of Bordeaux, which was registered there on October 1, 1650, and put the Prince de Condé's party into consternation.

One mean artifice of Cardinal Mazarin's polity was always to entertain some men of our own party, with whom, half reconciled, he played fast and loose before our eyes, and was eternally negotiating with them, deceiving and being deceived in his turn. The consequence of all this was a great, thick cloud, wherein the Frondeurs themselves were at last involved; but which they burst with a thunderclap.

The cardinal, being puffed up with his success in settling the troubles of Guienne, thought of nothing else than crowning his triumph by chastising the Frondeurs, who, he said, had made use of the King's absence to alienate the Duc d'Orléans from his service, to encourage the revolt at Bordeaux, and to make themselves masters of the persons of the princes. At the same time, he told the Princess Palatine that he detested the cruel hatred I bore to the Prince de Condé, and that the propositions I made daily to him on that score were altogether unworthy of a Christian. Yet he suggested to the Duc d'Orléans that I made great overtures to him to be reconciled to the court, but that he could not trust me, because I was from morning to night negotiating with the friends of the Prince de

Condé. Thus the cardinal rewarded me for what I did with incredible application and, I must say, uncommon sincerity for the Queen's service during the court's absence. I do not mention the dangers I was in twice or thrice a day, surpassing even those of soldiers in battles. For imagine, I beseech you, what pain and anguish I must have been in at hearing myself called a Mazarinist, and at having to bear all the odium annexed to that hateful appellation in a city where he made it his business to destroy me in the opinion of a prince whose nature it was to be always in fear and to trust none but such as hoped to rise by my fall.

The cardinal gave himself such airs after the peace at Bordeaux that some said my best way would be to retire before the King's return.

Cardinal Mazarin had been formerly secretary to Pancirole, the Pope's nuncio for the peace of Italy, whom he betrayed, and it was proved that he had a secret correspondence with the Governor of Milan. Pancirole, being created cardinal and secretary of state to the Church, did not forget the perfidiousness of his secretary, now created cardinal by Pope Urban, at the request of Cardinal de Richelieu, and did not at all endeavor to qualify the anger which Pope Innocent had conceived against Mazarin after the assassination of one of his nephews, in conjunction with Cardinal Anthony.[2] Pancirole, who thought he could not affront Mazarin more than by contributing to make me cardinal, did me all the kind offices with Pope Innocent, who gave him leave to treat with me in that affair.

Madame de Chevreuse told the Queen all that she had observed in my conduct in the King's absence, and what she had seen was certainly one continued series of considerable services done to the Queen. She recounted at last all the injustice done me, the contempt put upon me, and the just grounds of my diffidence, which, she said, of necessity ought to be removed, and that the only means of removing it was the hat. The Queen was in a passion at this. The cardinal defended himself, not by an open denial, for he had offered it me several times, but by recommending patience, intimating that a great monarch

[2] Anthony Barberini, nephew to Urban VIII, created cardinal 1628, made protector of the crown of France 1633, and great almoner of the kingdom 1653. He was afterward Bishop of Poitiers, and, lastly, Archbishop of Rheims in 1657. He died in 1671.

should be forced to nothing. Monsieur, seconding Madame de Chevreuse in her attack, assailed the cardinal, who, at least in appearance, gave way, out of respect for his Royal Highness. Madame de Chevreuse, having brought them to parley, did not doubt that she should also bring them to capitulate, especially when she saw the Queen was appeased, and had told his Royal Highness that she was infinitely obliged to him, and would do what her council judged most proper and reasonable. This council, which was only a specious name, consisted only of the cardinal, the keeper of the seals, Tellier, and Servien.

The matter was proposed to the council by the cardinal with much importunity, concluding with a most submissive petition to the Queen to condescend to the demand of the Duc d'Orléans, and to what the services and merits of the coadjutor demanded. The proposition was rejected with such resolution and contempt as is very unusual in council in opposition to a prime minister. Tellier and Servien thought it sufficient not to applaud him; but the keeper of the seals quite forgot his respect for the cardinal, accused him of prevarication and weakness, and threw himself at her Majesty's feet, conjuring her in the name of the King her son, not to authorize, by an example which he called fatal, the insolence of a subject who was for wresting favors from his sovereign, sword in hand. The Queen was moved at this, and the poor cardinal owned he had been too easy and pliant.

I had myself given a very natural handle to my adversaries to expose me so egregiously. I have been guilty of many blunders, but I think this is the grossest that I ever was guilty of in all my life. I have frequently made this observation, that when men have, through fear of miscarriage, hesitated a long time about any undertaking of consequence, the remaining impressions of their fear commonly push them afterward with too much precipitancy upon the execution of their design. And this was my case. It was with the greatest reluctance that I determined to accept the dignity of a cardinal, because I thought it too mean to form a pretension to it without certainty of success; and no sooner was I engaged in the pursuit of it but the impression of the former fearful ideas hurried me on, as it were, to the end, that I might get as soon as possible out of the disagreeable state of uncertainty.

The cardinal would have paid my debts, given me the place of grand almoner, etc.; but if he had added twelve cardinals' hats into the bargain, I should have begged his excuse. I was now engaged with Monsieur, who had, meanwhile, resolved upon the release of the princes from their confinement.

Cardinal Mazarin, after his return to Paris, made it his chief study to divide the Fronde. He thought to materially weaken my interest with Monsieur by detaching from me Madame de Chevreuse, for whom he had a natural tenderness, and to give me a mortal blow by embroiling me with mademoiselle her daughter. To do this effectually he found a rival, who, he hoped, would please her better, namely, M. d'Aumale, handsome as Apollo, and one who was very likely to suit the temper of Mademoiselle de Chevreuse. He had entirely devoted himself to the cardinal's interest, looked upon himself as very much honored by this commission, and haunted the palace of Chevreuse so diligently that I did not doubt but that he was sent thither to act the second part of the comedy which had miscarried so shamefully in the hands of M. de Candale. I watched all his movements, and complained to Mademoiselle de Chevreuse, but she gave me indirect answers. I began to be out of humor, and was soon appeased. I grew peevish again; and Mademoiselle de Chevreuse saying in his presence, to please me and to sting him, that she could not imagine how it was possible to bear a silly fellow, "Pardon me, mademoiselle," replied I, "we suffer fops sometimes very patiently for the sake of their extravagances." This man was notoriously foppish and extravagant. My answer pleased, and we soon got rid of him at the palace of Chevreuse. But he thought to have despatched me, for he hired one Grandmaison, a ruffian, to assassinate me, who apprised me of his design. The first time I met M. d'Aumale, which was at the Duc d'Orléans's house, I did not fail to let him know it; but I told it him in a whisper, saying that I had too much respect for the house of Savoy to publish it to the world. He denied the fact, but in such a manner as to make it more evident, because he conjured me to keep it secret. I gave him my word, and I kept it.

Madame de Guéménée, with whom I had several quarrels, proposed to the Queen likewise to despatch me, by shutting me up in a greenhouse in her garden, which she might easily

have done, because I often went to her alone by night; but the cardinal, fearing that the people would have suspected him as the author of my sudden disappearance, would not enter into the project, so it was dropped.

To return to our negotiations for the freedom of the princes. The Duc d'Orléans was with much difficulty induced to sign the treaty by which a marriage was stipulated between Mademoiselle de Chevreuse and the Prince de Conti, and to promise not to oppose my promotion to the dignity of a cardinal. The princes were as active in the whole course of these negotiations as if they had been at liberty. We wrote to them, and they to us, and a regular correspondence between Paris and Lyons was never better established than ours. Bar,[3] their warder, was a very shallow fellow; besides, men of sense are sometimes outwitted.

Cardinal Mazarin, upon his return with the King from Guienne, was greatly pleased with the acclamations of the mob, but he soon grew weary of them, for the Frondeurs still kept the wall.

The cardinal being continually provoked at Paris by the Abbé Fouquet, who sought to make himself necessary, and being so vain as to think himself qualified to command an army, marched abruptly out of Paris for Champagne, with a design to retake Rhétel and Château-Portien, of which the enemy were possessed, and where M. de Turenne proposed to winter.

On the feast of Saint Martin, the first president and the Attorney-General Talon exhorted the Parliament to be peaceable, that the enemies of the State might have no advantage. A petition was read from Madame la Princesse, desiring that the princes should be brought to the Louvre and remain in the custody of one of the King's officers, and that the solicitor-general be sent for to say what he had to allege against their innocence, and that in case he should have nothing solid to offer they be set at liberty.

The Chambers, being assembled on the seventh of December, to take the affair into consideration, Talon, the attorney-general, informed the House that the Queen had sent for the King's council, and ordered them to let the Parliament know

[3] Bar was, according to M. Joy, an unsociable man, who was for raising his fortune by using the princes badly, and who, on this account, was often the dupe of Montreuil, secretary to the Prince de Conti.

that it was her pleasure that the House should not take any cognizance of the Princess's petition, because everything that had relation to the confinement of the princes belonged to the royal authority. Talon made a motion that the Parliament should depute some members to carry the petition to the Queen, and to beseech her Majesty to take it into her consideration. At the same time another petition was presented from Mademoiselle de Longueville, for the liberty of the duke her father, and that she might have leave to stay in Paris to solicit it.

No sooner was this petition read than a letter from the three princes was presented and read, praying that they might be brought to trial or set at liberty.

On the ninth day of the month an order was brought to the Parliament from the King, commanding the House to suspend all deliberations on this subject till they had first sent their deputies to court to know his Majesty's pleasure.

Deputies were sent immediately, to whom, accordingly, the Queen gave audience in bed, telling them that she was very much indisposed. The keeper of the seals added that it was the King's pleasure that the Parliament should not meet at all until such time as the Queen his mother had recovered her health.

On the tenth the House resolved to adjourn only to the fourteenth, and on that day a general procession was proposed to the archbishop by the dean of Parliament, to beg that God would inspire them with such counsels only as might be for the good of the public.

On the fourteenth they received the King's letter, forbidding their debates, and informing them that the Queen would satisfy them very speedily about the affair of the princes; but this letter was disregarded. They sent a deputation to invite the Duc d'Orléans to come to the House, but, after consulting with the Queen, he told the deputies that he did not care to go, that the assembly was too noisy, that he could not divine what they would be at, that the affairs in debate were never known to fall under their cognizance, and that they had nothing else to do but to refer the said petitions to the Queen.

On the eighteenth news came that Maréchal du Plessis had gained a signal victory over M. de Turenne, who was coming to succor Rhétel, but found it already surrendered to Maré-

chal du Plessis; and the Spanish garrison, endeavoring to retreat, was forced to an engagement on the plains of Saumepuis; that about 2,000 men were killed upon the spot, among the rest a brother of the Elector Palatine, and six colonels, and that there were nearly 4,000 prisoners, the most considerable of whom were several persons of note, and all the colonels, beside twenty colors and eighty-four standards. You may easily guess at the consternation of the princes' party; my house was all night filled with the lamentations of despairing mourners, and I found the Duc d'Orléans, as it were, struck dumb.

On the nineteenth, as I went to the Parliament House, the people looked melancholy, dejected, and frightened out of their wits. The members were afraid to open their mouths, and nobody would mention the name of Mazarin except Ménardeau Champré, who spoke of him with encomiums, by giving him the honor of the victory of Rhétel, and then he moved the House to entreat the Queen to put the princes into the hands of that good and wise minister, who would be as careful of them as he had been hitherto of the State. I wondered most of all that this man was not hissed in the House, and especially as he passed through the great hall. This circumstance, together with what I saw that afternoon in every street, convinced me how much our friends were dispirited, and I therefore resolved next day to raise their courage. I knew the first president to be purblind, and such men greedily swallow every new fact which confirms them in their first impression. I knew likewise the cardinal to be a man that supposed everybody had a back door. The only way of dealing with men of that stamp is to make them believe that you design to deceive those whom you earnestly endeavor to serve.

For this reason, on the twentieth, I declaimed against the disorders of the State, and showed that it having pleased Almighty God to bless his Majesty's arms and to remove the public enemy from our frontiers by the victory gained over them by Maréchal du Plessis, we ought now to apply ourselves seriously to the healing of internal wounds of the State, which are the more dangerous because they are less obvious. To this I thought fit to add that I was obliged to mention the general oppression of the subjects at a time when we had nothing more to fear from the lately routed Spaniards; that,

as one of the props of the public safety was the preservation of the royal family, I could not without the utmost concern see the princes breathe the unwholesome air of Havre-de-Grâce, and that I was of opinion that the House should humbly entreat the King to remove them, at least to some place more healthy. At this speech everybody regained their courage and concluded that all was not yet lost. It was observed that the people's countenances were altered. Those in the great hall resumed their former zeal, made the usual acclamations as we went out, and I had that day three hundred carriages of visitors.

On the twenty-second the debate was continued, and it was more and more observed that the Parliament did not follow the triumphant chariot of Cardinal Mazarin, whose imprudence in hazarding the fate of the whole kingdom in the last battle was set off with all the disadvantages that could be invented to tarnish the victory.

The thirtieth crowned the work, and produced a decree for making most humble remonstrances to the Queen for the liberty of the princes and for Mademoiselle de Longueville staying in Paris.

It was further resolved to send a deputation to the Duc d'Orléans, to desire his Royal Highness to use his interest on this occasion in favor of the said princes.

The King's council having waited on her Majesty with the remonstrances aforesaid, she pretended to be under medical treatment, and put off the matter a week longer. The Duc d'Orléans also gave an ambiguous answer. The Queen's course of treatment continued eight or ten days longer than she imagined, or, rather, than she said, and consequently the remonstrances of the Parliament were not made till January 20, 1651.

On the twenty-eighth the first president made his report, and said the Queen had promised to return an answer in a few days.

It happened very luckily for us at this time that the imprudence of the cardinal was greater than the inconstancy of the Duc d'Orléans, for a little before the Queen returned an answer to the remonstrances, he talked very roughly to the duke in the Queen's presence, charging him with putting too much

confidence in me. The very day that the Queen made the aforesaid answer he spoke yet more arrogantly to the duke in her Majesty's apartment, comparing M. de Beaufort and myself to Cromwell and Fairfax in the House of Commons in England, and exclaimed furiously in the King's presence, so that he frightened the duke, who was glad he got out of the King's palace with a whole skin, and who said that he would never put himself again in the power of that furious woman, meaning the Queen, because she had improved on what the cardinal had said to the King. I resolved to strike the iron while it was hot, and joined with M. de Beaufort to persuade his Royal Highness to declare himself the next day in Parliament. We showed him that, after what had lately passed, there was no safety for his person, and if the King should go out of Paris, as the cardinal designed, we should be engaged in a civil war, whereof he alone, with the city of Paris, must bear the heavy load; that it would be equally scandalous and dangerous for his Royal Highness either to leave the princes in chains, after having treated with them, or, by his dilatory proceedings, suffer Mazarin to have all the honor of setting them at liberty, and that he ought by all means to go to the Parliament House.

The duchess, too, seconded us, and upon his Highness saying that if he went to the House to declare against the court the cardinal would be sure to take his Majesty out of Paris, the duchess replied, "What, monsieur, are you not lieutenant-general of France? Do not you command the army? Are you not master of the people? I myself will undertake that the King shall not go out of Paris." The duke nevertheless remained inflexible, and all we could get out of him was that he would consent to my telling the Parliament, in his name, what we desired he should say himself. In a word, he would have me make the experiment, the success of which he looked upon to be very uncertain, because he thought the Parliament would have nothing to say against the Queen's answer, and that if I succeeded he should reap the honor of the proposition. I readily accepted the commission, because all was at stake, and if I had not executed it the next morning I am sure the cardinal would have eluded setting the princes at liberty a great while longer, and the affair have ended in a negotiation with them

against the duke. The duchess, who saw that I exposed myself for the public good, pitied me very much. She did all she could to persuade the duke to command me to mention to the Parliament what the cardinal had told the King with relation to Cromwell, Fairfax, and the English Parliament, which, if declared in the duke's name, she thought would excite the House the more against Mazarin; and she was certainly in the right. But he forbade me expressly.

I ran about all night to incite the members at their first meeting to murmur at the Queen's answer, which in the main was very plausible, importing that, though this affair did not fall within the cognizance of Parliament, the Queen would, however, out of her abundant goodness, have regard to their supplications and restore the princes to liberty. Besides, it promised a general amnesty to all who had borne arms in their favor, on condition only that M. de Turenne should lay down his arms, that Madame de Longueville should renounce her treaty with Spain, and that Sténai and Murzon should be evacuated.

At first the Parliament seemed to be dazzled with it, but next day, February 1st, the whole House was undeceived, and wondered how it had been so deluded. The Court of Inquests began to murmur; Viole stood up and said that the Queen's answer was but a snare laid for the Parliament to beguile them; that March 12th, the time fixed for the King's coronation, was just at hand; and that as soon as the court was out of Paris they would laugh at the Parliament. At this discourse the old and new Fronde stood up, and when I saw they were greatly excited, I waved my cap and said that the duke had commanded me to inform the House that the regard he had for their sentiments having confirmed him in those he always naturally entertained of his cousins, he was resolved to concur with them for procuring their liberty, and to contribute everything in his power to effect it; and it is incredible what influence these few words had upon the whole assembly. I was astonished at it myself. The wisest senators seemed as mad as the common people, and the people madder than ever. Their acclamations exceeded anything you can imagine, and, indeed, nothing less was sufficient to give heart to the duke, who had all night been bringing forth new projects with more sorrowful pangs and

throes (as the duchess expressed it) than ever she had felt when in labor with all her children.

When he was fully informed of the good success of his declaration, he embraced me several times before all the company, and M. Tellier going to wait upon him from the Queen, to know if he acknowledged what I had said in his name in the House, "Yes," replied he, "I own, and always will own, all that he shall say or act in my name." We thought that after a solemn declaration of this nature the duke would not scruple to take all the necessary precautions to prevent the cardinal carrying away the King, and to that end the duchess did propose to have all the gates of the city well guarded, under pretence of some popular tumults. But he was deaf to all she said, pretending that he was loath to make his King a prisoner.

On February 2, 1651, the duke, urged very importunately by the princes' party informing him that their liberty depended on it, told them that he was going to perform an action which would remove all their diffidence. He sent immediately for the keeper of the seals, Maréchal Villeroi, and Tellier, and bade them tell the Queen that he would never come to the Palais Royal as long as Mazarin was there, and that he could no longer treat with a man that ruined the State. And, then, turning toward Maréchal Villeroi, "I charge you," said he, "with the King's person; you shall be answerable for him to me." I was sadly afraid this would be a means to hasten the King's departure, which was what we dreaded most of all, and I wondered that the cardinal did not remove after such a declaration. I thought his head was turned, and indeed I was told that he was beside himself for a fortnight together.

The duke having openly declared against Mazarin, and being resolved to attack and drive him out of the kingdom, bade me inform the House next day, in his name, how the cardinal had compared their body to the Rump Parliament in England, and some of their members to Cromwell and Fairfax. I improved upon this as much as possible, and I dare say that so much heat and ferment was never seen in any society before. Some were for sending the cardinal a personal summons to appear on the spot, to give an account of his administration; but the most moderate were for making most humble remonstrances to the

Queen for his removal. You may easily guess what a thunderclap this must have been to the court. The Queen asked the duke whether she might bring the cardinal to his Royal Highness. His answer was that he did not think it good for the safety of his own person. She offered to come alone to confer with his Highness at the Palais d'Orléans, but he excused himself with a great deal of respect.

He sent orders an hour after to the marshals of France to obey him only, as lieutenant-general of the State, and likewise to the *prévôts des marchands* not to take up arms except by his authority. You will wonder, without doubt, that after all this noise no care was taken of the gates of Paris to prevent the King's departure. The duchess, who trembled at the thoughts of it, daily redoubled her endeavors to induce the duke to secure the gates of the city, but all to no purpose; for weak minds are generally deficient in some respect or other.

On the fourth the duke came to the Parliament and assured the assembly of his concurrence in everything to reform the State and to procure the liberty of the princes and the cardinal's removal. As soon as his Royal Highness had done speaking, the master of the ceremonies was admitted with a letter from the King, which was read, and which required the House to separate, and to send as many deputies as they could to the Palais Royal to hear the King's will and pleasure. Deputies were accordingly sent immediately, for whose return the bulk of the members stayed in the great chamber. I was informed that this was one trick among others concerted to ruin me, and, telling the Duc d'Orléans of it, he said that if the old buffoon, the keeper of the seals, was concerned in such a complication of folly and knavery, he deserved to be hanged by the side of Mazarin. But the sequel showed that I was not out in my information.

As soon as the deputies were come to the Palais Royal, the first president told the Queen that the Parliament was extremely concerned that the princes were still confined, notwithstanding her royal promise for setting them at liberty. The Queen replied that Maréchal de Grammont was sent to release them and to see to their necessary security for the public tranquillity, but that she had sent for them in relation to another affair, which the keeper of the seals would explain to

them, and which he couched in a sanguinary manifesto, in substance as follows:

"All the reports made by the coadjutor in Parliament are false, and invented by him. He lies!" (This is the only word the Queen added to what was already written.) "He is a very wicked, dangerous man, and gives the duke very pernicious advice; he wants to ruin the State because we have refused to make him cardinal, and has publicly boasted that he will set fire to the four corners of the kingdom, and that he will have 100,000 men in readiness to dash out the brains of those that shall attempt to put it out." These expressions were very harsh, and I am sure that I never said anything like that; but it was of no use at this time to make the cloud which was gathering over the head of Mazarin fall in a storm upon mine. The court saw that Parliament was assembled to pass a decree for setting the princes at liberty, and that the duke in person was declaring against Mazarin in the grand chamber, and therefore they believed that a diversion would be as practicable as it was necessary, namely, to bring me upon my trial in such a manner that the Parliament could not refuse nor secure me from the railleries of the most inconsiderable member. Everything that tended to render the attack plausible was made use of, as well as everything that might weaken my defence. The writing was signed by the four secretaries of state, and, the better to defeat all that I could say in my justification, the Comte de Brienne was sent at the heels of the deputies with an order to desire the Duc d'Orléans to come to a conference with the Queen in relation to some few difficulties that remained concerning the liberty of the princes.

When the deputies had returned to Parliament, the first president began with reading the paper which had been delivered to him against me, upon which you might have read astonishment in every face. Ménardeau, who was to open the trenches against me, was afraid of a salvo from the great hall, where he found such a crowd of people, and heard so many acclamations to the Fronde, and so many imprecations against Mazarin, that he durst not open his mouth against me, but contented himself with a pathetic lamentation of the division that was in the State, and especially in the royal family. The councillors were so divided that some of them were for appointing

public prayers for two days; others proposed to desire his Royal Highness to take care of the public safety. I resolved to treat the writing drawn up against me by the cardinal as a satire and a libel, and, by some ingenious, short passage, to arouse the minds of my hearers. As my memory did not furnish me with anything in ancient authors that had any relation to my subject, I made a small discourse in the best Latin I was capable of, and then spoke thus:

"Were it not for the profound respect I bear to the persons who have spoken before me, I could not forbear complaining of their not crying out against such a scurrilous, satirical paper, which was just now read, contrary to all forms of proceeding, and written in the same style as lately profaned the sacred name of the King, to encourage false witnesses by letters-patent. I believe that those persons thought this paper, which is but a sally of the furious Mazarin, to be much beneath themselves and me. And that I may conform my opinion to theirs, I will answer only by repeating a passage from an ancient author: 'In the worst of times I did not forsake the city, in the most prosperous I had no particular views, and in the most desperate times of all I feared nothing.' I desire to be excused for running into this digression. I move that you would make humble remonstrances to the King, to desire him to despatch an order immediately for setting the princes at liberty, to make a declaration in their favor, and to remove Cardinal Mazarin from his person and councils."

My opinion was applauded both by the Frondeurs and the prince's party, and carried almost *nemine contradicente.*

Talon, the attorney-general, did wonders. I never heard or read anything more eloquent or nervous. He invoked the names of Henri the Great, and upon his knees recommended the kingdom of France in general to the protection of Saint Louis.

Brienne, who had been sent by the Queen to desire an interview with the Duc d'Orléans, was dismissed with no other answer than that the duke would come to pay his humble duty to the Queen as soon as the princes were at liberty, and Cardinal Mazarin removed from the King's person and councils.

On the fifth of February there was an assembly of the nobility at Nemours for recovering their privileges. I opposed it

to the utmost of my power, for I had experienced more than once that nothing can be more pernicious to a party than to engage without any necessity in such affairs as have the bare appearance of faction, but I was obliged to comply. This assembly, however, was so terrifying to the court that six companies of the guards were ordered to mount, with which the Duc d'Orléans was so offended that he sent word to the officers, in his capacity of lieutenant-general of the State, to receive no orders but from himself. They answered very respectfully, but as men devoted to the Queen's interest.

On the sixth, the duke having taken his place in the Parliament, the King's council acquainted the House that, having been sent to wait on her Majesty with the remonstrances, her Majesty's answer was that no person living wished more for the liberty of the princes than herself, but that it was reasonable at the same time to consult the safety of the State; that as for Cardinal Mazarin, she was resolved to retain him in her council as long as she found his assistance necessary for the King's service; and that it did not belong to the Parliament to concern themselves with any of her ministers.

The first president was shrewdly attacked in the House for not being more resolute in speaking to the Queen. Some were for sending him back to demand another audience in the afternoon; and the Duc d'Orléans having said that the marshals of France were dependent on Mazarin, it was resolved immediately that they should obey none but his Royal Highness.

I was informed that very evening that the cardinal had made his escape out of Paris in disguise, and that the court was in a very great consternation.

The cardinal's escape was the common topic of conversation, and different reasons were assigned to it, according to the various interests of different parties. As for my part, I am very well persuaded that fear was the only reason of his flight, and that nothing else hindered him from taking the King and Queen along with him. You will see in the sequel of this history that he endeavored to get their Majesties out of Paris soon after he had made his escape, and that it was concerted in all probability before he left the court; but I could never understand why he did not put it into execution at a time when he had no reason to fear the least opposition.

On the seventeenth the Parliament ordered the thanks of the House to be returned to the Queen for removing the cardinal, and that she should be humbly asked to issue an order for setting the princes at liberty and a declaration for excluding all foreigners forever from the King's council. The first president being deputed with the message, the Queen told him that she could return him no answer till she had conferred with the Duc d'Orléans, to whom she immediately deputed the keeper of the seals, Maréchal Villeroi, and Tellier; but he told them that he could not go to the Palais Royal till the princes were set at liberty and the cardinal removed farther from the court. For he observed to the House that the cardinal was no farther off than at Saint Germain, where he governed all the kingdom as before, that his nephew and his nieces were yet at court; and the duke proposed that the Parliament should humbly beseech the Queen to explain whether the cardinal's removal was for good and all. If I had not seen it, I could not have imagined what a heat the House was in that day. Some were for an order that there should be no favorites in France for the future. They became at length of the opinion of his Royal Highness, namely, to address the Queen to ask her to explain herself with relation to the removal of Cardinal Mazarin and to solicit orders for the liberty of the princes.

On the same day the Queen sent again to desire the Duc d'Orléans to come and take his place in the council, and to tell him that, in case he did not think it convenient, she would send the keeper of the seals to concert necessary measures with him for setting the princes at liberty. His Royal Highness accepted the second, but rejected the first proposal, and treated M. d'Elbeuf roughly, because he was very pressing with his Royal Highness to go to the King's palace. The messengers likewise acquainted the duke that they were ordered to assure him that the removal of the cardinal was forever. You will see presently that, in all probability, had his Royal Highness gone that day to court, the Queen would have left Paris and carried the duke along with her.

On the nineteenth the Parliament decreed that, in pursuance of the Queen's declaration, the cardinal should, within the space of fifteen days, depart from his Majesty's dominions, with all his relations and foreign servants; otherwise, they should

be proceeded against as outlaws, and it should be lawful for anybody to despatch them out of the way.

I suspected that the King would leave Paris that very day, and I was almost asleep when I was sent for to go to the Duc d'Orléans, whom Mademoiselle de Chevreuse went to awaken in the meantime; and, while I was dressing, one of her pages brought me a note from her, containing only these few words: "Make haste to Luxembourg, and be upon your guard on the way." I found Mademoiselle de Chevreuse in his chamber, who acquainted me that the King was out of bed, and had his boots on ready for a journey from Paris.

I waited on the duke, and said, "There is but one remedy, which is, to secure the gates of Paris." Yet all that we could obtain of him was to send the captain of the Swiss Guards to wait on the Queen and desire her Majesty to weigh the consequences of an action of that nature. His duchess, perceiving that this expedient, if not supported effectually, would ruin all, and that his Royal Highness was still as irresolute as ever, called for pen and ink that lay upon the table in her cabinet, and wrote these words on a large sheet of paper:

M. le Coadjuteur is ordered to take arms to hinder the adherents of Cardinal Mazarin, condemned by the Parliament, from carrying the King out of Paris.

MARGUERITE DE LORRAINE.

Des Touches, who found the Queen bathed in tears, was charged by her Majesty to assure the Duc d'Orléans that she never thought of carrying away the King, and that it was one of my tricks.

The Duc d'Orléans saying at the House next day that orders for the princes' liberty would be despatched in two hours' time, the first president said, with a deep sigh, "The Prince de Condé is at liberty, but our King, our sovereign Lord and King, is a prisoner." The Duc d'Orléans, being now not near so timorous as before, because he had received more acclamations in the streets than ever, replied, "Truly the King has been Mazarin's prisoner, but, God be praised, he is now in better hands."

The cardinal, who hovered about Paris till he heard the city had taken up arms, posted to Havre-de-Grâce, where he fawned

upon the Prince de Condé with a meanness of spirit that is hardly to be imagined; for he wept, and even fell down on his knees to the prince, who treated him with the utmost contempt, giving him no thanks for his release.

On the sixteenth of February the princes, being set at liberty, arrived in Paris, and, after waiting on the Queen, supped with M. de Beaufort and myself at the Duc d'Orléans's house, where we drank the King's health and "No Mazarin!"

On the seventeenth his Royal Highness carried them to the Parliament House, and it is remarkable that the same people who but thirteen months before made bonfires for their confinement did the same now for their release.

On the twentieth the declaration demanded of the King against the cardinal, being brought to be registered in Parliament, was sent back with indignation because the reason of his removal was colored over with so many encomiums that it was a perfect panegyric. Honest Broussel, who always went greater lengths than anybody, was for excluding all cardinals from the Ministry, as well as foreigners in general, because they swear allegiance to the Pope. The first president, thinking to mortify me, lauded Broussel for a man of admirable good sense, and espoused his opinion; and the Prince de Condé, too, seemed to be overjoyed, saying, "It is a charming echo." Indeed, I might well be troubled to think that the very day after a treaty wherein the Duc d'Orléans declared that he was resolved to make me a cardinal, the prince should second a proposition so derogatory to that dignity. But the truth is, the prince had no hand in it, for it came naturally, and was supported for no other reason but because nothing that was brought as an argument against Mazarin could then fail of being approved at the same time. I had some reason to think that the motion was concerted beforehand by my enemies, to keep me out of the ministry. Nevertheless, I was not offended with the Parliament, the bulk of whom I knew to be my friends, whose sole aim was to effectually demolish Mazarin, and I acquiesced in the solid satisfaction which I had in being considered in the world as the expeller of Mazarin, whom everybody hated, and the deliverer of the princes, who were as much their darlings.

The continual chicanery of the court provoked the Parlia-

ment of Paris to write to all the parliaments of France to issue decrees against Cardinal Mazarin, which they did accordingly. The Parliament obliged the court to issue a declaration setting forth the innocence of the princes, and another for the exclusion of cardinals—French as well as foreigners—from the King's council, and the Parliament had no rest till the cardinal retired from Sedan to Breule, a house belonging to the Elector of Cologne.

TRIUMPH OF MADAME DE MAINTENON

BY

Marquise de Montespan

FRANÇOISE ATHÉNAÏS, MARQUISE DE MONTESPAN

1641—1707

Françoise Athénaïs de Rochechouart de Mortimart, Marquise de Montespan, was the second daughter of the first Duke of Rochechouart. She was born in 1641 and died in 1707. Educated at a convent, she appeared in society first under the name of Mademoiselle de Tonnay-Charente, the name of the château where she was born. Beautiful, witty, and fascinating in conversation, she was soon chosen one of the ladies in waiting of the court of Versailles, where she became a companion of Mademoiselle de Vallière, who occupied the same position, and was mistress before her of Louis XIV. She married the Marquis de Montespan in 1663, by whom she had a son. It was the Queen who was first so fascinated by the charm of her manner that she called the marquise to be her companion. In 1668 the monarch openly recognized both her and Mademoiselle de Vallière as mistresses, and his Queen seemed not the less fond of them. Montespan, who was by far the most powerful and ambitious of the two, maintained for ten years a strange control in state affairs, and retained the joint affections of King and Queen; often appearing on state occasions in the carriage with the latter. She was admitted by all to be the most beautiful lady of the court. An abundance of fair blonde hair, expressive blue eyes, dark eyebrows, a complexion of exquisite delicacy, a form full and graceful, and "an air that lighted the spot where she appeared," were among the inventory of her personal attractions. Her humors as she acquired power became violent and changeable, and her influence declined.

During the ninth year of Montespan's power, Madame de Maintenon, who was in the service of Montespan as governess of her son, and whose more gentle temper pleased the King, began to supplant her, so that in 1679 the King no longer was under her influence. She retained her place at court till 1691. In 1700 she met the King for the last time at court, and soon afterward followed the fashion of the time and became a religious devotee; but not until she had written a tender letter to her husband, begging him to allow her to return to him, and had been refused. By the King she had two sons, the Duc du Maine and the Comte de Vexin; three daughters, who lived to marry men of title; and two that died infants.

Madame de Montespan's "Memoirs," written by herself, are as brilliant as they are ingenuous, though they were avowedly compiled in a desultory way, and the writer keeps herself generally in the background while giving a faithful picture of the brilliant court of Louis XIV during the brightest period of that memorable reign.

TRIUMPH OF MADAME DE MAINTENON

WHEN Madame de la Vallière (led by suggestions coming from the Most High) left the court and the world to shut herself up in a cloister, she committed a great imprudence; I should not know how to repeat it. The Carmelites in the Rue Saint Jacques could easily do without her; her two poor little children could not. The King confided them, I am well aware, to governors and governesses who were prudent, attentive, and capable; but all the governors and preceptors in the world will never replace a mother—above all, in a place of dissipation, tumult, and carelessness like the court.

M. le Comte de Vermandois was only seven years old when exaggerated scruples and bad advice deprived him of his mother. This amiable child, who loved her, at first suffered much from her absence and departure. He had to be taken to the Carmelites, where the sad metamorphosis of his mother, whom he had seen so brilliant and alluring, made him start back in fright.

He loved her always as much as he was loved by her, and in virtue of the permission formally given by the Pope, he went every week to pass an hour or two with her in the parlor. He regularly took there his singing and flute lessons; these were two amiable talents in which he excelled.

About his twelfth year he was taken with the measles, and passed through them fairly well. The small-pox came afterward, but respected his charming brown face. A severe shower of rain, which caught him in some forest, made him take rheumatism; the waters of Vichy cured him; he returned beaming with health and grace.

The King loved him tenderly, and everybody at court shared this predilection of the monarch. M. de Vermandois, of a

stature less than his father, was none the less one of the handsomest cavaliers at the court. To all the graces of his amiable mother he joined an ease of manner, a mixture of nobility and modesty, which made him noticeable in the midst of the most handsome and well made. I loved him with a mother's fondness, and, from all his ingenuous and gallant caresses, it was easy to see that he made me a sincere return.

This poor Comte de Vermandois, about a year before the death of the Queen, had a great and famous dispute with Monsieur le Dauphin, a jealous prince, which brought him his first troubles, and deprived him suddenly of the protecting favor of the Infanta-queen.

At a ball, at the Duchesse de Villeroi's, all the princes of the blood appeared. Monseigneur, who from childhood had had a fancy for Mademoiselle de Blois, his legitimized sister, loved her far more definitely since her marriage with M. le Prince de Conti. Monseigneur is lacking in tact. At this ball he thought he could parade his sentiments, which were visibly unpleasant, both to the young husband and to the princess herself. He danced, nevertheless, for some minutes with her; but, suddenly, she feigned to be seized with a sharp pain in the spleen, and was conducted to a sofa. The young Comte de Vermandois came and sat there near her. They were both exhibiting signs of gayety; their chatter amused them, and they were seen to laugh with great freedom. Although Monsieur le Dauphin was assuredly not in their thoughts, he thought they were making merry at his expense. He came and sat at the right of the princess and said to her:

"Your brother is very ill-bred!"

"Do you think so?" the princess answered immediately. "My brother is the most amiable boy in the world. He is laughing at my talking to myself. He assures me that my pain is in my knee instead of being in the spleen, and that is what we were amusing ourselves at, quite innocently."

"Your brother thinks himself my equal," added the prince; "in which he certainly makes a mistake. All his diamonds prove nothing; I shall have, when I like, those of the Crown."

"So much the worse, monsieur," replied the Comte de Vermandois, quickly. "Those diamonds should never change hands—at least, for a very long time."

These words degenerating into an actual provocation, Monseigneur dared to say to his young brother that, were it not for his affection for the princess, he would make him feel that he was——

"My elder brother," resumed the Comte de Vermandois, "and nothing more, I assure you."

Before the ball was over, they met in an alcove and gave each other a rendezvous not far from Marly. Both of them were punctual; but Monsieur le Dauphin had given his orders, so that they were followed in order to be separated.

The King was informed of this adventure; he immediately gave expression to his extreme dissatisfaction, and said:

"What! is there hatred and discord already among my children?"

I spoke next to elucidate the facts, for I had learned everything, and I represented M. de Vermandois as unjustly provoked by his brother. His Majesty replied that Monsieur le Dauphin was the second personage in the empire, and that all his brothers owed him respect up to a certain point.

"It was out of deference and respect that the count accepted the challenge," said I to the King; "and here the offending party made the double attack."

"What a misfortune!" resumed the King. "I thought them as united among themselves as they are in my heart. Vermandois is quick, and as explosive as saltpetre; but he has the best nature in the world. I will reconcile them; they will obey me."

The scene took place in my apartment, owing to my Duc du Maine. "My son," said his Majesty to the child of the Carmelite, "I have learned with pain what has passed at Madame de Villeroi's and then in the Bois de Marly. You will be pardoned for this imprudence because of your age; but never forget that Monsieur le Dauphin is your superior in every respect, and must succeed me some day."

"Sire," replied the count, "I have never offended nor wished to offend Monseigneur. Unhappily for me, he detests me, as though you had not the right to love me."

At these words Monsieur le Dauphin blushed, and the King hastened to declare that he loved all his children with a kindness perfectly alike; that rank and distinctions of honor had

been regulated, many centuries ago, by the supreme law of the State; that he desired union and concord in the heart of the royal family; and he commanded the two brothers to sacrifice for him all their petty grievances, and to embrace in his presence.

Hearing these words, the Comte de Vermandois, with a bow to his father, ran in front of Monseigneur, and, spreading out his arms, would have embraced him. Monsieur le Dauphin remained cold and dumb; he received this mark of good-will without returning it, and very obviously displeased his father thereby.

These little family events were hushed up, and Monseigneur was almost explicitly forbidden to entertain any other sentiments for Madame de Conti than those of due friendship and esteem.

Some time after that, Messieurs de Conti, great lovers of festivity, pleasure, and costly delights, which are suited only for people of their kind, dragged the Comte de Vermandois, as a young *débutant*, into one of those licentious parties where a young man is compelled to see things which excite horror.

His first scruples overcome, M. de Vermandois, naturally disposed to what is out of the common, wished to give guarantees of his loyalty and courage; from a simple spectator he became, it is said, an accomplice.

There is always some false friend in these forbidden assemblies. The King heard the details of an orgy so unpardonable, and the precocious misconduct of his cherished son gave him so much pain, that I saw his tears fall. The assistant governor of the young criminal was dismissed; his *valet de chambre* was sent to prison; only three of his servants were retained, and he himself was subjected to a state of penitence which included general confessions and the most severe discipline. He resigned himself sincerely to all these heavy punishments. He promised to associate only with his mother, his new governor, his English horses, and his books; and this manner of life, carried out with a grandeur of soul, made of him in a few months a perfect gentleman, in the honorable and assured position to which his great heart destined him.

The King, satisfied with this trial, allowed him to go and

prove his valor at the sieges of Dixmude and Courtrai. All the staff officers recognized soon in his conversation, his zeal, his methods, a worthy rival of the Vendômes. They wrote charming things of him to the court. A few days afterward we learned at Versailles that M. de Vermandois was dead, in consequence of an indisposition caught while bivouacking, which at first had not seemed dangerous.

The King deplored this loss, as a statesman and a good father. I was a witness of his affliction; it seemed to me extreme. One knew not whom to approach to break the news to the poor Carmelite. The Bishop of Meaux, sturdy personage, voluntarily undertook the mission, and went to it with a tranquil brow, for he loved such tasks.

To his hoarse and funereal voice Sœur Louise only replied with groans and tears. She fell upon the floor without consciousness, and M. Bossuet went on obstinately preaching Christian resignation and stoicism to a senseless mother who heard him not.

About a fortnight after the obsequies of the prince (which I, too, had celebrated in my Church of Saint Joseph), the under-prioress of that little community begged me to come to Paris for a brief time and consecrate half an hour to her. I responded to her invitation. This is the important secret which the good nun had to confide to me: Before expiring, the young prince had found time to interview his faithful *valet de chambre* behind his curtains. "After my death," said he, "you will repair, not to the King my father, but to Madame la Marquise de Montespan, who has given me a thousand proofs of kindness in my behalf. You will remit to her my casket, in which all my private papers are kept. She will be kind enough to destroy all which ought not to survive me, and to hand over the remainder, not to my good mother, who will have only too much sorrow, but to Madame la Princesse de Conti, whose indulgence and kindness are known to me."

Sydney, this *valet de chambre*, informed me that the count was dead, not through excessive brandy, as the Dauphin's people spread abroad, but from a cerebral fever, which a copious bleeding would have dissipated at once. All the soldiers wept for this young prince, whose generous affability had charmed them. Sydney had just accompanied his body to Arras, where,

by royal command, it had been laid in a vault of the cathedral. I opened his pretty casket of citron wood, with locks of steel and silver. The first object which met my eyes was a fine and charming portrait of Madame de la Vallière. The face was smiling in the midst of this great tragedy, and that upset me entirely, and made my tears flow again. Five or six tales of M. la Fontaine had been imitated most elegantly by the young prince himself, and to these rather frivolous verses he had joined some songs and madrigals. All these little relics of a youth so eager to live betokened a mind that was agreeable, and not libertine. In any case the sacrifice was accomplished; reflections were in vain. I burned these papers, and all those which seemed to me without direct importance or striking interest. That was not the case with a correspondence, full of wit, tenderness, and fire, of whose origin the good Sydney pretended ignorance, but which two or three anecdotes that were related sufficiently revealed to me. The handsome Comte de Vermandois, barely seventeen years old, had won the heart of a fair lady, of about his own age, who expressed her passion for him with an energy, a delicacy, and a talent far beyond all that we admire in books.

I knew her; the King loved her. Her husband, a most distinguished field-officer, cherished her and believed her to be faithful. I burned this dangerous correspondence, for M. de Vermandois, barely adolescent, was already a father, and his mistress gloried in it.

On receiving this casket, in which she saw once more the portraits of her mother, her brother, and her husband, Madame la Princesse de Conti felt the most sorrowful emotion. I told her that I had acquitted myself, out of kindness and respect, of a commission almost beyond my strength, and I begged her never to mention it to the King, who, perhaps, would have liked to see and judge himself all that I had destroyed.

M. le Comte de Vermandois left by his death the post of high admiral vacant. The King begged me to bring him my little Comte de Toulouse; and passing round his neck a fine chain of coral mixed with pearls, to which a diamond anchor was attached, he invested him with the dignity of high admiral of France. "Be ever prudent and good, my amiable child," he said to him, raising his voice, which had grown weak; "be

happier than your predecessor, and never give me the grief of mourning your loss."

I thanked the King for my son, who looked at his decoration of brilliants and did not feel its importance. I hope that he will feel that later and prove himself worthy of it.

At the time when I founded my little community of Saint Joseph, Madame de Maintenon had already collected near her château at Rueil a certain number of well-born but poor young persons, to whom she was giving a good education, proportioned to their present condition and their birth. She had charged herself with the maintenance of two former nuns, noble and well educated, who, at the fall of their community, had been recommended, or had procured a recommendation, to her. Mesdames de Brinon and du Basque were these two vagrant nuns. Madame de Maintenon, instinctively attracted to this sort of persons, welcomed and protected them.

The little pension or community of Rueil, having soon become known, several families who had fallen into distress or difficulty solicited the kindness of the directress toward their daughters, and Madame de Maintenon admitted more inmates than the space allowed. A more roomy habitation was bought nearer Versailles, which was still only temporary; and the King, having been taken into confidence with regard to these little girls, who mostly belonged to his own impoverished officers, judged that the moment had come to found a fine and large educational establishment for the young ladies of his nobility.

He bought, at the entrance to the village of Saint Cyr, in close proximity to Versailles, a large old château, belonging to M. Séguier;[1] and on the site of this château, which he pulled down, the royal house of Saint Cyr was speedily erected. I will not go into the nature and aim of a foundation which is known nowadays through the whole of Europe. I will content myself with observing that if Madame de Maintenon conceived the first idea of it, it is the great benefactions of the monarch and the profound recognition of the nobility which have given stability and renown to this house.

Madame de Maintenon received much praise and incense as the foundress of this community. It has been quite easy

[1] M. de Séguier-Montbrisson.

for her to found so vast an establishment with the treasures of France, since she herself had remained poor, by her own confession, and had neither to sell nor encumber Maintenon, her sole property.

In founding my community of Saint Joseph, I was neither seconded nor aided by anybody. Saint Joseph springs entirely from myself, from good intentions, without noise or display. Saint Joseph is one of my good actions, and although it makes no great noise in the world, I would rather have founded it than Saint Cyr, where the most exalted houses procure admission for their children with false certificates of poverty.[2]

The buildings of Saint Cyr, in spite of all the sums they have absorbed, have no external nobility or grandeur. The foundress put upon it the seal of her parsimony, or, rather, of her general timidity. She is like Molière's Harpagon, who would like to do great things for little money.[3] The only beauty about the house is in the laundry and gardens. All the rest reminds you of a convent of Capuchins. The chapel has not even necessary and indispensable dignity; it is a long, narrow barn, without arches, pillars, or decorations. The King, having wished to know beforehand what revenue would be needed for a community of 400 persons, consulted M. de Louvois. That Minister, accustomed to calculate openhandedly, put in an estimate of 500,000 livres a year. The foundress presented hers, which came to no more than 25,000 crowns. His Majesty adopted a middle course, and assigned a revenue of 300,000 livres to his Royal House of Saint Cyr.

The foundress, foreseeing the financial embarrassments which have supervened later, conceived the idea of making the clergy (who are childless) support the education of these 350 young ladies. In consequence, she cast her eyes upon the rich Abbey of Saint Denis, then vacant, and suggested it to the King, as being almost sufficient to provide for the new establishment.

This idea astonished the prince. He found it, at first, audacious, not to say perilous; but, on further reflection, consider-

[2] This abuse was suppressed on its first appearance, but it recurred and gained strength after the death of Madame de Maintenon.

[3] Here Madame de Montespan forgets what she has just said, that Saint Cyr cost "immense sums"—an ordinary effect of passion.

ing that the monks of Saint Denis live under the rule of a prior, and never see their abbot, who is almost always a great noble and a man of the world, his Majesty consented to suppress the said abbey in order to provide for the children.

The monks of Saint Denis, alarmed at such an innovation (which did not, however, affect their own goods and revenues), composed a petition in the form of the *factum* that our advocates draw up in a suit. They exclaimed in this document "on the disrepute which this innovation would bring upon their ancient, respectable, and illustrious community. In suppressing the title of Abbot of Saint Denis," they said further, "your Majesty, in reality, suppresses our abbey; and if our abbey is reduced to nothing, our basilica, where the kings, your ancestors, lie, will be no more than a royal church, and will cease to be abbatial."

Further on this petition said: "Sire, may it please your Majesty, whose eyes can see so far, to appreciate this innovation in all its terrible consequences. By striking to-day dissolution and death into the first abbey of your kingdom, do you not fear to leave behind you a great and sinister precedent? . . . What Louis the Great has looked upon as possible will seem righteous and necessary to your successors; and it will happen, may be, before long, that the thirst for conquests and the needs of the State (those constant and familiar pretexts of ministers) will authorize some political Attila to extend your work, and wreak destruction upon the tabernacle by depriving it of the splendor which is its due, and which sustains it."

Madame de Maintenon, to whom this affair was intrusted, summoned the administrative monks of Saint Denis to Versailles. She received them with her agreeable and seductive courtesy, and putting on her dulcet and fluted voice, said to them that their alarm was without foundation; that his Majesty did not suppress their abbey; that he simply took it from the male sex to give it to the female, seeing that the Salic law never included the dignities of the Church nor her revenues.

"The King leaves you," she added, "those immense and prodigious treasures of Saint Denis, more ancient, perhaps, than the oriflamme. That is your finest property, your true and illustrious glory. In general, your abbots have been, to this very day, unknown to you. Do you find, gentlemen, that

religion was more honored and respected when men of battle, covered with murders and other crimes, were called Abbots of Saint Denis? Beneath the government of the King such nominations would never have affected the Church; and after the present M. le Chevalier de Lorraine, we shall hear no more of nominating an abbot-commandant on the steps of the Opéra.

"Our little girls are cherubim and seraphim, occupied unceasingly with the praise of the Lord. I recommend them to your holy prayers, and you can count on theirs."

With this compliment she dismissed the monks, and what she had resolved on was carried out.

The King, who all his life had loved children greatly, did not take long to contract an affection for this budding colony. He liked to assist sometimes at their recreations and exercises, and, as though Versailles had been at the other end of the world, he had a magnificent apartment built at Saint Cyr. This fine armorial pavilion decorates the first long court in the centre. The mere buildings announce a king; the royal crown surmounts them.

At first the education of Saint Cyr had been intrusted to canonesses; but a canoness only takes annual vows; that term expired, she is at liberty to retire and marry. Several of these ladies having proved thus irresolute as to their estate, and the house being afraid that a greater number would follow, the Abbé de Fénelon, who cannot endure limited or temporary devotion, thought fit to introduce fixed and perpetual vows into Saint Cyr, and that willy-nilly.

This elegant abbé says all that he means, and resolutely means all that he can say. By means of his lectures, a mixed and facile form of eloquence, which is his glory, he easily proved to these poor canonesses that streams and rivers flow ever since the world began, and never think of suspending their current or abandoning their direction. He reminded them that the sun, which is always in its place and always active, never dreams of abandoning its functions, either from inconstancy or caprice. He told them that wise kings are never seized with the idea or temptation of abdicating their crown, and that God, who serves them as a model and example, is ceaselessly occupied, with relation to the world, in preserving,

reanimating, and maintaining it. Starting from there, the ingenious man made them confess that they ought to remain at their post and bind themselves to it by a perpetual vow.

The first effect of this fine oration having been a little dissipated, objections broke out. One young and lovely canoness dared to maintain the rights of her freedom, even in the face of her most amiable enemy. Madame de Maintenon rushed to the succor of the Abbé of Saint Sulpice, and half by wheedling, half by tyranny, obtained the cloister and perpetual vows.

I must render this justice to the King; he never would pronounce or intervene in this pathetic struggle. His royal hand profited, no doubt, by a submission which the Abbé de Fénelon imposed upon timidity, credulity, and obedience. The House of Saint Cyr profited thereby; but the King only regretted a new religious convent, for, as a rule, he liked them not. How many times has he unburdened himself before me on the subject!

To-day, when time and reflection, and, perhaps, that fund of contempt which is so useful, have finally revealed to me the insurmountable necessities of life, I can look with a certain amount of composure at the injury which the King did me. I had at first resolved to conclude, with the chapter which you have just read, my narrative of the more or less important things which have passed or been unfolded before my eyes. For long I did not feel myself strong enough to approach a narrative which might open up all my old wounds and make my blood boil again; but I finished by considering that our monarch's reign will be necessarily the subject of a multitude of commentaries, journals, and memoirs. All these confidential writings will speak of me to the generations to be; some will paint me as one paints an object whom one loves; others, as the object one detests. The latter, to render me more odious, will probably revile my character, and, perhaps, represent me as a cowardly and despairing mistress, who has descended even to supplications!! It is my part, therefore, to retrace with a firm and vigorous hand this important epoch of my life, where my destiny, at once kind and cruel, reduced me to treat the greatest of all kings both as my equal and as an inconstant friend, as a treacherous enemy, and as my inferior or subject. He had, at first, the intention of putting me to death—of that

I am persuaded—but soon his natural gentleness got the better of his pride. He grasped the wounds in my heart from the deplorable commotion of my face. If his former friend was guilty in her speech, he was far more guilty by his actions. Like an equitable judge he pardoned neither of us; he did not forgive himself and he dared not condemn me.

Since this sad time of desertion and sorrow, into which the new state of things had brought me, MM. de Mortemart, de Nevers, and de Vivonne had been glad to avoid me. They found my humor altered, and I admit that a woman who sulks, scolds, or complains is not very attractive company.

One day the poor Maréchal de Vivonne came to see me; he opened my shutters to call my attention to the beauty of the sky, and, my health seeming to him a trifle poor, he suggested to me to embark at once in his carriage and to go and dine at Clagny. I had no will left that day, so I accompanied my brother.

Being come to Clagny, the marshal, having shut himself up with me in his closet, said to me the words which follow:

"You know, my sister, how all along you have been dear to me; the grief which is wearing you out does me almost as much harm as you. To-day I wish to hurt you for your own good, and get you away from this locality in spite of yourself. Kings are not to be opposed as we oppose our equals; our King, whom you know by heart, has never suffered contradiction. He has had you asked, two or three times already, to leave his palace and to go and live on your estates. Why do you delay to satisfy him, and to withdraw from so many eyes which watch you with pity?"

"The King, I am very sure, would like to see me away," I replied to the marshal, "but he has never formally expressed himself, and it is untrue that any such wish has been intimated or insinuated to me."

"What! you did not receive two letters last year, which invited you to make up your mind and retire!"

"I received two anonymous letters; nothing is more true. Could those two letters have been sent to me by the King himself?"

"The Marquis de Chamarante wrote them to you, but beneath the eyes, and at the dictation, of his Majesty."

"Ah, God! What is it you tell me? What! the Marquis de Chamarante,[4] whom I thought one of my friends, has lent himself to such an embassy!"

"The marquis is a good man, a man of honor; and his essential duty is to please his sovereign, his master. Moreover, at the time when the letters were sent you, time remained to you for deliberation. To-day, all time for delay has expired; you must go away of your own free will, or receive the affront of a command, and a *lettre de cachet* in form."

"A *lettre de cachet* for me! for the mother of the Duc du Maine and the Comte de Toulouse! We shall see that, my brother! We shall see!"

"There is nothing to see or do but to summon here all your people, and leave to-morrow, either for my château of Roissy, or for your palace at Petit-Bourg; things are pressing, and the day after to-morrow I will explain all without any secrecy."

"Explain it to me at once, my brother, and I promise to satisfy you."

"Do you give me your word?"

"I give it you, my good and dear friend, with pleasure. Inform me of what is in progress."

"Madame de Maintenon, whom, having loved once greatly, you no longer love, had the kindness to have me summoned to her this morning."

"The kindness!"

"Do not interrupt me—yes, the kindness. From the moment that she is in favor, all that comes from her requires consideration. She had me taken into her small *salon*, and there she charged me to tell you that she has always loved you, that she always will; that your rupture with her has displeased the King; that for a long time, and on a thousand occasions, she has excused you to his Majesty, but that things are now hopeless; that your retreat is required at all costs, and that it will be joined with an annual pension of 600,000 livres."[5]

"And you advise me—?" I said to my brother.

"I advise you, I implore you, I conjure you, to accept these propositions which save everything."

My course was clear to me on the instant. Wishing to be

[4] Gentleman in waiting to the Queen, and afterward to Madame de Maintenon.

[5] Two million four hundred thousand francs to-day.

relieved of the importunities of the marshal (a courtier, if ever there was one), I embraced him with tears in my eyes. I assured him that, for the honor of the family and out of complacence, I accepted his propositions. I begged him to take me back to Versailles, where I had to gather together my money, jewels, and papers.

The Duc de Vivonne, well as he knew me, did not suspect my trickery; he applied a score of kisses to my "pretty little white hands," and his postilions, giving free play to their reins, speedily brought us back to the château.

All beaming with joy and satisfaction, he went to convey his reply to Madame de Maintenon, who was probably expecting him. Twenty minutes hardly elapsed. The King himself entered my apartment.

He came toward me with a friendly air, and, hardly remarking my agitation, which I was suppressing, he dared to address the following words to me: "The shortest follies are the best, dear marquise; you see things at last as they should be seen. Your determination, which the Maréchal de Vivonne has just informed me of, gives me inexpressible pleasure; you are going to take the step of a clever woman, and everybody will applaud you for it. It will be eighteen years to-morrow [6] since we took a fancy for each other. We were then in that period of life when one sees only that which flatters, and the satisfaction of the heart surpasses everything. Our attachment, if it had been right and legitimate, might have begun with the same ardor, but it could not have endured so long; that is the property of all contested affections.

"From our union amiable children have been born, for whom I have done, and will do, all that a father with good intentions can do. The act which acknowledged them in full Parliament has not named you as their mother, because your bonds prevented it, but these respectful children know that they owe you their existence, and not one of them shall forget it while I live.

"You have charmed by your wit and the liveliness of your character the busiest years of my life and reign. That pleasant memory will never leave me, and separated though we be, as good sense and propriety of every kind demands, we shall still belong to each other in thought. Athénaïs will always be to

[6] In 1667; she was born in 1641.

me the mother of my dear children. I have been mindful up to this day to increase at different moments the amount of your fortune: I believe it to be considerable, and wish, nevertheless, to add to it even more. If the pension that Vivonne had just suggested to you appear insufficient, two lines from your pen will notify me that I must increase it.

"Your children being proclaimed princes of France, the court will be their customary residence, but you will see them frequently, and can count on my commands. Here they are coming—not to say good-bye to you, but, as of old, to embrace you on the eve of a journey.

"If you are prudent, you will write first to the Marquis de Montespan, not to annul and revoke the judicial and legal separation which exists, but to inform him of your return to reasonable ideas, and of your resolve to be reconciled with the public."

With these words the King ceased speaking. I looked at him with a fixed gaze; a long sigh escaped from my heaving breast, and I had with him, as nearly as I can remember, the following conversation:

"I admire the *sang-froid* with which a prince who believes himself, and is believed by the whole universe, to be magnanimous, gives the word of dismissal to the tender friend of his youth—to that friend who, by a misfortune which is too well known, knew how to leave all and love him alone.

"From the day when the friendship which had united us cooled and was dissipated, you have resumed with regard to me that distance which your rank authorizes you, and on my side, I have submitted to see in you only my King. This revolution has taken effect without any shock, or noise, or scandal. It has continued for two years already; why should it not continue in the same manner until the moment when my last two children no longer require my eyes, and presence, and care? What sudden cause, what urgent motive, can determine you to exclude me? Does not, then, the humiliation which I have suffered for two years any longer satisfy your aversion?"

"What!" cried the prince, in consternation, "is your resolution no longer the same? Do you go back upon what you promised to your brother?"

"I do not change my resolution," I resumed at once; "the

places which you inhabit have neither charm nor attraction for my heart, which has always detested treachery and falseness. I consent to withdraw myself from your person, but on condition that the odious intriguer who has supplanted me shall follow the unhappy benefactress who once opened to her the doors of this palace. I took her from a state of misery, and she plunges daggers into my breast."

"The kings of Europe," said the prince, white with agitation and anger, "have not yet laid down the law to me in my palace; you shall not make me submit to yours, madame. The person whom, for far too long, you have been offending and humiliating before my eyes, has ancestors who yield in nothing to your forefathers, and if you have introduced her to this palace, you have introduced here goodness, sweetness, talent, and virtue itself. This enemy, whom you defame in every quarter, and who every day excuses and justifies you, will abide near this throne, which her fathers have defended and which her good counsel now defends. In sending you to-day from a court where your presence is without motive and pretext, I wished to keep from your knowledge, and in kindness withdraw from your eyes an event likely to irritate you, since everything irritates you. Stay, madame, stay, since great catastrophes appeal to and amuse you; after to-morrow you will be more than ever a supernumerary in this château."

At these words I realized that it was a question of the public triumph of my rival. All my firmness vanished; my heart was, as it were, distorted with the most rapid palpitations. I felt an icy coldness run through my veins, and I fell unconscious upon my carpet.

My woman came to bring me help, and when my senses returned, I heard the King saying to my intendant: "All this wearies me beyond endurance; she must go this very day."

"Yes, I will go," I cried, seizing a dessert knife which was on my bureau. I rushed forward with a mechanical movement upon my little Comte de Toulouse, whom I snatched from the hands of his father, and I was on the verge of sacrificing this child.

I shudder every time I think of that terrible and desperate scene. But reason had left me; sorrow filled my soul; I was

no longer myself. My reader must be penetrated by my misfortune and have compassion on me.

Madame de Maintenon, informed probably of this storm, arrived and suddenly showed herself. To rush forward, snatch away the dagger and my child was but one movement for her. Her tears coursed in abundance; and the King, leaning on the marble of my chimney-piece, shed tears and seemed to feel a sort of suffocation.

My women had removed my children. My intendant alone had remained in the deep embrasure of a shutter; the poor man had affliction and terror painted on his face. Madame de Maintenon had slightly wounded herself in seizing my knife. I saw her tearing her handkerchief, putting on lavender-water in order to moisten the bandage. As she left me she took my hand with an air of kindness, and her tears began again.

The King, seeing her go out, retired without addressing me a word. I might call as much as I would; he did not return.

Until nightfall I seemed to be in a state of paralysis. My arms were like lead; my will could no longer stir them. I was distressed at first, and then I thanked God, who was delivering me from the torments of existence. All night my body and soul moved in the torrent and waves of a fever handed over to phantoms; I saw in turn the smiling plains of paradise and the dire domain of hell. My children, covered with wounds, asked me for pardon, kneeling before me; and Madame de Maintenon, one mass of blood, reproached me for having killed her. On the following day a copious bloodletting, prescribed by my doctor, relieved my head and heart.

The following week Madame de Maintenon, entirely cured of her scratch, consented to the King's will, which she had opposed in order to excite it, and in the presence of the Marquis and Marquise de Montchevreuil, the Duc de Noailles, the Marquis de Chamarante, M. Bontems, and Mademoiselle Ninon, her permanent chambermaid, was married to the King of France and Navarre in the chapel of the château.

The Abbé de Harlay, Archbishop of Paris, assisted by the Bishop of Chartres and Père de la Chaise, had the honor of blessing this marriage and presenting the rings of gold. After the ceremony, which took place at an early hour, and even by torchlight, there was a slight repast in the small apartments.

The same persons, taking carriages, then repaired to Maintenon, where the great ceremony, the mass, and all that is customary in such cases were celebrated.

At her return, Madame de Maintenon took possession of an extremely sumptuous apartment that had been carefully arranged and furnished for her. Her people continued to wear her livery, but she scarcely ever rode any more except in the great carriage of the King, where we saw her in the place which had been occupied by the Queen. In her interior the title of Majesty was given her; and the King, when he had to speak of her, only used the word Madame, without adding Maintenon, that having become too familiar and trivial.

He was desirous of proclaiming her; she consistently opposed it, and this prudent and wise conduct regained for her, little by little, the opinions which had been shocked.

A few days after the marriage, my health being somewhat re-established, I went to Petit-Bourg; but the Maréchal de Vivonne, his son Louis de Vivonne, all the Mortemarts, all the Rochechouarts, Thianges, Damas, Seignelays, Blainvilles, and Colberts—in a word, counts, marquises, barons, prelates, and duchesses, came to find me and attack me in my desert, in order to represent to me that, since Madame de Maintenon was the wife of the monarch, I owed her my homage and respectful compliments. The whole family has done so, said these cruel relations; you only have not yet fulfilled this duty. You must do it, in God's name. She has neither airs nor *hauteur;* you will be marvellously well received. Your resistance would compromise us all.

Not desiring to harm or displease my family, and wishing, above all, to reinstate myself somewhat in the King's mind, I resolutely prepared for this distressing journey, and God gave me the necessary strength to execute it.

I appeared in a long robe of gold and silver before the new spouse of the monarch. The King, who was sitting at a table, rose for a moment and encouraged me by his greeting. I made the three pauses and three reverences as I gradually approached Madame de Maintenon, who occupied a large and rich armchair of brocade. She did not rise; etiquette forbade it, and principally the presence of the all-powerful King of kings. Her complexion, ordinarily pale, and with a very slight tone of

pink, was animated suddenly, and took all the colors of the rose. She made me a sign to seat myself on a stool, and it seemed to me that her amiable gaze apologized to me. She spoke to me of Petit-Bourg, of the waters of Bourbon, of her country place, of my children, and said to me, smiling kindly: "I am going to confide in you. Monsieur le Prince has already asked Mademoiselle de Nantes for his grandson, M. le Duc de Bourbon, and his Highness promises us his granddaughter for our Duc du Maine. Two or three years more, and we shall see all that."

After half an hour spent thus, I rose from this uncomfortable stool and made my farewell reverences. Madame de Maintenon, profiting by the King having leaned over to write, rose five or six inches in her chair, and said to me these words: "Do not let us cease to love one another, I implore you."

I went to rest myself in the poor apartment which was still mine, since the keys had not yet been returned, and I sent for M. le Duc du Maine, who said to me coldly: "I have much pleasure in seeing you again; we were going to write to you."

I had come out from Madame de Maintenon by the door of mirrors, which leads to the great gallery. There was much company there at the moment; M. le Prince de Salm came to me and said: "Go and put on your peignoir; you are flushed, and I can perfectly well understand why." He pressed my hand affectionately. In all the *salons* they were eager to see me pass. Some courageous persons came even within touch of my fan; and all were more or less pleased with my mishap and downfall. I had seen all these figures at my feet, and almost all were under obligations to me. I left Versailles again very early. When I was seated in my carriage I noticed the King, who, from the height of his balcony in the court of marble, watched me set off and disappear.

I settled at Paris, where my personal interest and my great fortune gave me an existence which many might have envied. I never returned to Versailles, except for the weddings of my eldest daughter, and of my son, the Serious;[7] I always loved him better than he did me.

Père de Latour, my director, obtained from me then, when

[7] Louis Auguste de Bourbon, Duc du Maine, a good man, somewhat devout and melancholy.

I had refused hitherto to everybody, a letter of reconciliation to M. le Marquis de Montespan. I had foreseen the reply, which was that of an obstinate, ill-bred, and evil man.

Père de Latour, going further, wished to impose hard, not to say murderous, penances on me; I begged him to keep within bounds, and not to make me impatient. This Oratorian and his admirers have stated that I wore a hair shirt and shroud. Pious slanders, every word of them! I give many pensions and alms, that is to say, I do good to several families; the good that I bestow about me will be more agreeable to God than any harm I could do myself, and that I maintain.

COURT LIFE UNDER LOUIS XIV

BY

Duc de Saint-Simon

(*Louis de Rouvroi*)

LOUIS DE ROUVROI, DUC DE SAINT-SIMON

1675—1755

Louis de Rouvroi, Duc de Saint-Simon, whose family claimed descent from no less a source than Charlemagne, was born in January, 1675, and died at Paris in March, 1755. After receiving a careful education under the superintendence of his mother, he entered the army in 1693, but, considering his promotion not equal to his deserts, he resigned his commission in 1702, and devoted the remainder of his life to a sort of court statesmanship. Saint-Simon's position was as singular and as anomalous as his character. Profoundly ambitious, his pride was yet greater than his ambition. His ideas of aristocratic rights and privileges were perhaps more outrageously fanatical than any ever entertained in modern ages, and the whole aim of his life was to nullify the influence of the Parliament, and to place the government of France in the hands of the *grands seigneurs*—the great territorial lords. The middle class he abhorred; and the rise to distinction of anyone belonging to that order—any *novus homo*—tortured his patrician soul almost beyond endurance. We have not space to recount his career of haughty and insolent conspiracy against the political rights of commoners, which marks him out as the most thoroughgoing oligarch in principle of whom we have any record. During the latter part of Louis XIV's reign, and the regency of the Duke of Orleans, he enjoyed much consideration, and his aristocratic policy more than once enjoyed a temporary triumph; but with the accession to the regency of the Duc de Bourbon he fell into disgrace, and withdrew from public life.

Saint-Simon's last years were occupied chiefly in the composition of his famous "Memoirs," a work of incalculable historical value. Though the style is far from faultless, it so admirably expresses the meaning of the author, that one would not wish it other than it is. Probably no work of like kind has ever attained such wide popularity; and in many respects it deserves its reputation. It forms a perfect picture, highly finished in all details, of the court of Louis XIV during the last two decades of his reign, and of the period of the regency. The Duc de Saint-Simon was, to a certain extent, an actor in the intrigues he describes. At any rate, he was always sufficiently near to see their development and be acquainted with their promoters.

COURT LIFE UNDER LOUIS XIV

IT was scarcely to be expected, perhaps, that M. du Maine would remain altogether quiet under the disgrace which had been heaped upon him by the proceedings at the Bed of Justice. Soon indeed we found that he had been secretly working out the most perfidious and horrible schemes for a long time before that assembly; and that after his fall, he gave himself up with redoubled energy to his devilish devices.

Toward the end of this memorable year, 1718, it was discovered that Alberoni, by means of Cellamare, Spanish ambassador at our court, was preparing a plot against the Regent. The scheme was nothing less than to throw all the realm into revolt against the government of M. le Duc d'Orléans; to put the King of Spain at the head of the affairs of France, with a council and ministers named by him, and a lieutenant, who would in fact have been regent; this self-same lieutenant to be no other than the Duc du Maine!

This precious plot was, fortunately, discovered before it had come to maturity. Had such not happened, the consequences might have been very serious, although they could scarcely have been fatal. The conspirators counted upon the Parliaments of Paris and of Brittany, upon all the old court accustomed to the yoke of the bastards, and to that of Madame de Maintenon; and they flung about promises with an unsparing hand to all who supported them. After all, it must be admitted, however, that the measures they took and the men they secured, were strangely unequal to the circumstances of the case, when the details became known; in fact, there was a general murmur of surprise among the public, at the contemptible nature of the whole affair.

But let me relate the circumstances accompanying the discovery of M. du Maine's pitiable treachery.

Cellamare, as I have said, was Spanish ambassador at our court. He had been one of the chief movers in the plot. He had excited, as much as lay in his power, discontent against the Regent's government; he had done his best to embroil France with Spain; he had worked heart and soul with M. du Maine to carry out the common end they had in view. So much preparation had been made, so much of the treason train laid, that at last it became necessary to send to Alberoni a full and clear account of all that had been done, so as to paint exactly the position of affairs, and determine the measures that remained to be taken. But how to send such an account as this? To trust it to the ordinary channels of communication would have been to run a great risk of exposure and detection. To send it by private hand would have been suspicious, if the hand were known, and dangerous if it were not: Cellamare had long since provided for this difficulty.

He had caused a young ecclesiastic to be sent from Spain, who came to Paris as though for his pleasure. There he was introduced to young Monteléon, son of a former ambassador at our court, who had been much liked. The young ecclesiastic was called the Abbé Portocarrero, a name regarded with favor in France. Monteléon came from The Hague, and was going to Madrid. Portocarrero came from Madrid, and was going back there. What more natural than that the two young men should travel in company? What less natural than that the two young men, meeting each other by pure accident in Paris, should be charged by the ambassador with any packet of consequence, he having his own couriers, and the use, for the return journey, of those sent to him from Spain? In fact, it may be believed that these young people themselves were perfectly ignorant of what they were charged with, and simply believed that, as they were going to Spain, the ambassador merely seized the occasion to intrust them with some packet of no special importance.

They set out, then, at the commencement of December, furnished with passports from the King (for Alberoni had openly caused almost a rupture between the two courts), with a Spanish banker, who had been established in England, where he had become bankrupt for a large amount, so that the English government had obtained permission from the Regent

to arrest him, if they could, anywhere in France. It will sometimes be perceived that I am ill-instructed in this affair; but I can only tell what I know: and as for the rest, I give my conjectures. In fact, the Abbé Dubois kept everybody so much in the dark, that even M. le Duc d'Orléans was not informed of all.

Whether the arrival of the Abbé Portocarrero in Paris, and his short stay there, seemed suspicious to the Abbé Dubois and his emissaries, or whether he had corrupted some of the principal people of the Spanish ambassador and this court, and learned that these young men were charged with a packet of importance; whether there was no other mystery than the bad company of the bankrupt banker, and that the anxiety of Dubois to oblige his friends the English induced him to arrest the three travellers and seize their papers, lest the banker should have confided his to the young men, I know not. But however it may have been, it is certain that the Abbé Dubois arrested the three travellers at Poitiers, and carried off their papers, a courier bringing these papers to him immediately afterward.

Great things sometimes spring from chance. The courier from Poitiers entered the house of the Abbé Dubois just as the Regent entered the opera. Dubois glanced over the papers, and went and related the news of this capture to M. le Duc d'Orléans, as he left his box. This prince, who was accustomed to shut himself up with his *roués* at that hour, did so with a carelessness to which everything yielded, under pretext that Dubois had not had sufficient time to examine all the papers. The first few hours of the morning he was not himself. His head, still confused by the fumes of the wine and by the undigested supper of the previous night, was not in a state to understand anything, and the secretaries of state have often told me that that was the time they could make him sign anything. This was the moment taken by Dubois to acquaint the Regent with as much or as little of the contents of the papers as he thought fit. The upshot of their interview was that the abbé was allowed by the Duc d'Orléans to have the control of this matter entirely in his own hands.

The day after the arrival of the courier from Poitiers, Cellamare, informed of what had occurred, but who flattered him-

self that the presence of the banker had caused the arrest of the young men, and the seizure of their papers, hid his fears under a very tranquil bearing, and went, at one o'clock in the day, to M. le Blanc, to ask for a packet of letters he had intrusted to Portocarrero and Monteléon on their return to Spain. Le Blanc (who had had his lesson prepared beforehand by the Abbé Dubois) replied that the packet had been seen; that it contained important things, and that, far from being restored to him, he himself must go back to his hotel under escort, to meet there M. l'Abbé Dubois. The ambassador, who felt that such a compliment would not be attempted without means having been prepared to put it in execution, made no difficulty, and did not lose for a moment his address or his tranquillity.

During the three hours, at least, passed in his house, in the examination of all his bureaus and his boxes, and his papers, Cellamare, like a man who fears nothing, and who is sure of his game, treated M. le Blanc very civilly; as for the Abbé Dubois, with whom he felt he had no measure to keep (all the plot being discovered), he affected to treat him with the utmost disdain. Thus Le Blanc, taking hold of a little casket, Cellamare cried, "M. le Blanc, M. le Blanc, leave that alone; that is not for you; that is for the Abbé Dubois" (who was then present). Then looking at him, he added, "He has been a pander all his life, and there are nothing but women's letters there."

The Abbé Dubois burst out laughing, not daring to grow angry.

When all was examined, the King's seal, and that of the ambassador, were put upon all the bureaus and the caskets which contained papers. The Abbé Dubois and Le Blanc went off together to give an account of their proceedings to the Regent, leaving a company of musketeers to guard the ambassador and his household.

I heard of the capture effected at Poitiers, at home, the morning after it occurred, without knowing anything of those arrested. As I was at table, a servant came to me from M. le Duc d'Orléans, summoning me to a council of the regency, at four o'clock that day. As it was not the usual day for the council, I asked what was the matter. The messenger was

surprised at my ignorance, and informed me that the Spanish ambassador was arrested. As soon as I had eaten a morsel, I quitted my company, and hastened to the Palais Royal, where I learned from M. le Duc d'Orléans all that I have just related. Our conversation took up time, and, when it was over, I went away to the Tuileries. I found there astonishment painted upon several faces; little groups of two, three, and four people together; and the majority struck by the importance of the arrest, and little disposed to approve it.

M. le Duc d'Orléans arrived shortly after. He had, better than any man I have ever known, the gift of speech, and without needing any preparation he said exactly what he wanted to say, neither more nor less; his expressions were just and precise, a natural grace accompanied them with an air of proper dignity, always mixed with an air of politeness. He opened the council with a discourse upon the people and the papers seized at Poitiers, the latter proving that a very dangerous conspiracy against the State was on the eve of bursting, and of which the ambassador of Spain was the principal promoter. His Royal Highness alleged the pressing reasons which had induced him to secure the person of this ambassador, to examine his papers, and to place him under guard. He showed that the protection afforded by the law of nations did not extend to conspiracies, that ambassadors rendered themselves unworthy of that protection when they took part in them, still more when they excited people against the State where they dwelt. He cited several examples of ambassadors arrested for less. He explained the orders he had given so as to inform all the foreign ministers in Paris of what had occurred, and had ordered Dubois to render an account to the council of what he had done at the ambassador's, and offered to read the letters from Cellamare to Cardinal Alberoni, found among the papers brought from Poitiers.

The Abbé Dubois stammered out a short and ill-arranged recital of what he had done at the ambassador's house, and dwelt upon the importance of the discovery and upon that of the conspiracy as far as already known. The two letters he read left me no doubt that Cellamare was at the head of this affair, and that Alberoni had entered into it as far as he. We were much scandalized with the expressions in

these letters against M. le Duc d'Orléans, who was in no way spared.

This prince spoke again, to say he did not suspect the King or Queen of Spain to be mixed up in this affair, but that he attributed it all to the passion of Alberoni, and that of his ambassador to please him, and that he would ask for justice from their Catholic Majesties. He showed the importance of neglecting no means in order to clear up an affair so capital to the repose and tranquillity of the kingdom, and finished by saying, that until he knew more he would name nobody who was mixed up in the matter. All this speech was much applauded, and I believe there were some among the company who felt greatly relieved when they heard the Regent say he would not name anybody or allow suspicions to be circulated until all was unravelled.

Nevertheless the next day, Saturday, December 10th, more than one arrest was made. Others took place a few days afterward.

On Tuesday, December 13th, all the foreign ministers went to the Palais Royal, according to custom; not one made any complaint of what had happened. A copy of the two letters read at the council was given to them. In the afternoon, Cellamare was placed in a coach with a captain of cavalry and a captain of dragoons, chosen to conduct him to Blois, until Saint Aignan, our ambassador in Spain, should arrive in France.

The position of our ambassador, Saint Aignan, at Madrid, was, as may be imagined, by no means agreeable. The two courts were just upon the point of an open rupture, thanks to the hatred Alberoni had made it a principle to keep up in Spain against M. le Duc d'Orléans, by crying down his actions, his government, his personal conduct, his most innocent acts, and by rendering suspicious even his favorable proceedings with regard to Spain. Alberoni for a long time had ceased to keep on even decent terms with Saint Aignan, scandalizing thus even the most unfavorably disposed toward France. Saint Aignan only maintained his position by the sagacity of his conduct, and he was delighted when he received orders to return to France. He asked for his parting audience, and meanwhile bade adieu to all his friends and to all the court. Alberoni, who every moment expected decisive news from Cellamare

respecting the conspiracy, wished to remain master of our ambassador, so as, in case of accident, to have a useful hostage in his hands as security for his own ambassador. He put off therefore this parting audience under various pretexts. At last, Saint Aignan, pressed by his reiterated orders (orders all the more positive because suspicion had already begun to foresee a disturbance ever alarming), spoke firmly to the cardinal, and declared that if this audience were not at once accorded to him, he would do without it. Therefore the cardinal, in anger, replied with a menace, that he knew well enough how to hinder him from acting thus.

Saint Aignan wisely contained himself; but seeing to what sort of a man he was exposed, and, judging rightly why he was detained at Madrid, took his measures so secretly and so well, that he set out the same night, with his most necessary equipage, gained ground, and arrived at the foot of the Pyrenees without being overtaken and arrested; two occurrences which he expected at every moment, knowing that Alberoni was a man who would stick at nothing.

Saint Aignan, already so far advanced, did not deem it advisable to expose himself any longer, bothered as he would be among the mountains by his carriages. He and the duchess, his wife, followed by a waiting-woman and three valets, with a very trusty guide, mounted upon mules and rode straight for Saint Jean-Pied-de-Port without stopping a moment more on the road than was necessary. He sent on his equipages to Pampeluna at a gentle pace, and placed in his carriage an intelligent *valet de chambre* and a waiting-woman, with orders to pass themselves off as the ambassador and ambassadress of France, and in case they were arrested to cry out a good deal. The arrest did not fail to happen. The people despatched by Alberoni soon came up with the carriage. The pretended ambassador and ambassadress played their parts very well, and they who had arrested them did not doubt for a moment they had made a fine capture, sending news of it to Madrid, and keeping the prisoners in Pampeluna, to which the party returned.

This device saved M. and Madame de Saint Aignan, and gave them means to reach Saint Jean-Pied-de-Port; as soon as they arrived there they sent for assistance and carriages to

Bayonne, which they gained in safety, and reposed after their fatigue. The Duc de Saint Aignan sent word of all this to M. le Duc d'Orléans by a courier, and, at his arrival in Bayonne, despatched a message to the governor of Pampeluna, begging him to send on his equipages. Alberoni's people were very much ashamed of having been duped, but Alberoni when he heard of it flew into a furious rage, and cruelly punished the mistake. The equipages were sent on to Bayonne.

To return now to what took place at Paris.

On Sunday, December 25th, Christmas day, M. le Duc d'Orléans sent for me to come and see him at the Palais Royal, about four o'clock in the afternoon. I went accordingly, and after despatching some business with him, other people being present, I followed him into his little winter cabinet at the end of the little gallery, M. le Duc being present.

After a moment of silence, the Regent told me to see if no one was outside in the gallery, and if the door at the end was closed. I went out, found the door shut, and no one near.

This being ascertained, M. le Duc d'Orléans said that we should not be surprised to learn that M. and Madame du Maine had been mixed up all along with this affair of the Spanish ambassador Cellamare; that he had written proofs of this, and that the project was exactly that which I have already described. He added, that he had strictly forbidden the keeper of the seals, the Abbé Dubois, and Le Blanc, who alone knew of this project, to give the slightest sign of their knowledge, recommended to me the same secrecy, and the same precaution; and finished by saying that he wished, above all things, to consult M. le Duc and me upon the course he ought to adopt.

M. le Duc at once went to the point, and said M. and Madame du Maine must at once be arrested and put where they could cause no apprehension. I supported this opinion, and showed the perilous annoyances that might arise if this step were not instantly taken; as much for the purpose of striking terror into the conspirators, as for disconcerting their schemes. I added that there was not a moment to lose, and that it was better to incur uncertain danger than to wait for that which was certain.

Our advice was accepted by M. le Duc d'Orléans, after some little debate. But now the question arose, where are the prisoners to be put? The Bastile and Vincennes both seemed to

me too near to Paris. Several places were named without one appearing to suit. At last, M. le Duc d'Orléans mentioned Dourlens. I stopped him short at the name, and recommended it warmly. I knew the governor, Charost, and his son to be men of probity, faithful, virtuous, and much attached to the State. Upon this it was agreed to send M. du Maine to Dourlens.

Then we had to fix upon a place for his wife, and this was more difficult; there were her sex, her fiery temper, her courage, her daring—all to be considered; whereas, her husband, we knew, so dangerous as a hidden enemy, was contemptible without his mask, and would fall into the lowest state of dejection in prison, trembling all over with fear of the scaffold, and attempting nothing; his wife, on the contrary, being capable of attempting anything.

Various places discussed, M. le Duc d'Orléans smiled, and proposed the château of Dijon! Now, the joke of this suggestion was, that Dijon belonged to M. le Duc, and that he was nephew of Madame du Maine, whom the Regent proposed to lock up there! M. le Duc smiled also, and said it was a little too bad to make him the jailer of his aunt! But all things considered, it was found that a better choice than Dijon could not be made, so M. le Duc gave way. I fancy he had held out more for form's sake than for any other reason. These points settled, we separated, to meet another time, in order to make the final arrangements for the arrest.

We met accordingly, the Monday and Tuesday following, and deliberated with the same secrecy as before. On Wednesday we assembled again to put the final touch to our work. Our conference was long, and the result of it was, that M. and Madame du Maine were to be arrested on the morrow; all the necessary arrangements were made, and, as we thought, with the utmost secrecy. Nevertheless, the orders given to the regiment of the guards, and to the musketeers, somehow or other transpired during the evening, and gave people reason to believe that something considerable was in contemplation. On leaving the conference, I arranged with Le Blanc that, when the blow was struck, he should inform me by simply sending a servant to inquire after my health.

The morrow, about ten o'clock in the morning, having noise-

lessly and without show placed the body-guard around Sceaux, La Billardière, lieutenant of the regiment, entered there, and arrested the Duc du Maine as he was leaving his chapel after hearing mass, and very respectfully begged him not to re-enter the house, but to mount immediately into a coach which he had brought. M. du Maine, who had expected this arrest, and who had had time to put his papers in order, made not the slightest resistance. He replied that he had anticipated this compliment for some days, and at once moved into the coach. La Billardière placed himself by his side, and in front was an exempt of the body-guards, and Favancourt, brigadier in the first company of musketeers, destined to guard him in his prison.

As these two latter persons did not appear before the Duc du Maine until the moment he entered the coach, he appeared surprised and moved to see Favancourt. He would not have been at the exempt, but the sight of the other depressed him. He asked La Billardière what this meant. Billardière could not dissimulate that Favancourt had orders to accompany him, and to remain with him in the place to which they were going. Favancourt himself took this moment to pay his compliments as best he might to the Duc du Maine, to which the duke replied but little, and that in a civil and apprehensive manner. These proceedings conducted them to the end of the avenue of Sceaux, where the body-guards appeared. The sight of them made the Duc du Maine change color.

Silence was but little interrupted in the coach. Now and then M. du Maine would say that he was very innocent of the accusation which had been formed against him; that he was much attached to the King, and not less so to M. le Duc d'Orléans, who could not but recognize it; and that it was very unfortunate his Royal Highness should put faith in his enemies (he never named anybody). All this was said in a broken manner, and amid many sighs; from time to time signs of the cross; low mumblings as of prayers; and plunges at each church or each cross they passed. He took his meals in the coach, ate very little, was alone at night, but with good precautions taken. He did not know until the morrow that he was going to Dourlens. He showed no emotion thereupon. All these details I learned from Favancourt, whom I knew very

well, and who was in the musketeers when I served in that corps.

At the moment of the arrest of M. du Maine, Ancenis, captain of the body-guard, arrested the Duchesse du Maine in her house in the Rue St. Honoré. A lieutenant, and an exempt of the foot body-guards, with other troops, took possession of the house at the same time, and guarded the doors. The compliment of the Duc d'Ancenis was sharply received. Madame du Maine wished to take away some caskets. Ancenis objected. She demanded, at the least, her jewels; altercations very strong on one side, very modest on the other: but she was obliged to yield. She raged at the violence done to a person of her rank, without saying anything too disobliging to M. d'Ancenis, and without naming anybody. She delayed her departure as long as she could, despite the instances of D'Ancenis, who at last presented his hand to her, and politely, but firmly, said she must go. She found at her door two six-horse coaches, the sight of which much shocked her. She was obliged, however, to mount. Ancenis placed himself by her side, the lieutenant and the exempt of the guard in front, two chambermaids whom she had chosen were in the other coach, with her apparel, which had been examined. The ramparts were followed, the principal streets avoided; there was no stir, and at this she could not restrain her surprise and vexation, or check a tear, declaiming by fits and starts against the violence done her. She complained of the rough coach, the indignity it cast upon her, and from time to time asked where she was being led to. She was simply told that she would sleep at Essonne, nothing more. Her three guardians maintained profound silence. At night all possible precautions were taken. When she set out the next day, the Duc d'Ancenis took leave of her, and left her to the lieutenant, and to the exempt of the body-guards, with troops to conduct her. She asked where they were leading her to: he simply replied, "To Fontainebleau." The disquietude of Madame du Maine augmented as she left Paris farther behind, but when she found herself in Burgundy, and knew at last she was to go to Dijon, she stormed at a fine rate.

It was worse when she was forced to enter the castle, and found herself the prisoner of M. le Duc. Fury suffocated her. She raged against her nephew, and the horrible place chosen

for her. Nevertheless, after her first transports, she returned to herself, and began to comprehend that she was in no place and no condition to play the fury. Her extreme rage she kept to herself, affected nothing but indifference for all, and disdainful security. The King's lieutenant of the castle, absolutely devoted to M. le Duc, kept her fast, and closely watched her and her chambermaids. The Prince de Dombes and the Comte d'Eu (her sons) were at the same time exiled to Eu, where a gentleman in ordinary always was near them; Mademoiselle du Maine was sent to Maubuisson.

Several other people were successively arrested and placed either in the Bastile or Vincennes. The commotion caused by the arrest and imprisonment of M. and Madame du Maine was great; many faces, already elongated by the Bed of Justice, were still further pulled out by these events. The chief president, D'Effiat, the Maréchal de Villeroy, the Maréchal de Villars, the Marshal d'Huxelles, and other devoted friends of M. du Maine, were completely terrified; they did not dare to say a word; they kept out of the way; did not leave their houses except from necessity; fear was painted upon their faces. All their pride was put aside; they became polite, caressing, would have eaten out of your hand; and by this sudden change and their visible embarrassment betrayed themselves.

As for the Comte de Toulouse he remained as upright and loyal as ever. The very day of the double arrest he came to M. le Duc d'Orléans and said that he regarded the King, the Regent, and the State as one and the same thing; that he should never be wanting in his duty or in his fidelity toward them; that he was very sorry at what had happened to his brother, but that he was in no way answerable for him. The Regent stated this to me the same day, and appeared, with reason, to be charmed with such straightforward honesty.

This arrest of M. and Madame du Maine had another effect. For some time past, a large quantity of illicit salt had been sold throughout the country. The people by whom this trade was conducted, *faux sauniers,* as they were called, travelled over the provinces in bands well armed and well organized. So powerful had they become that troops were necessary in order to capture them. There were more than 5,000 *faux sauniers,* who openly carried on their traffic in Champagne and Picardy.

They had become political instruments in the hands of others, being secretly encouraged and commanded by those who wished to sow trouble in the land. It could not be hidden that these *faux sauniers* were redoubtable by their valor and their arrangements; that the people were favorable to them, buying as they did from them salt at a low price, and irritated as they were against the *gabelle* and other imposts; that these *faux sauniers* spread over all the realm, and often marching in large bands, which beat all opposed to them, were dangerous people, who incited the population by their examples to opposition against the government.

I had proposed on one occasion the abolition of the salt tax to the Regent, as a remedy for these evils; but my suggestion shared the fate of many others. It was favorably listened to, and nothing more. And meanwhile the *faux sauniers* had gone on increasing. I had no difficulty in discovering by whom they were encouraged, and the event showed I was right. Directly after the arrest of M. and Madame du Maine, the *faux sauniers* laid down their arms, asked, and obtained pardon. This prompt submission showed clearly enough by whom they had been employed, and for what reason. I had uselessly told M. le Duc d'Orléans so long before, who admitted that I was right, but did nothing. It was his usual plan.

Let me finish at once with all I shall have to say respecting M. and Madame du Maine.

They remained in their prisons during the whole of the year 1719, supplied with all the comforts and attentions befitting their state, and much less rigorously watched than at first, thanks to the easy disposition of M. le Duc d'Orléans, whose firmness yielded even more rapidly than beauty to the effects of time. The consequence of his indulgence toward the two conspirators was, that at about the commencement of the following year, 1720, they began to play a very ridiculous comedy, of which not a soul was the dupe, not even the public, nor the principal actors, nor the Regent.

The Duc and Duchesse du Maine, thanks to the perfidy of the Abbé Dubois, had had time to hide away all their papers, and to arrange together the different parts they should play. Madame du Maine, supported by her sex and birth, muffled herself up in her dignity, when replying to the questions ad-

dressed to her, of which just as many, and no more, were read to the replying counsel as pleased the Abbé Dubois; and strongly accusing Cellamare and others; protected as much as possible her friends, her husband above all, by charging herself with all; by declaring that what she had done M. du Maine had no knowledge of; and that its object went no further than to obtain from the Regent such reforms in his administration as were wanted.

The Duc du Maine, shorn of his rank and of his title of prince of the blood, trembled for his life. His crimes against the State—against the blood royal—against the person of the Regent, so long, so artfully, and so cruelly offended, troubled him all the more because he felt they deserved severe punishment. He soon, therefore, conceived the idea of screening himself beneath his wife's petticoats. His replies, and all his observations were to the same tune; perfect ignorance of everything. Therefore when the duchess had made her confessions, and they were communicated to him, he cried out against his wife—her madness—her felony—his misfortune in having a wife capable of conspiring, and daring enough to implicate him in everything without having spoken to him; making him thus a criminal without being so the least in the world; and keeping him so ignorant of her doings, that it was out of his power to stop them, to chide her, or inform M. le Duc d'Orléans if things had been pushed so far that he ought to have done so!

From that time the Duc du Maine would no longer hear talk of a woman who, without his knowledge, had cast him and his children into this abyss; and when at their release from prison, they were permitted to write and send messages to each other, he would receive nothing from her, or give any signs of life. Madame du Maine, on her side, pretended to be afflicted at this treatment; admitting, nevertheless, that she had acted wrongfully toward her husband in implicating him without his knowledge in her schemes. They were at this point when they were allowed to come near Paris. M. du Maine went to live at Clagny, a château near Versailles, built for Madame de Montespan. Madame du Maine went to Sceaux. They came separately to see M. le Duc d'Orléans at Paris, without sleeping there; both played their parts, and as the Abbé Dubois judged the time had come to take credit to himself in their eyes for

finishing their disgrace, he easily persuaded M. le Duc d'Orléans to appear convinced of the innocence of M. du Maine.

During their stay in the two country houses above-named, where they saw but little company, Madame du Maine made many attempts at reconciliation with her husband, which he repelled. This farce lasted from the month of January (when they arrived at Sceaux and at Clagny) to the end of July. Then they thought the game had lasted long enough to be put an end to. They had found themselves quit of all danger so cheaply, and counted so much upon the Abbé Dubois, that they were already thinking of returning to their former considerations; and to work at this usefully, they must be in a position to see each other, and commence by establishing themselves in Paris, where they would of necessity live together.

The sham rupture had been carried to this extent, that the two sons of the Duc du Maine returned from Eu to Clagny a few days after him, did not for a long time go and see Madame du Maine, and subsequently saw her but rarely, and without sleeping under her roof.

At last the resolution being taken to put an end to the comedy, this is how it was terminated by another.

Madame la Princesse made an appointment with the Duc du Maine at Vaugirard on the last of July, and in the house of Landais, treasurer of the artillery. She arrived there a little after him with the Duchesse du Maine, whom she left in her carriage. She said to M. du Maine she had brought a lady with her who much desired to see him. The thing was not difficult to understand; the piece had been well studied. The Duchesse du Maine was sent for. The apparent reconcilement took place. The three were a long time together. To play out the comedy, M. and Madame du Maine still kept apart, but saw and approached each other by degrees, until at last the former returned to Sceaux, and lived with his wife as before.

To go back, now, to the remaining events of the year 1719.

The Marquise de Charlus, sister of Mezières, and mother of the Marquis de Levi, who has since become a duke and a peer, died rich and old. She was the exact picture of an old-clothes woman, and was thus subject to many insults from those who

did not know her, which she by no means relished. To relieve a little the seriousness of these memoirs, I will here relate an amusing adventure of which she was heroine.

She was very avaricious, and a great gambler. She would have passed the night up to her knees in water in order to play. Heavy gambling at lansquenet was carried on at Paris in the evening, at Madame la Princesse de Conti's. Madame de Charlus supped there one Friday, between the games, much company being present. She was no better clad than at other times, and wore a head-dress, in vogue at that day, called *commode*, not fastened, but put on or taken off like a wig or a nightcap. It was fashionable, then, to wear these head-dresses very high.

Madame de Charlus was near the Archbishop of Rheims, Le Tellier. She took a boiled egg, that she cracked, and in reaching for some salt, set her head-dress on fire, at a candle near, without perceiving it. The archbishop, who saw her all in flames, seized the head-dress and flung it upon the ground. Madame de Charlus, in her surprise, and indignant at seeing herself thus uncovered, without knowing why, threw her egg in the archbishop's face, and made him in a fine mess.

Nothing but laughter was heard; and all the company were in convulsions of mirth at the gray, dirty, and hoary head of Madame de Charlus, and the archbishop's omelet; above all, at the fury and abuse of Madame de Charlus, who thought she had been affronted, and who was a long time before she would understand the cause, irritated at finding herself thus treated before everybody. The head-dress was burned, Madame la Princesse de Conti gave her another, but before it was on her head everybody had time to contemplate her charms, and she to grow in fury. Her husband died three months after her. M. de Levi expected to find treasures; there had been such; but they had taken wing and flown away.

About this time appeared some verses under the title of "Philippiques," which were distributed with extraordinary promptitude and abundance. La Grange, formerly page of Madame la Princesse de Conti, was the author, and did not deny it. All that hell could vomit forth, true and false, was expressed in the most beautiful verses, most poetic in style, and with all the art and talent imaginable. M. le Duc d'Orléans

knew it, and wished to see the poem, but he could not succeed in getting it, for no one dared to show it to him.

He spoke of it several times to me, and at last demanded with such earnestness that I should bring it to him, that I could not refuse. I brought it to him accordingly, but read it to him I declared I never would. He took it, therefore, and read it in a low tone, standing in the window of his little winter cabinet, where we were. He judged it in reading much as it was, for he stopped from time to time to speak to me, and without appearing much moved. But all on a sudden I saw him change countenance, and turn toward me, tears in his eyes, and himself ready to drop.

"Ah," said he, "this is too much, this horrible poem beats me completely——"

He was at the part where the scoundrel shows M. le Duc d'Orléans having the design to poison the King, and quite ready to execute his crime. It is the part where the author redoubles his energy, his poetry, his invocations, his terrible and startling beauties, his invectives, his hideous pictures, his touching portraits of the youth and innocence of the King, and of the hopes he has, adjuring the nation to save so dear a victim from the barbarity of a murderer; in a word, all that is most delicate, most tender, stringent, and blackest, most pompous, and most moving, is there.

I wished to profit by the dejected silence into which the reading of this poem had thrown M. le Duc d'Orléans, to take from him the execrable paper, but I could not succeed; he broke out into just complaints against such horrible wickedness, and into tenderness for the King; then finished his reading, that he interrupted more than once to speak to me. I never saw a man so penetrated, so deeply touched, so overwhelmed with injustice so enormous and sustained. As for me, I could not contain myself. To see him, the most prejudiced, if of good faith, would have been convinced he was innocent of the crime imputed to him, by the horror he displayed at it. I have said all, when I state that I recovered myself with difficulty, and that I had all the pains in the world to compose him a little.

This La Grange, who was of no personal value, yet a good poet—only that, and never anything else—had, by his poetry, insinuated himself into Sceaux, where he had become one of

the great favorites of Madame du Maine. She and her husband knew his life, his habits, and his mercenary villany. They knew, too, how to profit by it. He was arrested shortly afterward, and sent to the Isles of Sainte Marguerite, which he obtained permission to leave before the end of the regency. He had the audacity to show himself everywhere in Paris, and while he was appearing at the theatres and in all public places, people had the impudence to spread the report that M. le Duc d'Orléans had had him killed! M. le Duc d'Orléans and his enemies have been equally indefatigable; the latter in the blackest villanies, the prince in the most unfruitful clemency, to call it by no more expressive name.

Before the Regent was called to the head of public affairs, I recommended him to banish the Père Tellier when he had the power to do so. He did not act upon my advice, or only partially; nevertheless, Tellier was disgraced, and after wandering hither and thither, a very firebrand wherever he went, he was confined by his superiors in La Flêche.

This tyrant of the Church, furious that he could no longer move, which had been his sole consolation during the end of his reign and his terrible domination, found himself at La Flêche, reduced to a position as insupportable as it was new to him.

The Jesuits, spies of each other, and jealous and envious of those who have the superior authority, are marvellously ungrateful toward those who, having occupied high posts, or served the company with much labor and success, become useless to it, by their age or their infirmities. They regard them with disdain, and instead of bestowing upon them the attention merited by their age, their services, and their merit, leave them in the dreariest solitude, and begrudge them even their food!

I have with my own eyes seen three examples of this in these Jesuits, men of much piety and honor, who had filled positions of confidence and of talent, and with whom I was very intimate. The first had been rector of their establishment at Paris, was distinguished by excellent works of piety, and was for several years assistant of the general at Rome, at the death of whom he returned to Paris; because the rule is, that the new general has new assistants. Upon his return to the Paris establishment

he was put into a garret, at the very top of the house, amid solitude, contempt, and want.

The direction of the royal conscience had been the principal occupation of the two others, one of whom had even been proposed as confessor to Madame la Dauphine. One was long ill of a malady he died of. He was not properly nourished, and I sent him his dinner every day, for more than five months, because I had seen his pittance. I sent him even remedies, for he could not refrain from admitting to me that he suffered from the treatment he was subjected to.

The third, very old and very infirm, had not a better fate. At last, being no longer able to hold out, he asked to be allowed to pay a visit to my Versailles house (after having explained himself to me), under pretext of fresh air. He remained there several months, and died at the novitiate in Paris. Such is the fate of all the Jesuits, without excepting the most famous, putting aside a few who having shone at the court and in the world by their sermons and their merit, and having made many friends—as the Pères Bordaloue, La Rue, Gaillard—have been guaranteed from the general disgrace, because, often visited by the principal persons of the court and the town, policy did not permit them to be treated like the rest, for fear of making so many considerable people notice what they would not have suffered without disturbance and scandal.

It was, then, in this abandonment and this contempt that Père Tellier remained at La Flêche, although he had from the Regent 4,000 livres pension. He had ill-treated everybody. When he was confessor of the King, not one of his brethren approached him without trembling, although most of them were the big-wigs of the company. Even the general of the company was forced to bend beneath the despotism he exercised upon all. There was not a Jesuit who did not disapprove the violence of his conduct, or who did not fear it would injure the society. All hated him, as a minister is hated who is coarse, harsh, inaccessible, egotistical, and who takes pleasure in showing his power and his disdain.

His exile, and the conduct that drew it upon him, were fresh motives for hatred against him, unveiling, as they did, a number of secret intrigues he had been concerned in, and which he had great interest in hiding. All these things together did not

render agreeable to Tellier his forced retirement at La Flêche. He found there sharp superiors and equals, instead of the general terror his presence had formerly caused among the Jesuits. All now showed nothing but contempt for him, and took pleasure in making him sensible of it. This king of the Church, in part of the State, and in private of his society, became again a common Jesuit like the rest, and under superiors; it may be imagined what a hell this was to a man so impetuous and so accustomed to a domination without reply, and without bounds, and abused in every fashion. Thus he did not endure it long. Nothing more was heard of him, and he died after having been only six months at La Flêche.

There was another death, which I may as well mention here, as it occurred about the same time.

On Saturday evening, April 15, 1719, the celebrated and fatal Madame de Maintenon died at Saint Cyr. What a stir this event would have made in Europe, had it happened a few years earlier! It was scarcely mentioned in Paris!

I have already said so much respecting this woman, so unfortunately famous, that I will say but little more now. Her life at Saint Cyr was divided between her spiritual duties, the letters she received from her religious correspondents, and the answers she gave to them. She took the communion twice a week, ordinarily between seven and eight o'clock in the morning; not, as Dangeau says in his "Mémoires," at midnight or every day. She was very rich, having 4,000 livres pension per month from the Regent, besides other emoluments. She had, too, her estate at Maintenon, and some other property. With all this wealth, too, she had not a farthing of expense at Saint Cyr. Everything was provided for herself and servants and their horses, even wood, coals, and candles. She had nothing to buy, except dress for herself and for her people. She kept a steward, a valet, people for the horses and the kitchen, a coach, seven or eight horses, one or two others for the saddle, beside having the young ladies of Saint Cyr, chambermaids, and Mademoiselle d'Aumale to wait upon her.

The fall of the Duc du Maine at the Bed of Justice struck the first blow at her. It is not too much to presume that she was well informed of the measures and the designs of this darling, and that this hope had sustained her; but when she

saw him arrested she succumbed; continuous fever seized her, and she died at eighty-three years of age, in the full possession of all her intellect.

Regret for her loss, which was not even universal in Saint Cyr, scarcely passed the walls of that community. Aubigny, Archbishop of Rouen, her pretended cousin, was the only man I ever heard of who was fool enough to die of grief on account of it. But he was so afflicted by this loss that he fell ill, and soon followed her.

Madame la Duchesse de Berry was living, as usual, amid the loftiest pride, and the vilest servitude; amid penitence the most austere at the Carmelite convent of the Faubourg St. Germain, and suppers the most profaned by vile company, filthiness, and impiety; amid the most shameless debauchery, and the most horrible fear of the devil and death; when lo! she fell ill at the Luxembourg.

I must disguise nothing more, especially as what I am relating belongs to history; and never in these memoirs have I introduced details upon gallantry except such as were necessary to the proper comprehension of important or interesting matters to which they related. Madame la Duchesse de Berry would constrain herself in nothing; she was indignant that people would dare to speak of what she did not take the trouble to hide from them; and nevertheless she was grieved to death that her conduct was known.

She was in the family-way by Rion, but hid it as much as she could. Madame de Mouchy was their go-between, although her conduct was as clear as day. Rion and Mouchy, in fact, were in love with each other, and had innumerable facilities for indulging their passion. They laughed at the princess, who was their dupe, and from whom they drew in council all they could. In one word, they were the masters of her and of her household, and so insolently, that M. le Duc and Madame la Duchesse d'Orléans, who knew them and hated them, feared them also and temporized with them. Madame de Saint-Simon, sheltered from all that, extremely loved and respected by all the household, and respected even by this couple who made themselves so much dreaded and courted, only saw Madame la Duchesse de Berry during the moments of representation at the Luxembourg, whence she returned

as soon as all was finished, entirely ignorant of what was passing, though she might have been perfectly instructed.

The illness of Madame la Duchesse de Berry came on, and this illness, ill prepared for by suppers washed down by wine and strong liquors, became stormy and dangerous. Madame de Saint-Simon could not avoid becoming assiduous in her attendance as soon as the peril appeared, but she never would yield to the instances of M. le Duc and Madame la Duchesse d'Orléans, who, with all the household, wished her to sleep in the chamber allotted to her, and which she never put foot in, not even during the day. She found Madame la Duchesse de Berry shut up in a little chamber, which had private entrances—very useful just then, with no one near her but La Mouchy and Rion, and a few trusty waiting-women. All in attendance had free entrance to this room. M. le Duc and Madame la Duchesse d'Orléans were not allowed to enter when they liked; of course it was the same with the lady of honor, the other ladies, the chief *femme de chambre*, and the doctors. All entered from time to time, but ringing for an instant. A bad headache or want of sleep caused them often to be asked to stay away, or, if they entered, to leave directly afterward. They did not press their presence upon the sick woman, knowing only too well the nature of her malady; but contented themselves by asking after her through Madame de Mouchy, who opened the door to reply to them, keeping it scarcely ajar. This ridiculous proceeding passed before the crowd of the Luxembourg, of the Palais Royal, and of many other people who, for form's sake or for curiosity, came to inquire the news, and became common town-talk.

The danger increasing, Languet, a celebrated curé of Saint Sulpice, who had always rendered himself assiduous, spoke of the sacraments to M. le Duc d'Orléans. The difficulty was how to enter and propose them to Madame la Duchesse de Berry. But another and greater difficulty soon appeared. It was this: the curé, like a man knowing his duty, refused to administer the sacrament, or to suffer it to be administered, while Rion or Madame de Mouchy remained in the chamber, or even in the Luxembourg!

He declared this aloud before everybody, expressly in presence of M. le Duc d'Orléans, who was less shocked than em-

barrassed. He took the curé aside, and for a long time tried to make him give way. Seeing him inflexible, he proposed reference to the Cardinal de Noailles. The curé immediately agreed, and promised to defer to his orders, Noailles being his bishop, provided he was allowed to explain his reasons. The affair passed, and Madame la Duchesse de Berry made confession to a Cordelier, her confessor. M. le Duc d'Orléans flattered himself, no doubt, he would find the diocesan more flexible than the curé. If he hoped so he deceived himself.

The Cardinal de Noailles arrived; M. le Duc d'Orléans took him aside with the curé, and their conversation lasted more than half an hour. As the declaration of the curé had been public, the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris judged it fitting that his should be so also. As all three approached the door of the chamber filled with company, the Cardinal de Noailles said aloud to the curé, that he had very worthily done his duty, that he expected nothing less from such a good, experienced, and enlightened man as he was; that he praised him for what he had demanded before administering the sacrament to Madame la Duchesse de Berry; that he exhorted him not to give in, or to suffer himself to be deceived upon so important a thing; and that if he wanted further authorization he, as his bishop, diocesan, and superior, prohibited him from administering the sacraments, or allowing them to be administered, to Madame la Duchesse de Berry while Rion and Madame de Mouchy were in the chamber, or even in the Luxembourg.

It may be imagined what a stir such inevitable scandal as this made in a room so full of company; what embarrassment it caused M. le Duc d'Orléans, and what a noise it immediately made everywhere. Nobody, even the chiefs of the constitution, the mass without, enemies of the Cardinal de Noailles, the most fashionable bishops, the most distinguished women, the libertines even—not one blamed the curé or his archbishop: some because they knew the rules of the Church, and did not dare to impugn them; others, the majority, from horror of the conduct of Madame la Duchesse de Berry, and hatred drawn upon her by her pride.

Now came the question between the Regent, the cardinal, and curé, which should announce this determination to Madame la Duchesse de Berry, who in no way expected it, and who,

having confessed, expected every moment to see the holy sacrament enter, and to take it. After a short colloquy urged on by the state of the patient, the cardinal and the curé withdrew a little, while M. le Duc d'Orléans slightly opened the door and called Madame de Mouchy. Then, the door ajar, she within, he without, he told her what was in debate. La Mouchy, much astonished, still more annoyed, rode the high horse, talked of her merit, and of the affront that bigots wished to cast upon her and Madame la Duchesse de Berry, who would never suffer it or consent to it, and that she would die—in the state she was—if they had the impudence and the cruelty to tell it to her.

The conclusion was that La Mouchy undertook to announce to Madame la Duchesse de Berry the resolution that had been taken respecting the sacraments: what she added of her own may be imagined. A negative response did not fail to be quickly delivered to M. le Duc d'Orléans through the half-opened door. Coming through such a messenger, it was just the reply he might have expected. Immediately after, he repeated it to the cardinal, and to the curé; the curé being supported by his archbishop, contented himself with shrugging his shoulders. But the cardinal said to M. le Duc d'Orléans that Madame de Mouchy, one of the two who ought to be sent away, was not a fit person to bring Madame la Duchesse to reason; that it was his duty to carry this message to her, and to exhort her to do her duty as a Christian shortly about to appear before God; and the archbishop pressed the Regent to go and say so to her. It will be believed, without difficulty, that his eloquence gained nothing. This prince feared too much his daughter, and would have been but a feeble apostle with her.

Reiterated refusals determined the cardinal to go and speak to Madame la Duchesse de Berry, accompanied by the curé, and as he wished to set about it at once, M. le Duc d'Orléans, who did not dare to hinder him, but who feared some sudden and dangerous revolution in his daughter at the sight and at the discourses of the two pastors, conjured him to wait until preparations could be made to receive him. He went, therefore, and held another colloquy through the door with Madame de Mouchy, the success of which was equal to the other.

Madame la Duchesse de Berry flew into fury, railed in unruly terms against these hypocritical humbugs, who took advantage of her state and their calling to dishonor her by an unheard-of scandal, not in the least sparing her father for his stupidity and feebleness in allowing it. To have heard her, you would have thought that the curé and the cardinal ought to be kicked downstairs.

M. le Duc d'Orléans returned to the ecclesiastics, looking very small, and not knowing what to do between his daughter and them. However, he said to them that she was so weak and suffering that they must put off their visit, persuading them as well as he could. The attention and anxiety of the large company which filled the room were extreme: everything was known afterward, bit by bit, during the day.

The Cardinal de Noailles remained more than two hours with M. le Duc d'Orléans, round whom people gathered at last. The cardinal, seeing that he could not enter the chamber without a sort of violence, much opposed to persuasion, thought it indecent and useless to wait any longer. In going away, he reiterated his orders to the curé, and begged him to watch so as not to be deceived respecting the sacraments, lest attempts were made to administer them clandestinely. He afterward approached Madame de Saint-Simon, took her aside, related to her what had passed, and deplored with her a scandal that he had not been able to avoid. M. le Duc d'Orléans hastened to announce to his daughter the departure of the cardinal, at which he himself was much relieved. But on leaving the chamber he was astonished to find the curé glued against the door, and still more so to hear that he had taken up his post there, and meant to remain, happen what might, because he did not wish to be deceived respecting the sacraments. And, indeed, he remained there four days and four nights, except during short intervals for food and repose that he took at home, quite close to the Luxembourg, and during which his place was filled by two priests whom he left there. At last, the danger being passed, he raised the siege.

Madame la Duchesse de Berry, safely delivered of a daughter, had nothing to do but to re-establish herself; but she remained firm against the curé and the Cardinal de Noailles, neither of whom she ever pardoned. She became more and

more bewitched by the two lovers, who laughed at her, and who were attached to her only for their fortune and their interest. She remained shut up without seeing M. and Madame la Duchesse d'Orléans, except for a few moments: no one, commencing with Madame de Saint-Simon, showed any eagerness to see her, for everybody knew what kept the door shut.

Madame la Duchesse de Berry, infinitely pained by the manner in which everybody, even the people, looked upon her malady, thought to gain a little lost ground by throwing open the gardens of the Luxembourg to the public, after having long since closed them. People were glad; they profited by the act; that was all. She made a vow that she would give herself up to religion, and dress in white—that is, devote herself to the service of the Virgin—for six months. This vow made people laugh a little.

Her illness had begun on March 29, 1719, and Easter day fell on the ninth of April. She was then quite well, but would not see a soul. A new cause of annoyance had arisen to trouble her. Rion, who saw himself so successful the lover of Madame la Duchesse de Berry, wished to improve his position by becoming her husband. He was encouraged in this desire by his uncle, M. de Lauzun, who had also advised him to treat her with the rigor, harshness—nay, brutality, which I have already described. The maxim of M. de Lauzun was, that the Bourbons must be ill-used and treated with a high hand in order to maintain empire over them. Madame de Mouchy was as strongly in favor of this marriage as Rion. She knew she was sure of her lover, and that when he became the husband of Madame la Duchesse de Berry, all the doors which shut intimacy would be thrown down. A secret marriage accordingly took place.

This marriage gave rise to violent quarrels, and much weeping. In order to deliver herself from these annoyances, and at the same time steer clear of Easter, the duchess resolved to go away to Meudon on Easter Monday. It was in vain that the danger was represented to her, of the air, of the movement of the coach, and of the change of place at the end of a fortnight. Nothing could make her endure Paris any longer. She set out, therefore, followed by Rion and the majority of her ladies and her household.

M. le Duc d'Orléans informed me then of the fixed design of Madame la Duchesse de Berry to declare the secret marriage she had just made with Rion. Madame la Duchesse d'Orléans was at Montmartre for a few days, and we were walking in the little garden of her apartments. The marriage did not surprise me much, knowing the strength of her passion, her fear of the devil, and the scandal which had just happened. But I was astonished, to the last degree, at this furious desire to declare the marriage, in a person so superbly proud.

M. le Duc d'Orléans dilated upon his troubles, his anger, that of Madame (who wished to proceed to the most violent extremities), and the great resolve of Madame la Duchesse d'Orléans. Fortunately the majority of the officers destined to serve against Spain (war with that country had just been declared) were leaving every day, and Rion had remained solely on account of the illness of Madame la Duchesse de Berry. M. le Duc d'Orléans thought the shortest plan would be to encourage hope by delay, in forcing Rion to depart, flattering himself that the declaration would be put off much more easily in his absence than in his presence. I strongly approved this idea, and on the morrow, Rion received at Meudon a curt and positive order to depart at once and join his regiment in the army of the Duc de Berwick. Madame la Duchesse de Berry was all the more outraged, because she knew the cause of this order, and consequently felt her inability to hinder its execution. Rion on his side did not dare to disobey it. He set out, therefore; and M. le Duc d'Orléans, who had not yet been to Meudon, remained several days without going there.

Father and daughter feared each other, and this departure had not put them on better terms. She had told him, and repeated it, that she was a rich widow, mistress of her own actions, independent of him; had flown into a fury, and terribly abused M. le Duc d'Orléans when he tried to remonstrate with her. He had received much rough handling from her at the Luxembourg when she was better; it was the same at Meudon during the few visits he paid her there. She wished to declare her marriage; and all the art, intellect, gentleness, anger, menace, prayers, and interest of M. le Duc d'Orléans barely sufficed to make her consent to a brief delay.

If Madame had been listened to, the affair would have been

finished before the journey to Meudon; for M. le Duc d'Orléans would have thrown Rion out of the windows of the Luxembourg!

The premature journey to Meudon, and quarrels so warm, were not calculated to re-establish a person just returned from the gates of death. The extreme desire she had to hide her state from the public, and to conceal the terms on which she was with her father (for the rarity of his visits to her began to be remarked), induced her to give a supper to him on the terrace of Meudon about eight o'clock one evening. In vain the danger was represented to her of the cool evening air so soon after an illness such as she had just suffered from, and which had left her health still tottering. It was specially on this account that she stuck more obstinately to her supper on the terrace, thinking that it would take away all suspicion she had been confined, and induce the belief that she was on the same terms as ever with M. le Duc d'Orléans, though the uncommon rarity of his visits to her had been remarked.

This supper in the open air did not succeed. The same night she was taken ill. She was attacked by accidents, caused by the state in which she still was, and by an irregular fever, that the opposition she met with respecting the declaration of her marriage did not contribute to diminish. She grew disgusted with Meudon, like people ill in body and mind, who in their grief attribute everything to the air and the place. She was annoyed at the few visits she received from M. le Duc and Madame la Duchesse d'Orléans—her pride, however, suffering more than her tenderness.

In despite of all reason, nothing could hinder her from changing her abode. She was transferred from Meudon to the Muette, wrapped up in sheets, and in a large coach, on Sunday, May 14, 1719. Arrived so near Paris, she hoped M. le Duc and Madame la Duchesse d'Orléans would come and see her more frequently, if only for form's sake.

This journey was painful by the sufferings it caused her, added to those she already had, which no remedies could appease, except for short intervals, and which became very violent. Her illness augmented; but hopes and fears sustained her until the commencement of July. During all this time her desire to declare her marriage weakened, and M. le Duc

and Madame la Duchesse d'Orléans, as well as Madame, who passed the summer at Saint Cloud, came more frequently to see her. The month of July became more menacing because of the augmentation of pain and fever. These ills increased so much, in fact, that, by July 14th, fears for her life began to be felt.

The night of the fourteenth was so stormy, that M. le Duc d'Orléans was sent to at the Palais Royal, and awakened. At the same time Madame de Pons wrote to Madame de Saint-Simon, pressing her to come and establish herself at the Muette. Madame de Saint-Simon, although she made a point of scarcely ever sleeping under the same roof as Madame la Duchesse de Berry (for reasons which need no further explanation than those already given), complied at once with this request, and took up her quarters from this time at La Muette.

Upon arriving, she found the danger great. Madame la Duchesse de Berry had been bled in the arm and in the foot on the tenth, and her confessor had been sent for. But the malady still went on increasing. As the pain which had so long afflicted her could not induce her to follow a regimen necessary for her condition, or to think of a future state, relations and doctors were at last obliged to speak a language to her, not used toward princesses, except at the most urgent extremity. This, at last, had its effect. She submitted to the medical treatment prescribed for her, and received the sacrament with open doors, speaking to those present upon her life and upon her state, but like a queen in both instances. After this sight was over, alone with her familiars, she applauded herself for the firmness she had displayed, asked them if she had not spoken well, and if she was not dying with greatness and courage.

A day or two after, she wished to receive Our Lord once more. She received, accordingly, and as it appeared, with much piety, quite differently from the first time.

At the extremity to which she had arrived, the doctors knew not what to do; everybody was tried. An elixir was spoken of, discovered by a certain Garus, which made much stir just then, and the secret of which the King has since bought. Garus was sent for and soon arrived. He found Madame la Duchesse de Berry so ill that he would answer for nothing. His remedy was given, and succeeded beyond all hopes. Noth-

ing remained but to continue it. Above all things, Garus had begged that nothing should, on any account, be given to Madame la Duchesse de Berry except by him, and this had been most expressly commanded by M. le Duc and Madame la Duchesse d'Orléans. Madame la Duchesse de Berry continued to be more and more relieved and so restored, that Chirac, her regular doctor, began to fear for his reputation, and taking the opportunity when Garus was asleep upon a sofa, presented, with impetuosity, a purgative to Madame la Duchesse de Berry, and made her swallow it without saying a word to anybody, the two nurses standing by, the only persons present, not daring to oppose him.

The audacity of this was as complete as its villany, for M. le Duc and Madame la Duchesse d'Orléans were close at hand in the saloon. From this moment to that in which the patient fell into a state worse than that from which the elixir had drawn her, there was scarcely an interval. Garus was awaked and called. Seeing this disorder, he cried that a purgative had been given, and whatever it might be, it was poison in the state to which the princess was now reduced. He wished to depart, he was detained, he was taken to Madame la Duchesse d'Orléans. Then followed a great uproar, cries from Garus, impudence and unequalled hardihood of Chirac, in defending what he had done.

He could not deny it, for the two nurses had been questioned, and had told all. Madame la Duchesse de Berry drew near her end during this debate, and neither Chirac nor Garus could prevent it. She lasted, however, the rest of the day, and did not die until about midnight. Chirac seeing the death agony advance, traversed the chamber, made an insulting reverence at the foot of the bed, which was open, and wished her "a pleasant journey" (in equivalent terms), and thereupon went off to Paris. The marvel is that nothing came of this, and that he remained the doctor of M. le Duc d'Orléans as before.

While the end was yet approaching, Madame de Saint-Simon, seeing that there was no one to bear M. le Duc d'Orléans company, sent for me to stand by him in these sad moments. It appeared to me that my arrival pleased him, and that I was not altogether useless to him in relieving his grief. The rest of the day was passed in entering for a moment at a

time into the sick chamber. In the evening I was nearly always alone with him.

He wished that I should charge myself with all the funeral arrangements, and in case Madame la Duchesse de Berry, when opened, should be found to be *enceinte*, to see that the secret was kept. I proposed that the funeral should be of the simplest, without show or ceremonial. I explained my reasons, he thanked me, and left all the orders in my hands. Getting rid of these gloomy matters as quickly as possible, I walked with him from time to time in the reception rooms, and in the garden, keeping him from the chamber of the dying as much as possible.

The night was well advanced, and Madame la Duchesse de Berry grew worse and worse, and without consciousness since Chirac had poisoned her. M. le Duc d'Orléans returned into the chamber, approached the head of the bed—all the curtains being pulled back; I allowed him to remain there but a few moments, and hurried him into the cabinet, which was deserted just then. The windows were open, he leaned upon the iron balustrade, and his tears increased so much that I feared lest they should suffocate him. When this attack had a little subsided, he began to talk of the misfortunes of this world, and of the short duration of its most agreeable pleasures. I urged the occasion to say to him everything God gave me the power to say, with all the gentleness, emotion, and tenderness, I could command. Not only he received well what I said to him, but he replied to it and prolonged the conversation.

After we had been there more than an hour, Madame de Saint-Simon gently warned me that it was time to try and lead M. le Duc d'Orléans away, especially as there was no exit from the cabinet, except through the sick chamber. His coach, that Madame de Saint-Simon had sent for, was ready. It was without difficulty that I succeeded in gently moving away M. le Duc d'Orléans, plunged as he was in the most bitter grief. I made him traverse the chamber at once, and supplicated him to return to Paris. At last he consented. He wished me to remain and give orders, and begged, with much positiveness, Madame de Saint-Simon to be present when seals were put upon the effects, after which I led him to his coach, and he went away. I immediately repeated to Madame de Saint-

Simon the orders he had given me respecting the opening of the body; in order that she might have them executed, and I hindered her from remaining in the chamber, where there was nothing now but horror to be seen.

At last, about midnight, on July 21, 1719, Madame la Duchesse de Berry died, ten days after Chirac had consummated his crime. M. le Duc d'Orléans was the only person touched. Some people grieved; but not one of them who had enough to live upon appeared ever to regret her loss. Madame la Duchesse d'Orléans felt her deliverance, but paid every attention to decorum. Madame constrained herself but little. However affected M. le Duc d'Orléans might be, consolation soon came. The yoke to which he had submitted himself, and which he afterward found heavy, was severed. Above all, he was free from all annoyance on the score of Rion's marriage, and its results, annoyance that would have been all the greater, inasmuch as at the opening of the poor princess she was found to be again *enceinte;* it was also found that her brain was deranged. These circumstances were for the time carefully hidden. It may be imagined what a state Rion fell into in learning at the army the death of Madame la Duchesse de Berry. All his romantic notions of ambition being overturned, he was more than once on the point of killing himself, and for a long time was always kept in sight by his friends. He sold out at the end of the campaign. As he had been gentle and polite to his friends, they did not desert him. But he ever afterward remained in obscurity.

On account of this death the theatres were closed for eight days.

On Saturday, July 22, the heart of Madame la Duchesse de Berry was taken to the Val-de-Grace.

On Sunday, July 23, her body was carried in an eight-horse coach to Saint Denis. There was very little display; only about forty torches were carried by pages and guards.

The funeral service was performed at Saint Denis in the early part of September. There was no funeral oration.

Madame de Saint-Simon had been forced, as I have shown, to accept the post of lady of honor to Madame la Duchesse de Berry, and had never been able to quit it. She had been treated with all sorts of consideration, had been allowed every

liberty, but this did not console her for the post she occupied; so that she felt all the pleasure, not to say the satisfaction, of a deliverance she did not expect, from a princess twenty-four years of age. But the extreme fatigue of the last days of the illness, and of those which followed death, caused her a malignant fever, which left her at death's portal during six weeks in a house at Passy. She was two months recovering herself.

This accident, which almost turned my head, sequestered me from anything for two months, during which I never left the house, scarcely left the sick chamber, attended to nothing, and saw only a few relatives or indispensable friends.

When my wife began to be re-established, I asked M. le Duc d'Orléans for a lodging at the new château at Meudon. He lent me the whole château, completely furnished. We passed there the rest of this summer, and several other summers afterward. It is a charming place for rides or drives. We counted upon seeing only our friends there, but the proximity to Paris overwhelmed us with people, so that all the new château was sometimes completely filled, without reckoning the people of passage.

I have little need to say anything more of Madame la Duchesse de Berry. These pages have already painted her. She was a strange mixture of pride and shamelessness. Drunkenness, filthy conversation, debauchery of the vilest kind, and impiety, were her diversions, varied, as has been seen, by occasional religious fits. Her indecency in everything, language, acts, behavior, passed all bounds; and yet her pride was so sublime that she could not endure that people should dare to speak of her amid her depravity, so universal and so public; she had the hardihood to declare that nobody had the right to speak of persons of her rank, or blame their most notorious actions.

Yet she had by nature a superior intellect, and, when she wished, could be agreeable and amiable. Her face was commanding, though somewhat spoiled at last by fat. She had much eloquence, speaking with an ease and precision that charmed and overpowered. What might she not have become, with the talents she possessed! But her pride, her violent temper, her irreligion, and her falsehood, spoiled all, and made her what we have seen her.

Law had established his Mississippi Company, and now began to do marvels with it. A sort of language had been invented, to talk of this scheme, language which, however, I shall no more undertake to explain than the other finance operations. Everybody was mad upon Mississippi stock. Immense fortunes were made, almost in a breath; Law, besieged in his house by eager applicants, saw people force open his door, enter by the windows from the garden, drop into his cabinet down the chimney! People talked only of millions!

Law, who, as I have said, came to my house every Tuesday, between eleven and twelve, often pressed me to receive some shares for nothing, offering to manage them without any trouble to me, so that I must gain to the amount of several millions! So many people had already gained enormously by their own exertions that it was not doubtful Law could gain for me even more rapidly. But I never would lend myself to it. Law addressed himself to Madame de Saint-Simon, whom he found as inflexible. He would have much preferred to enrich me than many others; so as to attach me to him by interest, intimate as he saw me with the Regent. He spoke to M. le Duc d'Orléans, even, so as to vanquish me by his authority. The Regent attacked me more than once, but I always eluded him.

At last, one day when we were together by appointment, at Saint Cloud, seated upon the balustrade of the orangery, which covers the descent into the wood of the *goulottes*, the Regent spoke again to me of the Mississippi, and pressed me to receive some shares from Law.

The more I resisted, the more he pressed me, and argued; at last he grew angry, and said that I was too conceited, thus to refuse what the King wished to give me (for everything was done in the King's name), while so many of my equals in rank and dignity were running after these shares. I replied that such conduct would be that of a fool, the conduct of impertinence, rather than of conceit; that it was not mine, and that since he pressed me so much I would tell him my reasons. They were, that since the fable of Midas, I had nowhere read, still less seen, that anybody had the faculty of converting into gold all he touched; that I did not believe this virtue was given to Law, but thought that all his knowledge was a learned

trick, a new and skilful juggle, which put the wealth of Peter into the pockets of Paul, and which enriched one at the expense of the other; that sooner or later the game would be played out, that an infinity of people would be ruined; finally, that I abhorred to gain at the expense of others, and would in no way mix myself up with the Mississippi scheme.

M. le Duc d'Orléans knew only too well how to reply to me, always returning to his idea that I was refusing the bounties of the King. I said that I was so removed from such madness, that I would make a proposition to him, of which assuredly I should never have spoken but for his accusation.

I related to him the expense to which my father had been put in defending Blaye against the party of M. le Prince in years gone. How he had paid the garrison, furnished provisions, cast cannon, stocked the place, during a blockade of eighteen months, and kept up, at his own expense, within the town, 500 gentlemen, whom he had collected together. How he had been almost ruined by the undertaking, and had never received a sou, except in warrants to the amount of 500,000 livres, of which not one had ever been paid, and that he had been compelled to pay yearly the interest of the debts he had contracted, debts that still hung like a millstone upon me. My proposition was—that M. le Duc d'Orléans should indemnify me for this loss, I giving up the warrants, to be burned before him.

This he at once agreed to. He spoke of it the very next day to Law: my warrants were burned by degrees in the cabinet of M. le Duc d'Orléans, and it was by this means I paid for what I had done at La Ferté.

Meanwhile the Mississippi scheme went on more swimmingly than ever. It was established in the Rue Quincampoix, from which horses and coaches were banished. About the end of October of this year, 1717, its business so much increased, that the office was thronged all day long, and it was found necessary to place clocks and guards with drums at each end of the street, to inform people, at seven o'clock in the morning, of the opening of business, and of its close at night: fresh announcements were issued, too, prohibiting people from going there on Sundays and *fête* days.

Never had excitement or madness been heard of which approached this.

M. le Duc d'Orléans distributed a large number of the company's shares to all the general officers and others employed in the war against Spain. A month after, the value of the specie was diminished; then the whole of the coin was recast.

Money was in such abundance—that is to say, the notes of Law, preferred then to the metallic currency—that four millions were paid to Bavaria, and three millions to Sweden, in settlement of old debts. Shortly after, M. le Duc d'Orléans gave 80,000 livres to Meuse, and 80,000 livres to Madame de Châteauthiers, *dame d'atours* of Madame. The Abbé Alari, too, obtained 2,000 livres pension. Various other people had augmentation of income given to them at this time.

Day by day Law's bank and his Mississippi increased in favor. The confidence in them was complete. People could not change their lands and their houses into paper fast enough, and the result of this paper was, that everything became dear beyond all previous experience. All heads were turned. Foreigners envied our good fortune, and left nothing undone to have a share in it. The English, even, so clear and so learned in banks, in companies, in commerce, allowed themselves to be caught, and bitterly repented it afterward. Law, although cold and discreet, felt his modesty giving way. He grew tired of being a subaltern. He hankered after greatness in the midst of this splendor; the Abbé Dubois and M. le Duc d'Orléans desired it for him more than he; nevertheless, two formidable obstacles were in the way: Law was a foreigner and a heretic, and he could not be naturalized without a preliminary act of abjuration. To perform that, somebody must be found to convert him, somebody upon whom good reliance could be placed. The Abbé Dubois had such a person all ready in his pocket, so to speak. The Abbé Tencin was the name of this ecclesiastic, a fellow of debauched habits and shameless life, whom the devil has since pushed into the most astonishing good fortune; so true it is that he sometimes departs from his ordinary rules, in order to recompense his servitors, and by these striking examples dazzle others, and so secure them.

As may be imagined, Law did not feel very proud of the abbé who had converted him: more especially as that same

abbé was just about this time publicly convicted of simony, of deliberate fraud, of right-down lying (proved by his own handwriting), and was condemned by the Parliament to pay a fine, which branded him with infamy, and which was the scandal of the whole town. Law, however, was converted, and this was a subject which supplied all conversation.

Soon after he bought, for 1,000,000 livres, the Hôtel Mazarin for his bank, which until then had been established in a house he hired of the chief president, who had not need of it, being very magnificently lodged in the Palace of the Parliament by virtue of his office. Law bought, at the same time, for 550,000 livres, the house of the Comte de Tessé.

Yet it was not all sunshine with this famous foreigner, for the sky above him was heavy with threatening clouds. In the midst of the flourishing success of his Mississippi, it was discovered that there was a plot to kill him. Thereupon sixteen soldiers of the regiment of the Guards were given to him as a protection to his house, and eight to his brother, who had come to Paris some little time before.

Law had other enemies beside those who were hidden. He could not get on well with Argenson, who, as comptroller of the finances, was continually thrown into connection with him. The disorder of the finances increased in consequence every day, as well as the quarrels between Law and Argenson, who each laid the blame upon the other. The Scotchman was the best supported, for his manners were pleasing, and his willingness to oblige infinite. He had, as it were, a finance tap in his hand, and he turned it on for everyone who helped him. M. le Duc, Madame la Duchesse, Tessé, Madame de Verue, had drawn many millions through this tap, and drew still. The Abbé Dubois turned it on as he pleased. These were grand supports, beside that of M. le Duc d'Orléans, who could not part with his favorite.

Argenson, on the contrary, was not much liked. He had been at the head of the police so long that he could not shake off the habits he had acquired in that position. He had been accustomed to give audiences upon all sorts of police matters at dead of night, or at the small hours of the morning, and he appeared to see no reason why he should not do the same now that he was keeper of the seals. He irritated people beyond

all bearing, by making appointments with them at these unreasonable hours, and threw into despair all who worked under him, or who had business with him. The difficulty of the finances, and his struggles with Law, had thrown him into ill-humor, which extended through all his refusals. Things, in fact, had come to such a pass, that it was evident one or the other must give up an administration which their rivalry threw into confusion.

Argenson saw the storm coming, and feeling the insecurity of his position, wished to save himself. He had too much sense and too much knowledge of the world not to feel that if he obstinately clung to the finances he should not only lose them but the seals also. He yielded therefore to Law, who was at last declared comptroller-general of the finances, and who, elevated to this (for him) surprising point, continued to visit me as usual every Tuesday morning, always trying to persuade me into belief of his past miracles, and of those to come.

Argenson remained keeper of the seals, and skilfully turned to account the sacrifice he had made by obtaining through it the permission to surrender his appointment of chancellor of the Order of Saint Louis to his eldest son, and the title, effectively, to his younger son. His place of *conseiller d'état*, that he had retained, he also gave to his eldest son, and made the other lieutenant of police. The murmur was great upon seeing a foreigner comptroller-general, and all abandoned to a finance system, which already had begun to be mistrusted. But Frenchmen grow accustomed to everything, and the majority were consoled by being no longer exposed to the sharp humor of Argenson, or his strange hours of business.

But Law's annoyances were not over when this change had been made. M. le Prince de Conti began to be troublesome. He was more grasping than any of his relatives, and that is not saying a little. He accosted Law now, pistol in hand, so to speak, and with a perfect " money or your life " manner. He had already amassed mountains of gold by the easy humor of M. le Duc d'Orléans ; he had drawn, too, a good deal from Law, in private. Not content with this, he wished to draw more. M. le Duc d'Orléans grew tired, and was not overpleased with him. The Parliament just then was at its tricks again ; its

plots began to peep out, and the Prince de Conti joined in its intrigues in order to try and play a part indecent, considering his birth; little fitting his age; shameful, after the monstrous favors unceasingly heaped upon him.

Repelled by the Regent, he turned, as I have said, toward Law, hoping for more success. His expectations were deceived; prayers, cringing meanness (for he stopped at nothing to get money) being of no effect, he tried main strength, and spared Law neither abuse nor menaces. In fact, not knowing what else to do to injure his bank, he sent three wagons there, and drove them away full of money, which he made Law give him for paper he held. Law did not dare to refuse, and thus show the poverty of his metallic funds, but fearing to accustom so unsatiable a prince to such tyranny as this, he went, directly the wagons left, to M. le Duc d'Orléans, and complained of what had occurred. The Regent was much annoyed; he saw the dangerous results, and the pernicious example of so violent a proceeding, directed against an unsupported foreigner, whom rather lightly he had just made comptroller-general. He flew into a violent rage, sent for the Prince de Conti, and, contrary to his nature, reprimanded him so severely, that he was silenced and cried for mercy. But annoyed at having failed, and still more at the sharp scolding he had received, the Prince de Conti consoled himself, like a woman, by spreading all sorts of reports against Law, which caused him but little fear, and did him still less harm, but which did slight honor to M. le Prince de Conti, because the cause of these reports, and also the large sums he had drawn from the financier, were not unknown to the public; blame upon him was general, and all the more heavy, because Law had fallen out of public favor, which a mere trifle had changed into spite and indignation.

This is the trifle. The Maréchal de Villeroy, incapable of inspiring the King with any solid ideas, adoring even to worship the deceased King, full of wind, and lightness, and frivolity, and of sweet recollections of his early years, his grace at *fêtes* and ballets, his splendid gallantries, wished that the King in imitation of his deceased monarch, should dance in a ballet. It was a little too early to think of this. This pleasure seemed a trifle too much of pain to so young a King; his timidity should have been vanquished by degrees, in order to accustom

him to society which he feared, before engaging him to show himself off in public, and dance upon a stage.

The deceased King—educated in a brilliant court, where rule and grandeur were kept up with much distinction, and where continual intercourse with ladies, the Queen-mother, and others of the court, had early fashioned and emboldened him, —had relished and excelled in these sorts of *fêtes* and amusements, amid a crowd of young people of both sexes, who all rightfully bore the names of nobility, and among whom scarcely any of humble birth were mixed, for we cannot call thus some three or four of coarser stuff, who were admitted simply for the purpose of adding strength and beauty to the ballet, by the grace of their faces and the elegance of their movements, with a few dancing-masters to regulate and give the tone to the whole. Between this time and that I am now speaking of was an abyss. The education of those days instructed every one in grace, address, exercise, respect for bearing, graduated and delicate politeness, polished and decent gallantry. The difference, then, between the two periods is seen at a glance, without time lost in pointing it out.

Reflection was not the principal virtue of the Maréchal de Villeroy. He thought of no obstacle either on the part of the King or elsewhere, and declared that his Majesty would dance in a ballet. Everything was soon ready for the execution. It was not so with the action. It became necessary to search for young people who could dance: soon, whether they danced ill or well, they were gladly received; at last the only question was, "Whom can we get?" consequently a sorry lot was obtained. Several, who ought never to have been admitted, were, and so easily, that from one to the other Law had the temerity to ask M. le Duc d'Orléans to allow his son, who danced very well, to join the ballet company! The Regent, always easy, still enamored of Law, and, to speak truth, purposely contributing as much as possible to confusion of rank, immediately accorded the demand, and undertook to say so to the Maréchal de Villeroy.

The maréchal, who hated and crossed Law with might and main, reddened with anger, and represented to the Regent what, in fact, deserved to be said: the Regent, in reply, named several young people, who, although of superior rank, were

not so well fitted for the ballet as young Law; and although the answer to this was close at hand, the maréchal could not find it, and exhausted himself in vain exclamations. He could not, therefore, resist the Regent; and, having no support from M. le Duc, superintendent of the King's education and a great protector of Law and of confusion, he gave in, and the financier's son was named for the ballet.

It is impossible to express the public revolt excited by this bagatelle, at which everyone was offended. Nothing else was spoken of for some days; tongues wagged freely, too; and a good deal of dirty water was thrown upon other dancers in the ballet.

At last the public was satisfied. The small-pox seized Law's son, and (on account of its keeping him from the ballet) caused universal joy. The ballet was danced several times, its success answering in no way to the expectations of the Maréchal de Villeroy. The King was so wearied, so fatigued, with learning, with rehearsing, and with dancing this ballet, that he took an aversion for these *fêtes* and for everything offering display, which has never quitted him since, and which does not fail to leave a void in the court; so that this ballet ceased sooner than was intended, and the Maréchal de Villeroy never dared to propose another.

M. le Duc d'Orléans, either by his usual facility, or to smooth down the new elevation of Law to the post of comptroller-general, bestowed a number of pecuniary favors; he gave 600,000 livres to La Fare, captain of his guard; 100,000 livres to Castries, *chevalier d'honneur* to Madame la Duchesse d'Orléans; 200,000 livres to the old Prince de Courtenay, who much needed them; 20,000 livres pension to the Prince de Talmont; 6,000 livres to the Marquise de Bellefonds, who already had a similar sum; and moved by cries on the part of M. le Prince de Conti, 60,000 livres to the Comte de la Marche, his son, scarcely three years old; he gave, also, smaller amounts to various others. Seeing so much depredation, and no recovery to hope for, I asked M. le Duc d'Orléans to attach 12,000 livres, by way of increase, to my government of Senlis, which was worth only 1,000 livres, and of which my second son had the reversion. I obtained it at once.

About the commencement of the new year, 1720, the system

of Law approached its end. If he had been content with his bank—his bank within wise and proper limits—the money of the realm might have been doubled, and an extreme facility afforded to commerce and to private enterprise, because, the establishment always being prepared to meet its liabilities, the notes it issued would have been as good as ready money, and sometimes even preferable, on account of the facility of transport. It must be admitted, however, as I declared to M. le Duc d'Orléans in his cabinet, and as I openly said in the council of the regency when the bank passed there, that good as this establishment might be in itself, it could only be so in a republic, or in a monarchy, like that of England, where the finances are absolutely governed by those who furnish them, and who simply furnish as much or as little as they please; but in a trivial, changing, and more than absolute State like France, solidity necessarily is wanting, consequently confidence (at least of a discreet and proper kind): since a king, and under his name, a mistress, a minister, favorites; still more, extreme necessities, such as the deceased King experienced in the years 1707–08–09 and 1710—a hundred things, in fact, could overthrow the bank, the allurements of which were, at once, too great and too easy. But to add to the reality of this bank, the chimera of the Mississippi, with its shares, its special jargon, its science (a continual juggle for drawing money from one person to give it to another), was to almost guarantee that these shares should at last end in smoke (since we had neither mines, nor quarries of the philosopher's stone), and that the few would be enriched at the expense of the many, as in fact happened.

What hastened the fall of the bank, and of the system, was the inconceivable prodigality of M. le Duc d'Orléans, who, without bounds, and worse still, if it can be, without choice, could not resist the importunities even of those whom he knew, beyond all doubt, to have been the most opposed to him, and who were completely despicable, but gave with open hands; and more frequently allowed money to be drawn from him by people who laughed at him, and who were grateful only to their effrontery. People with difficulty believe what they have seen; and posterity will consider as a fable what we ourselves look upon as a dream. At last, so much was given to

a greedy and prodigal nation, always covetous and in want on account of its luxury, its disorder, and its confusion of ranks, that paper became scarce, and the mills could not furnish enough.

It may be imagined by this, what abuse had been made of a bank, established as a resource always ready, but which could not exist as such without being always delicately adjusted; and above all, kept in a state to meet the obligations it had contracted. I obtained information on this point from Law, when he came to me on Tuesday mornings; for a long time he played with me before admitting his embarrassments, and complained modestly and timidly, that the Regent was ruining everything by his extravagance. I knew from outsiders more than he thought, and it was this that induced me to press him upon his balance-sheet. In admitting to me, at last, although faintly, what he could no longer hide, he assured me he should not be wanting in resources provided M. le Duc d'Orléans left him free. That did not persuade me. Soon after, the notes began to lose favor; then to fall into discredit, and the discredit to become public. Then came the necessity to sustain them by force, since they could no longer be sustained by industry; and the moment force showed itself everyone felt that all was over. Coercive authority was resorted to; the use of gold, silver, and jewels was suppressed (I speak of coined money); it was pretended that since the time of Abraham—Abraham, who paid ready money for the sepulchre of Sarah—all the civilized nations in the world had been in the greatest error and under the grossest delusion, respecting money and the metals it is made of; that paper alone was useful and necessary; that we could not do greater harm to our neighbors—jealous of our greatness and of our advantages—than to send to them all our money and all our jewels; and this idea was in no way concealed, for the Indian Company was allowed to visit every house, even royal houses, confiscate all the louis d'or, and the coins it could find there; and to leave only pieces of twenty sous and under (to the amount of not more than 200 francs), for the odd money of bills, and in order to purchase necessary provisions of a minor kind, with prohibitions, strengthened by heavy punishment, against keeping more; so that everybody was obliged to take all the ready money he possessed to the

bank, for fear of its being discovered by a valet. But nobody, as may be imagined, was persuaded of the justice of the power accorded to the company, and accordingly authority was more and more exerted; all private houses were searched, informations were laid against people in order that no money might be kept back, or if it were, that the guilty parties might be severely punished.

Never before had sovereign power been so violently exercised, never had it attacked in such a manner the temporal interests of the community. Therefore was it by a prodigy, rather than by any effort or act of the government, that these terribly new *ordonnances* failed to produce the saddest and most complete revolutions; but there was not even talk of them; and although there were so many millions of people, either absolutely ruined or dying of hunger, and of the direst want, without means to procure their daily subsistence, nothing more than complaints and groans was heard.

This violence was, however, too excessive, and in every respect too indefensible to last long; new paper and new juggling tricks were of necessity resorted to; the latter were known to be such—people felt them to be such—but they submitted to them rather than not have twenty crowns in safety in their houses; and a greater violence made people suffer the smaller. Hence so many projects, so many different faces in finance, and all tending to establish one issue of paper upon another; that is to say, always causing loss to the holders of the different paper (everybody being obliged to hold it), and the universal multitude. This is what occupied all the rest of the government, and of the life of M. le Duc d'Orléans; which drove Law out of the realm; which increased sixfold the price of all merchandise, all food even the commonest; which ruinously augmented every kind of wages, and ruined public and private commerce; which gave, at the expense of the public, sudden riches to a few noblemen who dissipated it, and were all the poorer in a short time; which enabled many financiers' clerks, and the lowest dregs of the people, profiting by the general confusion, to take advantage of the Mississippi, and make enormous fortunes; which occupied the government several years after the death of M. le Duc d'Orléans; and which, to conclude, France never will recover from, although it may be

true that the value of land is considerably augmented. As a last affliction, the all-powerful, especially the princes and princesses of the blood, who had been mixed up in the Mississippi, and who had used all their authority to escape from it without loss, re-established it upon what they called the Great Western Company, which with the same juggles and exclusive trade with the Indies, is completing the annihilation of the trade of the realm, sacrificed to the enormous interest of a small number of private individuals, whose hatred and vengeance the government has not dared to draw upon itself by attacking their delicate privileges.

Several violent executions, and confiscations of considerable sums found in the houses searched, took place. A certain Adine, employed at the bank, had 10,000 crowns confiscated, was fined 10,000 francs, and lost his appointment. Many people hid their money with so much secrecy, that, dying without being able to say where they had put it, these little treasures remained buried and lost to the heirs.

In the midst of the embarrassments of the finances, and in spite of them, M. le Duc d'Orléans continued his prodigal gifts. He attached pensions of 6,000 livres and 4,000 livres to the grades of lieutenant-general and camp-marshal. He gave a pension of 20,000 livres to old Montauban; one of 6,000 livres to M. de Montauban (younger brother of the Prince de Guéméné); and one of 6,000 livres to the Duchesse de Brissac. To several other people he gave pensions of 4,000 livres; to eight or ten others, 3,000 or 2,000 livres. I obtained one of 8,000 livres for Madame Maréchal de Lorges; and one of 6,000 livres was given to the Maréchal de Chamilly, whose affairs were much deranged by the Mississippi. M. de Soubise and the Marquis Noailles had each upward of 200,000 livres. Even St. Geniès, just out of the Bastile, and banished to Beauvais, had a pension of 1,000. Everybody in truth wanted an augmentation of income, on account of the extreme high price to which the commonest, almost necessary things had risen, and even all other things; which although at last diminished by degrees, remain to this day much dearer than they were before the Mississippi.

The pensions being given away, M. le Duc d'Orléans began to think how he could reduce the public expenditure. Per-

suaded by those in whose financial knowledge he had most confidence, he resolved to reduce to two per cent. the interest upon all the funds. This much relieved those who paid, but terribly cut down the income of those who received, that is to say, the creditors of the State, who had lent their money at five per cent., according to the loan—and, public faith and usage, and who had hitherto peacefully enjoyed that interest. M. le Duc d'Orléans assembled at the Palais Royal several financiers of different rank, and resolved with them to pass this edict. It made such stir among the Parliament men, who refused to register it. But M. le Duc d'Orléans would not change his determination, and maintained his decree in spite of them.

By dint of turning and turning around the Mississippi, not to say of juggling with it, the desire came to establish, according to the example of the English, colonies in the vast countries beyond the seas. In order to people these colonies, persons without means of livelihood, sturdy beggars, female and male, and a quantity of public creatures were carried off. If this had been executed with discretion and discernment, with the necessary measures and precautions, it would have insured the object proposed, and relieved Paris and the provinces of a heavy, useless, and often dangerous burden; but in Paris and elsewhere so much violence, and even more roguery, were mixed up with it, that great murmuring was excited. Not the slightest care had been taken to provide for the subsistence of so many unfortunate people, either while in the place they were to embark from, or while on the road to reach it; by night they were shut up, with nothing to eat, in barns, or in the dry ditches of the towns they stopped in, all means of egress being forbidden them. They uttered cries which excited pity and indignation; but the alms collected for them not being sufficient, still less the little their conductors gave them, they everywhere died in frightful numbers.

This inhumanity, joined to the barbarity of the conductors, to violence of a kind unknown until this, and to the rascality of carrying off people who were not of the prescribed quality but whom others thus got rid of by whispering a word in the ear of the conductors and greasing their palms; all these things, I say, caused so much stir, so much excitement, that the system, it was found, could not be kept up. Some troops had been

embarked, and during the voyage were not treated much better than the others. The persons already collected were set at liberty, allowed to do what they pleased, and no more were seized. Law, regarded as the author of these seizures, became much detested, and M. le Duc d'Orléans repented having ever fallen in with the scheme.

This year, 1720, became celebrated by the publication of a decree of the Council of State, concerning the shares of the Company of the Indies (the same as that known under the name of Mississippi) and the notes of Law's bank. This decree diminished by degrees, and from month to month, the value of the shares and the note; so that, by the end of the year, that value would have been reduced one-half.

This, in the language of finance and of bankruptcy, was to turn tail with a vengeance; and its effect, while remedying nothing, was to make people believe that things were in a worse state than was actually the case. Argenson who, as we have seen, had been turned out of the finances to make room for Law, was generally accused of suggesting this decree out of malice, already foreseeing all the evils that must arise from it. The uproar was general and frightful. There was not a rich person who did not believe himself lost without resource; not a poor one who did not see himself reduced to beggary. The Parliament, so opposed to the new money system, did not let slip this fine opportunity. It rendered itself the protector of the public by refusing to register the decree, and by promptly uttering the strongest remonstrance against it. The public even believed that to the Parliament was due the sudden revocation of the edict, which, however, was simply caused by the universal complaining, and the tardy discovery of the fault committed in passing it. The little confidence in Law remaining was now radically extinguished; not an atom of it could ever be set afloat again. Seditious writings and analytical and reasonable pamphlets rained on all sides, and the consternation was general.

The Parliament assembled on Monday, the twenty-seventh of May, in the morning, and named certain of its members to go to M. le Duc d'Orléans, with remonstrances against the decree. About noon of the same day, M. le Duc d'Orléans sent La Vrillière to say to the Parliament that he revoked that decree,

and that the notes would remain as before. La Vrillière, finding that the Parliament had adjourned, went to the chief president, to say with what he was charged. After dinner the parliamentary deputies came to the Palais Royal, where they were well received; M. le Duc d'Orléans confirmed what they had already heard from La Vrillière, and said to them that he would re-establish the funds of the Hôtel de Ville at two and a half per cent. The deputies expected that in justice and in goodness he ought to raise them to at least three per cent. M. le Duc d'Orléans answered, that he should like not only to raise them to three, but to four, nay five per cent.; but that the state of affairs would not permit him to go beyond two and a half. On the next day was published the counter-decree, which placed the shares and actions as they were before May 22d. The decree of that date was therefore revoked in six days, after having caused such a strange effect.

On Wednesday, the twenty-ninth, a pretty little comedy was played. Le Blanc, secretary of state, went to Law, told him that M. le Duc d'Orléans discharged him from his office as comptroller-general of the finances, thanked him for the attention he had given to it, and announced that as many people in Paris did not like him, a meritorious officer should keep guard in his house to prevent any accident that might happen to him. At the same time, Benzualde, major of the regiment of Swiss guards, arrived with sixteen of his men to remain night and day in Law's house.

The Scotchman did not in the least expect this dismissal or this guard, but he appeared very tranquil respecting both, and maintained his usual coolness. The next day he was taken by the Duc de La Force to the Palais Royal. Then comedy number two was played. M. le Duc d'Orléans refused to see the financier, who went away without an interview. On the day after, however, Law was admitted by the back stairs, closeted with the Regent, and was treated by him as well as ever. The comedies were over.

On Sunday, June 2d, Benzualde and his Swiss withdrew from Law's house. Stock-jobbing was banished at the same time from the Rue Quincampoix, and established in the Place Vendôme. In this latter place there was more room for it. The passers-by were not incommoded. Yet some people did

not find it as convenient as the other. At this time the King gave up to the bank 100,000,000 shares he had in it.

On July 5th, a decree of the council was issued, prohibiting people from possessing jewels, from keeping them locked up, or from selling them to foreigners. It may be imagined what a commotion ensued. This decree was grafted upon a number of others, the object of all, too visibly, being to seize upon all coin, in favor of the discredited paper, in which nobody could any longer have the slightest confidence. In vain M. le Duc d'Orléans, M. le Duc, and his mother, tried to persuade others, by getting rid of their immense stores of jewels, that is to say, by sending them abroad on a journey—nothing more: not a person was duped by this example; not a person omitted to conceal his jewels very carefully: a thing much more easy to accomplish than the concealment of gold or silver coin, on account of the smaller value of precious stones.

MEMOIRS OF MARIE ANTOINETTE

BY

Jeanne Louise Henriette Campan

JEANNE LOUISE HENRIETTE CAMPAN

1752—1822

Madame Jeanne Louise Henriette Campan, reader to the daughters of Louis XV, and friend and confidante of the ill-fated Marie Antoinette, was born in Paris, 1752, and died at Mantes, 1822. She was favored by Marie Antoinette, and gave her royal patroness numerous proofs of her fidelity. When the unfortunate Queen was conveyed to the Temple, she wished to share her captivity, but was refused entrance by Pétion. During the Reign of Terror she remained concealed at Combertin. After the fall of Robespierre she opened a boarding-school at St. Germain-en-Laye, which was patronized by Josephine Beauharnais, who sent her daughter Hortense to it. In 1806 Napoleon appointed her Lady Superintendent of the institution at Écouen for the education of the daughters of the officers of the Legion of Honor. After the restoration, this institution was suppressed, and Madame Campan retired to Mantes, where she died. She is chiefly remembered on account of her interesting work, "Mémoires sur la Vie Privée de la Reine Marie Antoinette."

MARIE ANTOINETTE

1755—1793

Marie Antoinette de Lorraine, wife of Louis XVI of France, was the youngest daughter of Francis I, Emperor of Germany, and the famous Maria Theresa. She was born at Vienna, November 2, 1755; at the age of fourteen was betrothed to the Dauphin; and in the following year was married at Versailles. Her reception by her husband and the King, Louis XV, was flattering enough; but her Austrian frankness and simplicity, her *naïveté*, unceremonious pleasantry, and detestation of rigid etiquette, scandalized Versailles. Soon after the accession of Louis XVI, libels were circulated by her enemies, accusing her of constant intrigues, not one of which has ever been proved. Her faults as a queen were a certain levity of disposition, a girlish love of pleasure, banquets, fine dress, an aristocratic indifference to general opinion, and a lamentable incapacity to see the actual misery of France. The affair of the diamond necklace, in 1785, hopelessly compromised her good name in the eye of the public, although, in point of fact, Marie Antoinette was quite innocent of any grave offence. Her political rôle was not more fortunate. From the first hour of the Revolution she was an object of fanatical hatred to the mob of Paris. Her life was attempted at Versailles by a band of assassins on the morning of October 6, 1789, and she narrowly escaped. After this she made some spasmodic efforts to gain the good-will of the populace by visiting the great manufactories of the capital, such as the Gobelins. The relentless populace only hated her the more. At last she resolved on flight. Her husband long refused to abandon his country, and she would not go without him. A dim sense of kingly duty and honor was not wanting to Louis, but after the mob stopped his coach on April 18, 1791, and would not let him go to St. Cloud, he consented. The flight took place on the night of June 20th. Unfortunately, the royal fugitives were recognized and captured at Varennes. From this time her attitude became heroic. After the useless effort to defend the Tuileries, she was confined in the Temple, separated from her family and friends, and subjected to most sickening humiliations. On August 1, 1793, she was removed to the Conciergerie, by order of the Convention, condemned by the Revolutionary Tribunal, October 15th, and guillotined next day.

MEMOIRS OF MARIE ANTOINETTE

IN the beginning of the spring of 1791, the King, tired of remaining at the Tuileries, wished to return to St. Cloud. His whole household had already gone, and his dinner was prepared there. He got into his carriage at one; the guard mutinied, shut the gates, and declared they would not let him pass. This event certainly proceeded from some suspicion of a plan to escape. Two persons who drew near the King's carriage were very ill-treated. My father-in-law was violently laid hold of by the guards, who took his sword from him. The King and his family were obliged to alight and return to their apartments. They did not much regret this outrage in their hearts; they saw in it a justification, even in the eyes of the people, of their intention to leave Paris.

So early as the month of March in the same year, the Queen began to busy herself in preparing for her departure. I spent that month with her, and executed a great number of secret orders which she gave me respecting the intended event. It was with uneasiness that I saw her occupied with cares which seemed to me useless, and even dangerous, and I remarked to her that the Queen of France would find linen and gowns everywhere. My observations were made in vain; she determined to have a complete wardrobe with her at Brussels, as well for her children as herself. I went out alone and almost disguised to purchase the articles necessary and have them made up.

I ordered six chemises at the shop of one seamstress, six at that of another, gowns, combing cloths, etc. My sister had a complete set of clothes made for Madame, by the measure of her eldest daughter, and I ordered clothes for the Dauphin from those of my son. I filled a trunk with these things, and addressed them, by the Queen's orders, to one of her women,

my aunt, Madame Cardon—a widow living at Arras, by virtue of an unlimited leave of absence—in order that she might be ready to start for Brussels, or any other place, as soon as she should be directed to do so. This lady had landed property in Austrian Flanders, and could at any time quit Arras unobserved.

The Queen was to take only her first woman in attendance with her from Paris. She apprised me that if I should not be on duty at the moment of departure, she would make arrangements for my joining her. She determined also to take her travelling dressing-case. She consulted me on her idea of sending it off, under pretence of making a present of it to the Archduchess Christina, *gouvernante* of the Netherlands. I ventured to oppose this plan strongly, and observed that, amid so many people who watched her slightest actions, there would be found a sufficient number sharp-sighted enough to discover that it was only a pretext for sending away the property in question before her own departure; she persisted in her intention, and all I could arrange was that the dressing-case should not be removed from her apartment, and that M. de ———, *chargé d'affaires* from the Court of Vienna during the absence of the Comte de Mercy, should come and ask her, at her toilet, before all her people, to order one exactly like her own for Madame, the *gouvernante* of the Netherlands. The Queen, therefore, commanded me before the *chargé d'affaires* to order the article in question. This occasioned only an expense of 500 louis, and appeared calculated to lull suspicion completely.

About the middle of May, 1791, a month after the Queen had ordered me to bespeak the dressing-case, she asked me whether it would soon be finished. I sent for the ivory-turner who had it in hand. He could not complete it for six weeks. I informed the Queen of this, and she told me she should not be able to wait for it, as she was to set out in the course of June. She added that, as she had ordered her sister's dressing-case in the presence of all her attendants, she had taken a sufficent precaution, especially by saying that her sister was out of patience at not receiving it, and that therefore her own must be emptied and cleaned, and taken to the *chargé d'affaires*, who would send it off. I executed this order without any appearance of mystery. I desired the wardrobe woman to

take out of the dressing-case all that it contained, because that intended for the archduchess could not be finished for some time; and to take great care to leave no remains of the perfumes which might not suit that princess.

The woman in question executed her commission punctually; but, on the evening of that very day, the fifteenth of May, 1791, she informed M. Bailly, the Mayor of Paris, that preparations were making at the Queen's residence for a departure; and that the dressing-case was already sent off, under pretence of its being presented to the Archduchess Christina.[1]

It was necessary, likewise, to send off all the diamonds belonging to the Queen. Her Majesty shut herself up with me in a closet in the *entresol*, looking into the garden of the Tuileries, and we packed all the diamonds, rubies, and pearls she possessed in a small chest. The cases containing these ornaments, being altogether of considerable bulk, had been deposited, ever since October 6, 1789, with the *valet de chambre* who had the care of the Queen's jewels. That faithful servant, himself detecting the use that was to be made of the valuables, destroyed all the boxes, which were, as usual, covered with red morocco, marked with the cipher and arms of France. It would have been impossible for him to hide them from the eyes of the popular inquisitors during the domiciliary visits in January, 1793, and the discovery might have formed a ground of accusation against the Queen.

I had but a few articles to place in the box when the Queen was compelled to desist from packing it, being obliged to go down to cards, which began at seven precisely. She therefore desired me to leave all the diamonds upon the sofa, persuaded that, as she took the key of her closet herself, and there was a sentinel under the window, no danger was to be apprehended for that night, and she reckoned upon returning very early next day to finish the work.

The same woman who had given information of the sending away of the dressing-case was also deputed by the Queen to take care of her more private rooms. No other servant was permitted to enter them; she renewed the flowers, swept the carpets, etc. The Queen received back the key, when the

[1] After the return from Varennes M. Bailly put this woman's deposition into the Queen's hands.

woman had finished putting them in order, from her own hands; but, desirous of doing her duty well, and sometimes having the key in her possession for a few minutes only, she had probably on that account ordered one without the Queen's knowledge. It is impossible not to believe this, since the despatch of the diamonds was the subject of a second accusation which the Queen heard of after the return from Varennes.

She made a formal declaration that her Majesty, with the assistance of Madame Campan, had packed up all her jewelry some time before the departure; that she was certain of it, as she had found the diamonds, and the cotton which served to wrap them, scattered upon the sofa in the Queen's closet in the *entresol;* and most assuredly she could only have seen these preparations in the interval between seven in the evening and seven in the morning. The Queen having met me next day at the time appointed, the box was handed over to Léonard, her Majesty's hairdresser, who left the country with the Duc de Choiseul.[2] The box remained a long time at Brussels, and at length got into the hands of Madame la Duchesse d'Angoulême, being delivered to her by the Emperor on her arrival at Vienna.

In order not to leave out any of the Queen's diamonds, I requested the first tirewoman to give me the body of the full dress, and all the assortment which served for the stomacher of the full dress on days of state, articles which always remained at the wardrobe.

The superintendent and the *dame d'honneur* being absent, the first tirewoman required me to sign a receipt, the terms of which she dictated, and which acquitted her of all responsibility for these diamonds. She had the prudence to burn this document on August 10, 1792.[3] The Queen having determined, upon the arrest at Varennes, not to have her diamonds brought back to France, was often anxious about them during the year which elapsed between that period and the tenth of August, and dreaded above all things that such a secret should be discovered.

In consequence of a decree of the Assembly, which deprived the King of the custody of the Crown diamonds, the Queen

[2] This unfortunate man, after having emigrated for some time, returned to France, and perished upon the scaffold.

[3] The date of the sack of the Tuileries and slaughter of the Swiss Guard.

had at this time already given up those which she generally used.

She preferred the twelve brilliants called Mazarins, from the name of the cardinal who had enriched the treasury with them, a few rose-cut diamonds, and the Sanci. She determined to deliver, with her own hands, the box containing them to the commissioner nominated by the National Assembly to place them with the Crown diamonds. After giving them to him, she offered him a row of pearls of great beauty, saying to him that it had been brought into France by Anne of Austria; that it was invaluable, on account of its rarity; that, having been appropriated by the princess to the use of the queens and dauphinesses, Louis XV had placed it in her hands on her arrival in France; but that she considered it national property. "That is an open question, madame," said the commissary. "Monsieur," replied the Queen, "it is one for me to decide, and is now settled."

My father-in-law, who was dying of the grief he felt for the misfortunes of his master and mistress, strongly interested and occupied the thoughts of the Queen. He had been saved from the fury of the populace in the courtyard of the Tuileries.

On the day on which the King was compelled by an insurrection to give up a journey to St. Cloud, her Majesty looked upon this trusty servant as inevitably lost, if, on going away, she should leave him in the apartment he occupied in the Tuileries. Prompted by her apprehensions, she ordered M. Vicq-d'Azyr, her physican, to recommend him the waters of Mont d'Or in Auvergne, and to persuade him to set off at the latter end of May. At the moment of my going away the Queen assured me that the grand project would be executed between the fifteenth and the twentieth of June; that as it was not my month to be on duty, Madame Thibaut would take the journey; but that she had many directions to give me before I went. She then desired me to write to my aunt, Madame Cardon, who was by that time in possession of the clothes which I had ordered, that as soon as she should receive a letter from M. Auguié, the date of which should be accompanied with a B, an L, or an M, she was to proceed with her property to Brussels, Luxembourg, or Montmédy. She desired me to explain the meaning of these three letters clearly to my sister, and to leave

them with her in writing, in order that at the moment of my going away she might be able to take my place in writing to Arras.

The Queen had a more delicate commission for me; it was to select from among my acquaintance a prudent person of obscure rank, wholly devoted to the interests of the court, who would be willing to receive a portfolio which she was to give up only to me, or someone furnished with a note from the Queen. She added that she would not travel with this portfolio, and that it was of the utmost importance that my opinion of the fidelity of the person to whom it was to be intrusted should be well founded. I proposed to her Madame Vallayer Coster, a painter of the Academy, and an amiable and worthy artist, whom I had known from my infancy. She lived in the galleries of the Louvre. The choice seemed a good one. The Queen remembered that she had made her marriage possible by giving her a place in the financial offices, and added that gratitude ought sometimes to be reckoned on. She then pointed out to me the valet belonging to her toilet, whom I was to take with me, to show him the residence of Madame Coster, so that he might not mistake it when he should take the portfolio to her. The day before her departure the Queen particularly recommended me to proceed to Lyons and the frontiers as soon as she should have started. She advised me to take with me a confidential person, fit to remain with M. Campan when I should leave him, and assured me that she would give orders to M. —— to set off as soon as she should be known to be at the frontiers in order to protect me in going out. She condescended to add that, having a long journey to make in foreign countries, she determined to give me 300 louis.

I bathed the Queen's hands with tears at the moment of this sorrowful separation; and, having money at my disposal, I declined accepting her gold. I did not dread the road I had to travel in order to rejoin her; all my apprehension was that by treachery or miscalculation a scheme, the safety of which was not sufficiently clear to me, should fail. I could answer for all those who belonged to the service immediately about the Queen's person, and I was right; but her wardrobe woman gave me well-founded reason for alarm. I mentioned to the Queen many revolutionary remarks which this woman had

made to me a few days before. Her office was directly under the control of the first *femme de chambre,* yet she had refused to obey the directions I gave her, talking insolently to me about "hierarchy overturned, equality among men," of course more especially among persons holding offices at court; and this jargon, at that time in the mouths of all the partisans of the Revolution, was terminated by an observation which frightened me. "You know many important secrets, madame," said this woman to me, "and I have guessed quite as many. I am not a fool; I see all that is going forward here in consequence of the bad advice given to the King and Queen; I could frustrate it all if I chose."

This argument, in which I had been promptly silenced, left me pale and trembling. Unfortunately, as I began my narrative to the Queen with particulars of this woman's refusal to obey me—and sovereigns are all their lives importuned with complaints upon the rights of places—she believed that my own dissatisfaction had much to do with the step I was taking; and she did not sufficiently fear the woman. Her office, although a very inferior one, brought her in nearly 15,000 francs a year. Still young, tolerably handsome, with comfortable apartments in the *entresols* of the Tuileries, she saw a great deal of company, and in the evening had assemblies, consisting of deputies of the revolutionary party. M. de Gouvion, major-general of the National Guard, passed almost every day with her; and it is to be presumed that she had long worked for the party in opposition to the court. The Queen asked her for the key of a door which led to the principal vestibule of the Tuileries, telling her she wished to have a similar one, that she might not be under the necessity of going out through the pavilion of Flora. M. de Gouvion and M. de La Fayette would, of course, be apprised of this circumstance, and well-informed persons have assured me that on the very night of the Queen's departure this wretched woman had a spy with her, who saw the royal family set off.

As soon as I had executed all the Queen's orders, on May 30, 1791, I set out for Auvergne, and was settled in the gloomy narrow valley of Mont d'Or, when, about four in the afternoon of June 25th, I heard the beat of a drum to call the inhabitants of the hamlet together. When it had ceased I heard a

hairdresser from Bresse proclaim in the provincial dialect of Auvergne: "The King and Queen were taking flight in order to ruin France, but I come to tell you that they are stopped, and are well guarded by a hundred thousand men under arms." I still ventured to hope that he was repeating only a false report, but he went on: "The Queen, with her well-known haughtiness, lifted up the veil which covered her face, and said to the citizens who were upbraiding the King, 'Well, since you recognize your sovereign, respect him.'" Upon hearing these expressions, which the Jacobin club of Clermont could not have invented, I exclaimed, "The news is true!"

I immediately learned that, a courier being come from Paris to Clermont, the *procureur* of the commune had sent off messengers to the chief places of the canton; these again sent couriers to the districts, and the districts in like manner informed the villages and hamlets which they contained. It was through this ramification, arising from the establishment of clubs, that the afflicting intelligence of the misfortune of my sovereigns reached me in the wildest part of France, and in the midst of the snows by which we were environed.

On the twenty-eighth I received a note written in a hand which I recognized as that of M. Diet,[4] usher of the Queen's chamber, but dictated by her Majesty. It contained these words: "I am this moment arrived; I have just got into my bath; I and my family exist, that is all. I have suffered much. Do not return to Paris until I desire you. Take good care of my poor Campan, soothe his sorrow. Look for happier times." This note was for greater safety addressed to my father-in-law's *valet de chambre*. What were my feelings on perceiving that after the most distressing crisis we were among the first objects of the kindness of that unfortunate princess!

M. Campan having been unable to benefit by the waters of Mont d'Or, and the first popular effervescence having subsided, I thought I might return to Clermont. The committee of surveillance, or that of general safety, had resolved to arrest me there; but the Abbé Louis, formerly a parliamentary counsellor, and then a member of the Constituent Assembly, was kind enough to affirm that I was in Auvergne solely for the purpose of attending my father-in-law, who was extremely ill.

[4] This officer was slain in the Queen's chamber on August 10, 1792.—Madame Campan.

The precautions relative to my absence from Paris were limited to placing us under the surveillance of the *procureur* of the commune, who was at the same time president of the Jacobin club; but he was also a physician of repute, and without having any doubt that he had received secret orders relative to me, I thought it would favor the chances of our safety if I selected him to attend my patient. I paid him according to the rate given to the best Paris physicians, and I requested him to visit us every morning and every evening. I took the precaution to subscribe to no other newspaper than the "Moniteur."

Doctor Monestier (for that was the physician's name) frequently took upon himself to read it to us. Whenever he thought proper to speak of the King and Queen in the insulting and brutal terms at that time unfortunately adopted throughout France, I used to stop him and say, coolly: "Monsieur, you are here in company with the servants of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette. Whatever may be the wrongs with which the nation believes it has to reproach them, our principles forbid our losing sight of the respect due to them from us." Notwithstanding that he was an inveterate patriot, he felt the force of this remark, and even procured the revocation of a second order for our arrest, becoming responsible for us to the committee of the Assembly, and to the Jacobin society.

The two chief women about the Dauphin, who had accompanied the Queen to Varennes, Diet, her usher, and Camot, her *garçon de toilette*—the women on account of the journey, and the men in consequence of the denunciation of the woman belonging to the wardrobe—were sent to the prisons of the Abbaye. After my departure the *garçon de toilette* whom I had taken to Madame Vallayer Coster's was sent there with the portfolio she had agreed to receive. This commission could not escape the detestable spy upon the Queen. She gave information that a portfolio had been carried out on the evening of the departure, adding that the King had placed it upon the Queen's easy-chair, that the *garçon de toilette* wrapped it up in a napkin and took it under his arm, and that she did not know where he had carried it. The man, who was remarkable for his fidelity, underwent three examinations without making the slightest disclosure. M. Diet, a man of good family, a servant on whom the Queen placed particular reliance, likewise experi-

enced the severest treatment. At length, after a lapse of three weeks, the Queen succeeded in obtaining the release of her servants.

The Queen, about the fifteenth of August, had me informed by letter that I might come back to Paris without being under any apprehension of arrest there, and that she greatly desired my return. I brought my father-in-law back in a dying state, and on the day preceding that of the acceptation of the constitutional act, I informed the Queen that he was no more. "The loss of Lassonne and Campan," said she, as she applied her handkerchief to her streaming eyes, "has taught me how valuable such subjects are to their masters. I shall never find their equals."

I resumed my functions about the Queen on September 1, 1791. She was unable then to converse with me on all the lamentable events which had occurred since the time of my leaving her, having on guard near her an officer whom she dreaded more than all the others. She merely told me that I should have some secret services to perform for her, and that she would not create uneasiness by long conversations with me, my return being a subject of suspicion. But next day the Queen, well knowing the discretion of the officer who was to be on guard that night, had my bed placed very near hers, and having obtained the favor of having the door shut, when I was in bed she began the narrative of the journey, and the unfortunate arrest at Varennes. I asked her permission to put on my gown, and kneeling by her bedside I remained until three o'clock in the morning, listening with the liveliest and most sorrowful interest to the account I am about to repeat, and of which I have seen various details, of tolerable exactness, in papers of the time.

The King intrusted Count Fersen with all the preparations for departure. The carriage was ordered by him; the passport, in the name of Madame de Korf, was procured through his connection with that lady, who was a foreigner. And lastly, he himself drove the royal family, as their coachman, as far as Bondy, where the travellers got into their berlin. Madame Brunier and Madame Neuville, the first women of Madame and the Dauphin, there joined the principal carriage. They were in a cabriolet. Monsieur and Madame set out from the Luxem-

bourg and took another road. They as well as the King were recognized by the master of the last post in France, but this man, devoting himself to the fortunes of the prince, left the French territory, and drove them himself as postilion. Madame Thibaut, the Queen's first woman, reached Brussels without the slightest difficulty. Madame Cardon, from Arras, met with no hinderance; and Léonard, the Queen's hairdresser, passed through Varennes a few hours before the royal family. Fate had reserved all its obstacles for the unfortunate monarch.

Nothing worthy of notice occurred in the beginning of the journey. The travellers were detained a short time, about twelve leagues from Paris, by some repairs which the carriage required. The King chose to walk up one of the hills, and these two circumstances caused a delay of three hours, precisely at the time when it was intended that the berlin should have been met, just before reaching Varennes, by the detachment commanded by M. de Goguelat. This detachment was punctually stationed upon the spot fixed on, with orders to wait there for the arrival of certain treasure, which it was to escort; but the peasantry of the neighborhood, alarmed at the sight of this body of troops, came armed with staves, and asked several questions, which manifested their anxiety. M. de Goguelat, fearful of causing a riot, and not finding the carriage arrive as he expected, divided his men into two companies, and unfortunately made them leave the highway in order to return to Varennes by two cross-roads.[5] The King looked out of the carriage at Ste. Menehould, and asked several questions concerning the road. Drouet, the post-master, struck by the resemblance of Louis to the impression of his head upon the assignats, drew near the carriage, felt convinced that he recognized the Queen also, and that the remainder of the travellers consisted of the royal family and their suite, mounted his horse, reached Varennes by cross-roads before the royal fugitives, and gave the alarm.[6]

The Queen began to feel all the agonies of terror; they were augmented by the voice of a person unknown, who, passing close to the carriage in full gallop, cried out, bending toward

[5] Madame Campan here attributes to M. de Goguelat the steps taken by the Duc de Choiseul, the motives for which he explains in his "Memoirs," p. 84.

[6] Varennes lies between Verdun and Montmédy, and not far from the French frontier.

the window without slackening his speed, "You are recognized!" They arrived with beating hearts at the gates of Varennes without meeting one of the horsemen by whom they were to have been escorted into the place. They were ignorant where to find their relays, and some minutes were lost in waiting, to no purpose. The cabriolet had preceded them, and the two ladies in attendance found the bridge already blocked up with old carts and lumber. The town guards were all under arms. The King at last entered Varennes. M. de Goguelat had arrived there with his detachment. He came up to the King and asked him if he chose to effect a passage by force! What an unlucky question to put to Louis XVI, who from the very beginning of the Revolution had shown in every crisis the fear he entertained of giving the least order which might cause an effusion of blood "Would it be a brisk action?" said the King. "It is impossible that it should be otherwise, sire," replied the aide-de-camp.

Louis XVI was unwilling to expose his family. They therefore went to the house of a grocer, Mayor of Varennes. The King began to speak, and gave a summary of his intentions in departing, analogous to the declaration he had made at Paris. He spoke with warmth and affability, and endeavored to demonstrate to the people around him that he had only put himself, by the step he had taken, into a fit situation to treat with the Assembly, and to sanction with freedom the Constitution which he would maintain, though many of its articles were incompatible with the dignity of the throne, and the force by which it was necessary that the sovereign should be surrounded. Nothing could be more affecting, added the Queen, than this moment, in which the King felt bound to communicate to the very humblest class of his subjects his principles, his wishes for the happiness of his people, and the motives which had determined him to depart.

While the King was speaking to this mayor, whose name was Sauce, the Queen, seated at the farther end of the shop, among parcels of soap and candles, endeavored to make Madame Sauce understand that if she would prevail upon her husband to make use of his municipal authority to cover the flight of the King and his family, she would have the glory of having contributed to restore tranquillity to France. This

woman was moved; she could not, without streaming eyes, see herself thus solicited by her Queen; but she could not be got to say anything more than, "*Bon Dieu*, madame, it would be the destruction of M. Sauce; I love my King, but I love my husband too, you must know, and he would be answerable, you see."

While this strange scene was passing in the shop, the people, hearing that the King was arrested, kept pouring in from all parts. M. de Goguelat, making a last effort, demanded of the dragoons whether they would protect the departure of the King; they replied only by murmurs, dropping the points of their swords. Some person unknown fired a pistol at M. de Goguelat; he was slightly wounded by the ball. M. Romeuf, aide-de-camp to M. de La Fayette, arrived at that moment. He had been chosen, after October 6, 1789, by the commander of the Parisian guard to be in constant attendance about the Queen. She reproached him bitterly with the object of his mission. "If you wish to make your name remarkable, monsieur," said the Queen to him, "you have chosen strange and odious means, which will produce the most fatal consequences." This officer wished to hasten their departure. The Queen, still cherishing the hope of seeing M. de Bouillé arrive with a sufficient force to extricate the King from his critical situation, prolonged her stay at Varennes by every means in her power.

The Dauphin's first woman pretended to be taken ill with a violent colic, and threw herself upon a bed, in the hope of aiding the designs of her superiors; she went and implored for assistance. The Queen understood her perfectly well, and refused to leave one who had devoted herself to follow them in such a state of suffering. But no delay in departing was allowed. The three body-guards (Valory, Du Moustier, and Malden) were gagged and fastened upon the seat of the carriage. A horde of National Guards, animated with fury and the barbarous joy with which their fatal triumph inspired them, surrounded the carriage of the royal family.

The three commissioners sent by the Assembly to meet the King, MM. de Latour-Maubourg, Barnave, and Pétion, joined them in the environs of Epernay. The two last mentioned got into the King's carriage. The Queen astonished me by the favorable opinion she had formed of Barnave. When I quitted

Paris a great many persons spoke of him only with horror. She told me he was much altered, that he was full of talent and noble feeling. "A feeling of pride which I cannot much blame in a young man belonging to the *tiers état*," she said, "made him applaud everything which smoothed the road to rank and fame for that class in which he was born. And if we get the power in our own hands again, Barnave's pardon is already written on our hearts."

The Queen added, that she had not the same feeling toward those nobles who had joined the revolutionary party, who had always received marks of favor, often to the injury of those beneath them in rank, and who, born to be the safeguard of the monarchy, could never be pardoned for having deserted it. She then told me that Barnave's conduct upon the road was perfectly correct, while Pétion's republican rudeness was disgusting; that the latter ate and drank in the King's berlin in a slovenly manner, throwing the bones of the fowls out through the window at the risk of sending them even into the King's face; lifting up his glass, when Madame Elisabeth poured him out wine, to show her that there was enough, without saying a word; that this offensive behavior must have been intentional, because the man was not without education; and that Barnave was hurt at it. On being pressed by the Queen to take something, "Madame," replied Barnave, "on so solemn an occasion the deputies of the National Assembly ought to occupy your Majesties solely about their mission, and by no means about their wants." In short, his respectful delicacy, his considerate attentions, and all that he said, gained the esteem not only of the Queen, but of Madame Elisabeth also.

The King began to talk to Pétion about the situation of France, and the motives of his conduct, which were founded upon the necessity of giving to the executive power a strength necessary for its action, for the good even of the constitutional act, since France could not be a republic. "Not yet, 'tis true," replied Pétion, "because the French are not ripe enough for that." This audacious and cruel answer silenced the King, who said no more until his arrival at Paris. Pétion held the little Dauphin upon his knees, and amused himself with curling the beautiful light hair of the interesting child round his fingers; and, as he spoke with much gesticulation, he pulled

his locks hard enough to make the Dauphin cry out. "Give me my son," said the Queen to him; "he is accustomed to tenderness and delicacy, which render him little fit for such familiarity."

The Chevalier de Dampierre was killed near the King's carriage upon leaving Varennes. A poor village curé, some leagues from the place where the crime was committed, was imprudent enough to draw near to speak to the King; the cannibals who surrounded the carriage rushed upon him. "Tigers," exclaimed Barnave, "have you ceased to be Frenchmen? Nation of brave men, are you become a set of assassins?" These words alone saved the curé, who was already upon the ground, from certain death. Barnave, as he spoke to them, threw himself almost out of the coach window, and Madame Elisabeth, affected by this noble burst of feeling, held him by the skirt of his coat. The Queen, while speaking of this event, said that on the most momentous occasions whimsical contrasts always struck her, and that even at such a moment the pious Elisabeth holding Barnave by the flap of his coat was a ludicrous sight.

The deputy was astonished in another way. Madame Elisabeth's comments upon the state of France, her mild and persuasive eloquence, and the ease and simplicity with which she talked to him, yet without sacrificing her dignity in the slightest degree, appeared to him unique, and his heart, which was doubtless inclined to right principles though he had followed the wrong path, was overcome by admiration. The conduct of the two deputies convinced the Queen of the total separation between the republican and constitutional parties. At the inns where she alighted she had some private conversation with Barnave. The latter said a great deal about the errors committed by the royalists during the Revolution, adding that he had found the interest of the court so feebly and so badly defended that he had been frequently tempted to go and offer it, in himself, an aspiring champion, who knew the spirit of the age and nation. The Queen asked him what was the weapon he would have recommended her to use.

"Popularity, madame."

"And how could I use that," replied her Majesty, "of which I have been deprived?"

"Ah! madame, it was much more easy for you to regain it, than for me to acquire it."

The Queen mainly attributed the arrest at Varennes to M. de Goguelat; she said he calculated the time that would be spent in the journey erroneously. He performed that from Montmédy to Paris before taking the King's last orders, alone in a post-chaise, and he founded all his calculations upon the time he spent thus. The trial has been made since, and it was found that a light carriage without any courier was nearly three hours less in running the distance than a heavy carriage preceded by a courier.[7]

The Queen also blamed him for having quitted the high-road at Pont-de-Sommevelle, where the carriage was to meet the forty hussars commanded by him. She thought that he ought to have dispersed the very small number of people at Varennes, and not have asked the hussars whether they were for the King or the nation; that, particularly, he ought to have avoided taking the King's orders, as he was previously aware of the reply M. d'Inisdal had received when it was proposed to carry off the King.

After all that the Queen had said to me respecting the mistakes made by M. de Goguelat, I thought him of course disgraced. What was my surprise when, having been set at liberty after the amnesty which followed the acceptance of the Constitution, he presented himself to the Queen, and was received with the greatest kindness! She said he had done what he could, and that his zeal ought to form an excuse for all the rest.[8]

[7] The flight to Varennes, one of the most decisive events of the Revolution, has given birth to a mass of accounts which contradict or corroborate one another, but all of which have their interest. The accounts of the Marquis de Bouillé, of M. de Fontanges ("Mémoires de Weber"), of M. le Duc de Choiseul, have already appeared in the "Collection des Mémoires sur la Révolution." The second volume of that collection contains also the private memoirs of M. le Comte Louis, afterward Marquis de Bouillé, and the accounts of the Comtes de Raigecourt, de Damas, and de Valory, who have all been actors or witnesses in this historical scene.

[8] Full details of the preparation for the flight to Varennes will be found in "Le Comte de Fersen et La Cour de France," Paris, Didot et Cie, 1878 (a review of which was given in the "Quarterly Review" for July, 1880), and in the "Memoirs of the Marquis de Bouillé," London, Cadell and Davis, 1797; Count Fersen being the person who planned the actual escape, and De Bouillé being in command of the army which was to receive the King. The plan was excellent, and would certainly have succeeded, if it had not been for the royal family themselves. Marie Antoinette, it will have been seen by Madame Campan's account, nearly wrecked the plan from inability to do without a large dressing or travelling case. The King did a more fatal thing. De Bouillé had pointed out the necessity for having in the King's carriage an officer knowing the route, and able to show himself to give all directions, and a proper person had been provided. The King, however, objected, as "he

When the royal family was brought back from Varennes to the Tuileries, the Queen's attendants found the greatest difficulty in making their way to her apartments; everything had been arranged so that the wardrobe woman, who had acted as spy, should have the service; and she was to be assisted in it only by her sister and her sister's daughter.

M. de Gouvion, M. de La Fayette's aide-de-camp, had this woman's portrait placed at the foot of the staircase which led to the Queen's apartments, in order that the sentinel should not permit any other women to make their way in. As soon as the Queen was informed of this contemptible precaution, she told the King of it, who sent to ascertain the fact. His Majesty then called for M. de La Fayette, claimed freedom in his household, and particularly in that of the Queen, and ordered him to send a woman in whom no one but himself could confide out of the palace. M. de La Fayette was obliged to comply.

On the day when the return of the royal family was expected, there were no carriages in motion in the streets of Paris. Five or six of the Queen's women, after being refused admittance at all the other gates, went with one of my sisters to that of the Feuillans, insisting that the sentinel should admit them. The *poissardes* attacked them for their boldness in resisting the order excluding them. One of them seized my sister by the arm, calling her the slave of the Austrian. "Hear me," said my sister to her, "I have been attached to the Queen ever since I was fifteen years of age; she gave me my marriage portion; I served her when she was powerful and happy. She is now unfortunate. Ought I to abandon her?" "She is right," cried the *poissardes;* "she ought not to abandon her mistress; let us make an entry for them." They instantly surrounded the sentinel, forced the passage, and introduced the Queen's women, accompanying them to the terrace of the Feuillans. One of these furies, whom the slightest impulse would have driven to tear my sister to pieces, taking her under her protection, gave her advice by which she might reach the palace in safety. "But of all things, my dear friend," said she to her,

could not have the Marquis d'Agoult in the same carriage with himself; the governess of the royal children, who was to accompany them, having refused to abandon her privilege of constantly remaining with her charge." See "De Bouillé," pp. 307 and 334. Thus, when Louis was recognized at the window of the carriage by Drouet, he was lost by the very danger that had been foreseen, and this wretched piece of etiquette led to his death.

" pull off that green ribbon sash; it is the color of that D'Artois, whom we will never forgive."

The measures adopted for guarding the King were rigorous with respect to the entrance into the palace, and insulting as to his private apartments. The commandants of battalion, stationed in the *salon* called the grand cabinet, and which led to the Queen's bedchamber, were ordered to keep the door of it always open, in order that they might have their eyes upon the royal family. The King shut this door one day; the officer of the guard opened it, and told him such were his orders, and that he would always open it; so that his Majesty in shutting it gave himself useless trouble. It remained open even during the night, when the Queen was in bed; and the officer placed himself in an armchair between the two doors, with his head turned toward her Majesty. They only obtained permission to have the inner door shut when the Queen was rising. The Queen had the bed of her first *femme de chambre* placed very near her own; this bed, which ran on casters, and was furnished with curtains, hid her from the officer's sight.

Madame de Jarjaye, my companion, who continued her functions during the whole period of my absence, told me that one night the commandant of battalion, who slept between the two doors, seeing that she was sleeping soundly, and that the Queen was awake, quitted his post and went close to her Majesty, to advise her as to the line of conduct she should pursue. Although she had the kindness to desire him to speak lower in order that he might not disturb Madame de Jarjaye's rest, the latter awoke, and nearly died with fright at seeing a man in the uniform of the Parisian guard so near the Queen's bed. Her Majesty comforted her, and told her not to rise; that the person she saw was a good Frenchman, who was deceived respecting the intentions and situation of his sovereign and herself, but whose conversation showed sincere attachment to the King.

There was a sentinel in the corridor which runs behind the apartments in question, where there is a staircase, which was at that time an inner one, and enabled the King and Queen to communicate freely. This post, which was very onerous, because it was to be kept four-and-twenty hours, was often claimed by Saint Prix, an actor belonging to the Théâtre Fran-

çais. He took it upon himself sometimes to contrive brief interviews between the King and Queen in this corridor. He left them at a distance, and gave them warning if he heard the slightest noise. M. Collot, commandant of battalion of the National Guard, who was charged with the military duty of the Queen's household, in like manner softened down, so far as he could with prudence, all the revolting orders he received; for instance, one to follow the Queen to the very door of her wardrobe was never executed. An officer of the Parisian guard dared to speak insolently of the Queen in her own apartment. M. Collot wished to make a complaint to M. de La Fayette against him, and have him dismissed. The Queen opposed it, and condescended to say a few words of explanation and kindness to the man; he instantly became one of her most devoted partisans.

The first time I saw her Majesty after the unfortunate catastrophe of the Varennes journey, I found her getting out of bed; her features were not very much altered; but after the first kind words she uttered to me she took off her cap and desired me to observe the effect which grief had produced upon her hair. It had become, in one single night, as white as that of a woman of seventy. Her Majesty showed me a ring she had just had mounted for the Princesse de Lamballe; it contained a lock of her whitened hair, with the inscription, "Blanched by sorrow." At the period of the acceptance of the Constitution the princess wished to return to France. The Queen, who had no expectation that tranquillity would be restored, opposed this; but the attachment of Madame de Lamballe to the royal family impelled her to come and seek death.

When I returned to Paris most of the harsh precautions were abandoned; the doors were not kept open; greater respect was paid to the sovereign; it was known that the Constitution soon to be completed would be accepted, and a better order of things was hoped for.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

BY

Madame Roland

MARIE JEANNE PHLIPON, MADAME ROLAND

1754—1793

Marie Jeanne Phlipon, Madame Roland, was the daughter of Pierre Gratien Phlipon, an engraver, and was born at Paris, March 17, 1754. The precocity of her intelligence was remarkable. At the age of four, she had quite a passion for reading; at seven, she learned by heart a treatise on heraldry; at eight, she used to carry Plutarch with her to church, while the "Jerusalem Delivered" of Tasso, and the "Télémaque" of Fénelon fired her childish imagination. At the same time an ardent piety began to develop itself, and when only eleven she entered the Maison des Dames de la Congrégation, in the Faubourg Saint Marcel. Here she formed a close friendship with two young girls from Amiens, Henriette and Sophie Cannet, particularly with the latter, which was fruitful in consequences. On her return to her father's house after the lapse of two years, "a change came o'er the spirit of her dream." She no longer cared for the so-called "religious" writers—the defenders of the Bible and the Church. Her faith was slowly changing from the dogmatic creed of Bossuet to the "naturalism" of the *encyclopédistes* and *philosophes*. In ethics, now as ever, her preference for the stoical system was marked. Shortly after the death of her mother, in 1773, she read for the first time "*La Nouvelle Heloïse*," which seemed to her (as it has to many another young impassioned soul) a veritable revelation. Greatly distressed by the imprudent conduct of her father, she again withdrew, at the age of twenty-five, to the Maison des Dames de la Congrégation, and once more attempted an "austere" life; but M. Roland, who had already known her for five years, now came forward, and rescued her from a career which must ultimately have proved equally unsatisfactory to her reason and conscience, by offering her his hand. She was twenty-five and he was forty-five. There was certainly something unpoetical in the disparity of their years, but then, Mademoiselle Phlipon knew that "ideal" matches were made only in heaven, and so she accepted calmly the inspector of manufactures. Their marriage was celebrated February 4, 1780.

It is unnecessary to follow the remainder of her career, which was of course identical with her husband's until his flight from Paris, May 31, 1793. The same night she was herself arrested, and imprisoned in the Abbaye. A more dauntless and intrepid spirit never entered its walls! Released on the twenty-fourth of June, she was instantly rearrested by the very commissaries who had set her at liberty, without the shadow of a tangible accusation, and confined in Saint Pelagie. Madame Roland spent the period of her imprisonment in study, in the composition of her political "Memoirs." Summoned before the Revolutionary Tribunal in the beginning of November, she was condemned, and on the ninth was guillotined, amid the shoutings of an insensate mob. It is said that while standing on the scaffold, she asked for a pen and paper that she might "write down the strange thoughts that were passing through her head." Only a genuine child of the French Republic could have been so ostentatiously speculative at such a moment. Still more celebrated is her apostrophe to the Statue of Liberty, at the foot of which the scaffold was erected: "O Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!" or, according to another version, "Liberty, how they have played with thy name!"

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

THE daughter of an artist, the wife of a man of letters (who afterward became a minister, and remained an honest man), now a prisoner, destined perhaps to a violent and unexpected death, I have been acquainted with happiness and with adversity, I have seen glory at hand, and I have experienced injustice.

Born in an obscure station, but of honest parents, I spent my youth in the bosom of the fine arts, nourished by the charms of study, and ignorant of all superiority but that of merit, of all greatness but that of virtue.

Arrived at years of maturity, I lost all hopes of that fortune, which might have placed me in a condition suitable to the education I had received. A marriage with a respectable man appeared to compensate this loss; it served to lay the foundation of new misfortunes.

A gentle disposition, a strong mind, a solid understanding, an extremely affectionate heart, and an exterior which announced these qualities, rendered me dear to all those with whom I was acquainted. The situation into which I have been thrown has created me enemies; personally I have none: to those who have spoken the worst of me I am utterly unknown.

It is so true that things are seldom what they appear to be, that the periods of my life in which I have felt the most pleasure, or experienced the greatest vexation, were often the very contrary of those that others might have supposed: the solution is, that happiness depends on the affections more than on events.

It is my purpose to employ the leisure of my captivity in retracing what has happened to me from my tenderest infancy to the present moment. Thus to tread over again all the steps of our career, is to live a second time; and what, in the gloom

of a prison, can we do better than to transport our existence elsewhere by pleasing fictions, or by the recollection of interesting occurrences?

If we gain less experience by acting, than by reflecting on what we see and do, mine will be greatly augmented by my present undertaking.

Public affairs, and my own private sentiments, afforded me ample matter for thinking, and subjects enough for my pen, during two months imprisonment, without obliging me to have recourse to distant times. Accordingly, the first five weeks were devoted to my "Historic Notices," which formed perhaps no uninteresting collection. They have just been destroyed; and I have felt all the bitterness of a loss, which I shall never repair. But I should despise myself, could I suffer my mind to sink in any circumstances whatever. In all the troubles I have experienced, the most lively impression of sorrow has been almost immediately accompanied by the ambition of opposing my strength to the evil, and of surmounting it, either by doing good to others, or by exerting my own fortitude to the utmost. Thus misfortune may pursue, but cannot overwhelm me; tyrants may persecute, but never, no never shall they debase me.

My "Historic Notices" are gone: I mean to write my "Memoirs"; and, prudently accommodating myself to my weakness, at a moment when my feelings are acute, I shall talk of my own person, that my thoughts may be the less at home. I shall exhibit my fair and my unfavorable side with equal freedom. He who dares not speak well of himself is almost always a coward, who knows and dreads the ill that may be said of him; and he who hesitates to confess his faults, has neither spirit to vindicate, nor virtue to repair them. Thus frank with respect to myself, I shall not be scrupulous in regard to others: father, mother, friends, husband, I shall paint them all in their proper colors, or in the colors at least in which they appeared to me.

While I remained in a quiet and retired station, my natural sensibility so absorbed my other qualities, that it displayed itself alone, or governed all the rest. My first objects were to please and to do good. I was a little like that good man, Mr. De Gourville, of whom Madame de Sévigné said, that the love of

his neighbor cut off half his words; nor was I undeserving of the character given me by Sainte-Lette, who said, that though possessed of wit to point an epigram, I never suffered one to escape my lips.

Since the energy of my character has been unfolded by circumstances, by political and other storms, my frankness takes place of everything, without considering too nicely the little scratches it may give in its way. Still, however, I deal not in epigrams; they indicate a mind pleased at irritating others by satirical observations; and, as to me, I never yet could find amusement in killing flies. But I love to do justice by the utterance of truths, and refrain not from the most severe, in presence of the parties concerned, without suffering myself to be alarmed, or moved, or angry, whatever may be the effects they produce.

Gatien Phlipon, my father, was by profession an engraver; he also professed painting, and applied himself to that in enamel, less from taste than expectation of profit: but the fire which enamelling requires, agreeing neither with his sight nor his constitution, he was obliged to relinquish that branch of the art. He confined himself therefore to the first, the profits of which were moderate. But, though he was industrious, though the times were favorable to the exercise of his art, though he had much business, and though he employed a considerable number of workmen, the desire of making a fortune induced him to enter into trade. He purchased diamonds, and other jewels, or took them in payment from the tradesmen who employed him, to sell them again when opportunities might occur. I mention this circumstance, because I have observed, that ambition is generally fatal to all classes of men; for the few whose wishes it crowns with success, multitudes become its victims. The example of my father will afford me more than one application of this maxim. His art was sufficient to procure him a comfortable subsistence; he went in pursuit of riches, and met with ruin on his way.

Strong and healthy, active and vain, he loved his wife, and was fond of dress. Without learning, he had that superficial degree of taste and knowledge which the fine arts never fail to give, however inferior the line in which they are pursued. Accordingly, in spite of his regard for wealth, and whatever

could procure it, though he trafficked with tradesmen, he formed connections with artists, painters, and sculptors alone. He led a very regular life while his ambition was kept within bounds, and had suffered no reverse of fortune. He could not be said to be a virtuous man, but he had a great deal of what is called honor. He would have had no objection to selling a thing for more than it was worth, but he would have killed himself rather than not pay the stipulated price of what he had agreed to purchase.

Margaret Bimont, his wife, brought him, as a dower, very little money, but a heavenly mind, and a charming figure. The eldest of six children, to whom she had been a second mother, she married at six-and-twenty, only to resign her place to her sisters. Her affectionate heart and captivating mind ought to have procured her an union with a man of delicate feelings and an enlightened understanding; but her parents proposed to her an honest man, whose talents insured her a subsistence, and her reason accepted him. Instead of that happiness, which she could not expect, she was sensible that she should be able to attain domestic quiet, its most desirable substitute. It is a proof of wisdom to be able to contract our desires: enjoyments are always more rare than is imagined; but virtue is never without its consolation.

I was their second child. My father and mother had seven; but all the rest died at nurse, or from accidents in coming into the world; and my mother sometimes took a pleasure in remarking, that I was the only one from whom she had experienced no disaster; for her delivery had been as happy as her pregnancy: it seemed as if I had contributed to establish her health.

An aunt of my father selected for me, in the neighborhood of Arpajon, whither she made frequent excursions in the summer, a healthy and well-disposed nurse, who was much esteemed in the place, and the more so, because her husband's brutality rendered her unhappy, without making her alter her disposition or her conduct. Madame Besnard (for that was the name of my great-aunt) had no children; her husband was my godfather; and they both looked upon me as their own daughter. Their kindness to me has been constant and invariable; they are still alive, and in the decline of life are overwhelmed

with sorrow, lamenting the fate of their darling niece, in whom they had placed their hopes and their glory. Aged and respectable friends, be comforted: it is given to few to complete their career in that silence and tranquillity which attend you. I am not unequal to the misfortunes that assail me, nor shall I ever cease to honor your virtues.

The vigilance of my nurse was encouraged or recompensed by the kindness of my good relations; her zeal and success procured her the friendship of my whole family; nor did she, as long as she lived, ever suffer two years to elapse, without taking a journey to Paris, on purpose to see me. She hastened to me when she heard that a cruel death had deprived me of my mother. I still recollect her sudden appearance: I was confined to my bed with affliction; and as her presence recalled a recent calamity, the first misfortune of my life, very forcibly to my mind, I fell into convulsions, which terrified her to such a degree, that she withdrew, and I saw her no more: soon after she died. I had been to visit her at the cottage in which she suckled me, and listened with emotion to the tales which her good-natured simplicity took a pleasure in telling, while pointing out the places I had preferred, and relating the tricks I had played her, with the frolicsome gayety of which she was still entertained.—At two years of age I was brought home to my father's. I have frequently been told of the surprise I testified at the lighting of the lamps, which I called "pretty bottles!" These little anecdotes, and others of equal importance, interesting to nurses, and fit only to be related to uncles and aunts, shall be passed over in silence; nor will it be expected that I should here depict a little brunette, of two years of age, whose dark hair fell in graceful ringlets over a face animated with a glowing complexion, and breathing the happiness of that age of which it wore the ruddy livery. I know a better moment for drawing my portrait, and I am not so injudicious as to anticipate it here.

The discretion, and other excellent qualities, of my mother, soon gave her an ascendancy over my mild and affectionate disposition, which she never employed but for my good. So great was this ascendancy, that, in those little disputes, unavoidable between authoritative reason and resisting infancy, she never found it necessary to inflict any other punishment than

that of gravely calling me Mademoiselle, and fixing on me an eye of reproof. I still feel the impression made upon me by her look, at other times so affectionate; I still hear, with a palpitating heart, the word Mademoiselle substituted, with heart-rending dignity, for the kind name of daughter, or the elegant appellation of Manon. Yes, Manon; for so I was called. I am sorry for the lovers of romance: there is certainly nothing noble in the name, nor is it at all suitable to a heroine of the lofty kind; but it was mine; and, as an historian, I cannot disguise the truth—beside, the ears of the most delicate would have been reconciled to this name, had they heard it pronounced by my mother, and seen the object to which it was addressed. What expression could want elegance, when conveyed in her affectionate tones? And when her touching voice made its way to my heart, did it not teach me to resemble so amiable a parent?

Lively, without being turbulent or troublesome, and naturally of a reflective turn of mind, I desired nothing more than to be employed, and readily laid hold of every idea that was held out to me. This disposition was turned to so good account, that I never remember having been taught to read. I have been told, that at four years old the business was in a manner completed, and that the trouble of teaching me was over at that epoch, since all that was in future necessary, was not to let me want a supply of books. Whatever they were that were put into my hands, or that I could anywhere meet with, they were sure to engross all my attention, which could no longer be called away by anything but a nosegay. The sight of a flower delights my imagination, and flatters my senses to an inexpressible degree; it awakens me to a luxurious consciousness of my existence. Under the tranquil shelter of my paternal roof, I was happy from my infancy with flowers and books: in the narrow confines of a prison, amid the chains imposed by the most shocking tyranny, I forget the injustice of men, their follies, and my misfortunes, with books and flowers.

It was too good an opportunity of making me acquainted with the Old and New Testaments, and with the catechism, both great and small, to be neglected. I learned everything it was thought proper to give me, and should have repeated

the Koran had I been taught to read it. I remember a painter of the name of Guibol, who afterward settled at Studgard, and whose panegyric on Poussin, which obtained the prize from the Academy of Rouen, fell into my hands a few years ago. He used to come frequently to my father's, and was a merry fellow, who told me many extravagant tales, which I have not forgotten, and by which I was exceedingly amused; nor was he less diverted with making me display my slender stock of knowledge in my turn. I think I see him now, with a figure bordering on the grotesque, sitting in an armed chair, taking me between his knees, on which I rested my elbows, and making me repeat St. Athanasius's creed; then rewarding my compliance with the story of Tanger, whose nose was so long, that he was obliged, when he walked, to twist it round his arm: this is not the most absurd contrast that might be exhibited.

When seven years old, I was sent every Sunday to the parish church, to attend catechism, as it is called, in order to prepare me for confirmation. From the present course of things, it is possible that they who read this passage may ask what I mean. I will inform them. In the corner of a church, chapel, or charnel-house, a few rows of chairs, or benches, extending to a certain length, were placed opposite to each other. A sufficient opening was reserved in the middle, in which was placed a seat somewhat higher than the rest. This was the curule chair of the young priest, whose office it was to instruct the children that attended. They were made to repeat by heart the epistle and gospel for the day, the collect, and such a portion of the catechism as was appointed for their weekly task. When the children were numerous, the catechizing priest had a little clerk, who heard them repeat their lessons, while the master took upon himself to explain the questions essential to the subject.

In some parishes the children of both sexes attended together, and were only placed on separate forms; but in general their hours of instruction were entirely distinct. The pious matrons to whom the children belonged, always greedy of the bread of the Word, however coarsely prepared, were present at these lectures, seated according to their ages, as well as at the preparation for being confirmed, and receiving the first communion. The zealous pastors also occasionally made their

appearance amid their young flock, who were taught to rise respectfully at their approach. They put a few questions to the best dressed, in order to ascertain the progress they had made. The mothers of those who were interrogated, were puffed up with pride at the distinction, and the reverend pastor withdrew in the midst of their obeisances.

Mr. Carat, the rector of my parish, which was St. Bartholomew's, within the precinct of what was then called the city — a good sort of man, said to be very learned, though he could not deliver two words of common sense from the pulpit, in which he had the rage of exhibiting himself, much in the same manner as Mr. Carat, minister of state, is reputed a man of ability, though totally ignorant of his trade. Mr. Carat, my rector, came one day to the catechism; and, in order to sound the depth of my theological erudition, and display his own sagacity, asked me how many orders of spirits there were in the celestial hierarchy. From the ironical tone and air of triumph with which he put the question, I was persuaded that he expected to puzzle me. I answered, with a smile, that, though many were enumerated in the preface to the Missal, I had found from other books that there were nine; and so I marshalled before him in their proper order, the whole host of angels, archangels, thrones, dominions, etc. Never was priest so satisfied with the knowledge of his neophyte: it was quite enough to establish my reputation among all the devout matrons; and, accordingly, I became a chosen vessel, as hereafter will appear.

Some persons will perhaps say, that, with my mother's caution and good sense, it is astonishing that she should have sent me to these catechisms: but there is a reason for everything. My mother had a younger brother, an ecclesiastic belonging to her parish, to whose care was committed the catechism of confirmation, to use the technical term. The presence of his niece was an admirable example, calculated to induce those who were not of what is called the lower order of the people, to send their children also: a circumstance that could not fail to be pleasing to the rector. Beside, I had a memory which was sure to secure me the first rank; and everything else about me supporting this kind of superiority, my parents gratified their vanity, while appearing only to pursue the path of humility.

It happened, that, in the distribution of prizes, which took place, with no small parade, at the end of the year, I obtained the first, without the least partiality being shown me: on this, all the grave churchwardens, and all the reverend clergy of the parish, congratulated my uncle; who, in consequence of my success, began to be more noticed, which was all that was necessary to prepossess everyone in his favor. A handsome person, the greatest good-nature, an easy temper, the most gentle manners, and the utmost gayety, attended him to these latter times, when he died a canon of Vincennes, just as the Revolution was about to abolish all ecclesiastical dignities. It seemed to me, as if I had lost the last of my relations on the maternal side, nor can I recollect a single circumstance respecting him without emotion. My eagerness to learn, and quickness of apprehension, suggested to him the idea of teaching me Latin. I was delighted with it; for it was a feast to me to find a new subject of study.

I had at home masters for writing, geography, dancing, and music; and my father had made me begin drawing: but in all this I was far from finding an excess of occupation. Rising at five in the morning, when everybody in the house was asleep, I stole softly, in my bed-gown, regardless of shoes or stockings, to a corner of my mother's chamber, where was the table on which my books were laid; and there I copied or repeated my lessons with such assiduity, that my progress was astonishing. My masters became in consequence more affectionate; gave me long lessons; and took such an interest in my instruction, as called forth on my part additional attention. I had not a single master who did not appear as much flattered by teaching me, as I was grateful for being taught; nor one who, after attending me for a year or two, was not the first to say, that his instructions were no longer necessary, and that he ought no longer to be paid; but that he should be glad of permission to visit my parents in order to converse with me now and then.

I shall ever honor the memory of the good Mr. Marchand, who, when I was five years old, taught me to write, and afterward instructed me in geography and history. He was a discreet, patient, clear-headed, and methodical personage, to whom I gave the nickname of Mr. Demure. I saw him married to

a worthy woman, a dependent of the family of Nesle; and went to visit him in his last sickness, when a fit of the gout, translated to his chest by an injudicious bleeding, occasioned his death at the age of fifty—I was then eighteen.

I have not forgotten my music-master, Cajon, a little, lively, talkative being, born at Macon, where he had been a singing-boy. He was afterward by turns a soldier, a deserter, a Capuchin friar, a clerk in a counting-house, and lastly a vagrant, arriving at Paris with his wife and children without a penny in his pocket; but he had a very pleasing counter-voice, rarely to be met with in men who have not undergone a certain operation, and admirably adapted to the teaching of young persons to sing. Introduced to my father, I know not by whom, he had me for his first scholar. He bestowed on me considerable pains: frequently borrowed money of my parents, which was soon spent; never returned me a collection of lessons by Bordier, which he plundered with so much art, as to compile from it the "Elements of Music," that he published in his own name; lived in great style without being rich, and, at the end of fifteen years, terminated his career by quitting Paris, where he had contracted heavy debts, and by repairing to Russia, where I know not what became of him.

Of Mozon, the dancing-master, an honest Savoyard, frightfully ugly, whose wen I think I still see embellishing his right cheek while he inclined his pock-fretted and flat-nosed visage to the left on his instrument, I might relate some humorous anecdotes; as well as of poor Mignard, my master for the guitar, a sort of Spanish Colossus, whose hands resembled those of Esau, and who, in gravity, overstrained politeness, and rodomontade, was inferior to none of his countrymen.

The timid Wattin, of fifty years of age, whose periwig, spectacles, and carbuncled face, seemed all in commotion while he was placing the fingers of his little scholar on the violoncello, and teaching her to hold her bow, did not continue long with me: but, on the other hand, the Reverend Father Colomb, a Barnabite, formerly a missionary, superior of his convent at the age of seventy-five, and my mother's confessor, sent his bass viol to her house to console me for the desertion of my master of the violoncello, and when he came to see us, accompanied me himself while I played on my guitar. He was not

a little astonished, when one day, taking up his bass, I played a few airs that I had studied in private with tolerable execution. Had there been a double-bass in the house, I should have got up in a chair to try and make something of it. To avoid anachronism, however, it must be observed, that I am here anticipating things, and that I am arrived in my narrative at the period only of seven years, to which I return.

I have advanced thus far without noticing my father's influence over my education. It was indeed trifling, for he interfered in it but little; but it may not be amiss to relate an occurrence that induced him to interfere still less.

I was extremely obstinate; that is to say, I did not readily consent to anything of which I saw not the reason; and when the exercise of authority alone appeared, or I fancied that I perceived the dictates of caprice, I could not submit. My mother, sagacious and discreet, rightly judged that I must be governed by reason, or drawn by the cords of affection; and, treating me accordingly, experienced no opposition to her will. My father, hasty in his manner, issued his orders imperiously, and my compliance was either reluctant, or wholly withheld. If, despot-like, he attempted to punish me, his gentle little daughter was converted into a lion. On two or three occasions while he was whipping me, I bit the thigh across which I was laid, and protested against his injunctions. One day, when I was a little indisposed, it was thought proper that I should take physic. The nauseous draught was brought me; and I put it to my lips; but the smell alone made me reject it with abhorrence. My mother made use of all her influence to overcome my repugnance; she inspired me with the desire of obeying her; and I sincerely did my best; but every time the horrid potion approached my nose, my senses revolted, and made me turn aside my head. My mother fatigued herself to no purpose; I wept both for her sufferings and my own, and became still less capable of complying with her will.

My father came, put himself into a passion, and, ascribing my resistance to stubbornness, recurred to the remedy of the rod. From that instant all desire of obedience vanished, and I declared that I would not take the medicine at all. A violent uproar, repeated threats, and a second whipping, followed. I was only the more indignant, uttering terrible cries, lifting up

my eyes to heaven, and preparing to throw away the draught which they were about to present to me again. My gestures betrayed me; and my father, in a rage, threatened to whip me a third time. I feel, while I write this, the revolution, and development of fortitude, which took place in my mind. My tears ceased at once to flow, my sobbings were at an end, and a sudden calm concentrated my faculties into a single resolution. I raised myself, turned to the bedside, leaned my head against the wall, and exposed myself to the rod in silence. My father might have killed me on the spot, without drawing from me a single sigh.

My mother, who was dreadfully agitated by the scene, and who stood in need of all her prudence not to increase my father's rage, at last got him out of the room: she then put me to bed without saying a word; and, when I had rested two hours, returned, and conjured me, with tears in her eyes, to give her no further vexation, but to take the medicine. I looked steadfastly in her face, took the glass, and swallowed it at a draught. In a quarter of an hour, however, it was thrown up again; and I was seized with a violent paroxysm of fever, which it was found necessary to cure by other means than by nauseous drugs or by the rod. I was at that time little more than six years old.

All the circumstances of this scene are as present to my mind, all the sensations I experienced as distinct to my imagination, as if they had recently occurred. It was the same inflexible firmness that I have since felt on great and trying occasions; nor would it at this moment cost me more to ascend undauntedly the scaffold, than it did then to resign myself to brutal treatment, which might have killed, but could not conquer me.

From that instant my father never laid his hand upon me: nor did he even undertake to reprimand me; but, on the contrary, caressed me frequently, taught me to draw, took me out to walk, and treated me with a kindness that rendered him more respectable in my eyes, and insured him my entire submission. The seventh anniversary of my birth was celebrated as the attainment of the age of reason, when it might be expected of me to follow its dictates. This was a politic sort of plea for observing toward me a more respectful treatment, that

should give me confidence in myself, without exciting my vanity. My days flowed gently on in domestic quiet and in great activity of mind. My mother was almost always at home, and received little company. Two days in the week however we went abroad; once to visit my father's relations, and once, which was on Sunday, to see my grandmother Bimont, to go to church, and to take a walk.

The visit to my grandmother always took place as soon as vespers were over. She was a corpulent but handsome woman, who at an early age had suffered an attack of the palsy, from which her understanding had sustained a permanent injury. From that time she had gradually declined into a state of dotage, spending her days in her easy-chair, either at the window or the fireside, according to the season. An old servant, who had been forty years in the family, had the care of her. The servant, whose name was Mary, regularly upon my entrance, gave me my afternoon's repast. So far all went well; but when that was over, I grew dreadfully tired of the visit. I sought for books; could find none but the Psalter; and, for want of better, have twenty times read over the French, and chanted the Latin. When I was gay, my grandmother would weep; if I fell down, or got a blow, she would burst into a fit of laughter. That did not please me. It was in vain to tell me it was the effect of her disease: I did not find it on that account the less disagreeable. I could have borne with her laughing at me, but she never shed tears without their being accompanied by cries at once grievous and imbecile, which rent my heart and inspired me with terror.

In the mean time old Mary indulged herself to her heart's content in the garrulity of age, with my mother, who considered it as a sacred duty to pass two hours with hers, while complaisantly listening to the servant's tales. This was no doubt a painful exercise of my patience; but I was forced to submit; for one day, when I cried for vexation, and begged to go away, my mother, as a punishment, stayed the whole evening. Nor did she fail, at proper times, to represent her assiduity as a strict and becoming duty, in which it was honorable for me to participate. I know not how she managed it, but my heart received the lesson with emotion. When the Abbé Bimont could meet us at his mother's, my joy was inex-

pressible. That dear little uncle made me dance, and sing, and play; but unfortunately it was seldom in his power, as he was master of the choristers, and much confined to the house. This brings to my mind one of his pupils, a lad of a prepossessing countenance, whom he was fond of praising, because he was the scholar that gave him the least trouble. His promising disposition obtained him, a few years after, an exhibition at some college, and he is now no other than the Abbé Noel, known at first by some little productions, employed afterward by the Minister Le Brun in the diplomatic line, envoy last year at London, and now in Italy.

My studies completely occupied my days, which seemed very short; for I had never time to get through all that I was inclined to undertake. Together with the elementary books, with which care had been taken to supply me, I soon exhausted all those that the little family library contained. I devoured every volume, and began the same over again, when no new ones were to be got. I remember two folio lives of the saints, a Bible of the same size in an old version, a translation of Appian's civil wars, and a description of Turkey written in a wretched style, all of which I read over and over again. I also found the "Comical Romance of Scarron"; some collections of pretended *bon-mots*, on which I did not bestow a second perusal; the memoirs of the brave De Pontis, which diverted me much; those of Mademoiselle de Montpensier, whose pride did not displease me; and several other antiquated works; the contents, binding, and spots of which I have still before my eyes. The passion for learning possessed me indeed to such a degree, that, having picked up a treatise on the art of heraldry, I set myself instantly to study it. It had colored plates, with which I was diverted, and I was glad to know the names of all the little figures they contained. My father was astonished when, soon after, I gave him a specimen of my science, by making some remarks on a seal that was not engraved agreeably to the rules of art. On this subject I became his oracle, nor did I ever mislead him. A short treatise on contracts fell into my hands; and this also I endeavored to learn; for I read nothing which I was not desirous of retaining: but it tired me so soon, that I did not get to the fourth chapter.

The Bible had peculiar attraction for me, and I returned frequently to its perusal. In the old translations it speaks as plain a language as that of the sons of Esculapius; and certain crude and simple expressions struck me so forcibly, that they have never since escaped my memory. Hence I derived information not usually given to girls of my age; but I saw it in a light that was far from seducing. I had too much employment for my thoughts to dwell upon things of a mere material nature, that seemed to me to have nothing attractive about them. I could not however help laughing, when my grandmama talked to me of little children dug out of the parsley-bed; and I used to say that my Ave Maria informed me they came from another place, without troubling my head how they got there.

In rummaging the house I found a source of reading which I husbanded for a considerable time. What my father called his workshop was adjoining to the apartment where I usually sat, which was a handsome room, that might not improperly have been styled a drawing-room, but which my mother modestly called a parlor, neatly furnished, and ornamented with looking-glasses and a few pictures. It was here I received my lessons. The recess on one side of the fireplace was converted into a light closet, in which was placed a bed, so confined for want of room that I was obliged to get into it at the foot; a chair, a small table, and a few shelves. That was my sanctuary. On the opposite side was a large room, serving as a workshop, my father having placed in it his bench, various pieces of sculpture, and the different instruments of his art. Thither I used to steal in an evening, or at hours of the day when all were absent.

I had there remarked a recess where one of the young men kept his books; a volume of which I carried off at a time, and hastened to my little closet to devour it, taking great care to put it in its place again, without saying a word of the matter to anyone. They were in general very good books. One day I perceived that my mother had made the same discovery as myself. Recognizing a volume in her hands which had previously passed through mine, I no longer felt myself under any restraint; and, without telling a falsehood, but at the same time without saying a word concerning what had passed,

I seemed to be only following her example. The young man, whose name was Courson, to which he afterward prefixed the de, when he contrived to get into place at Versailles as teacher to the pages, did not at all resemble his comrades: he was not destitute of politeness, was decent in his demeanor, and fond of study. He said nothing of the occasional disappearance of his books; so that it seemed as if there were a tacit agreement between all the parties.

In this way I read a great many volumes of travels, of which I was passionately fond, among others, those of Renard, which were the first; some plays of second-rate authors, and Dacier's Plutarch. This last work was more to my taste than anything I had yet seen, not excepting even pathetic stories, which however affected me much; as for instance, that of the unfortunate couple, by Labedoyère, which is still present to my mind, although I have never read it since that early period. But Plutarch seemed to be exactly the intellectual food that suited me. I shall never forget the Lent of 1763, at which time I was nine years of age, when I carried it to church instead of the exercises of the Holy Week. It is from that period that I may date the impressions and ideas which rendered me a republican, without my dreaming of ever becoming one.

"Telemachus," and "Jerusalem Delivered," interfered a little with the current of these majestic thoughts. The tender Fénelon moved my heart, and Tasso fired my imagination. Sometimes I read aloud at my mother's request, of which I was by no means fond, as it diverted me from that close attention which constituted my delight, and obliged me to proceed with less rapidity. But I would have plucked out my tongue rather than have read in that manner the episodes of the Island of Calypso, and a number of passages in Tasso. My respiration quickened, a sudden glow overspread my countenance, and an agitation followed, which my faltering voice would have betrayed. With Telemachus I was Eucharis, and Herminia with Tancred. Completely transformed into these heroines, I thought not as yet of being something myself with some other personage. None of my reflections came home to me. I looked around me for nothing. I was the very characters themselves, and saw only the objects which

existed on their account. It was a kind of waking dream, that led to nothing more substantial.

I recollect, however, having seen with considerable emotion a young painter of the name of Taboral, who came occasionally to my father's house. He was about twenty, his voice was soft, his features languishing, and he blushed like a girl. When I heard him in the workshop, I had always a crayon or something else to seek; but as the sight of him embarrassed no less than it pleased me, I ran out again more speedily than I entered, with a palpitation of my heart and a trembling of my limbs that I hastened to conceal in my little closet. I can readily believe, that, with such a disposition, assisted by leisure and a certain kind of company, both my imagination and my person might have been greatly affected.

The works of which I have been speaking gave place to others, which softened the powerful impressions they had produced. Some of the writings of Voltaire served to operate this diversion. One day, when I was reading "Candide," my mother having deserted her party of piquet, the lady with whom she was playing calling me from the corner in which I was sitting, desired to see the book I had in my hand; and on my mother's return expressed her astonishment at the nature of my studies. My mother, without making any answer, contented herself with merely ordering me to carry it back to the place whence it came. I cast an evil eye upon this woman, of forbidding countenance, monstrous rotundity of waist, and affected importance; nor from that day forward did I ever bestow a smile upon Madame Charbonnĕ. My good mother, however, made no alteration in her truly unaccountable conduct, but permitted me to read all the books I could lay my hands on, without seeming to attend to them, though she knew very well what they were. I must observe at the same time, that no immoral publication ever came in my way; and even now I am only acquainted with the titles of two or three; the taste I have acquired having ever prevented my feeling the smallest temptation to procure them.

As I preferred books to everything else, my father sometimes made me presents of that kind; but, piquing himself, as he did, on seconding my propensity to serious studies, his choice was whimsical: he gave me, for instance, Fénelon on

female education, and Locke on that of children in general; thus putting into the hands of the pupil what were designed for the tutor. I am persuaded, however, that the incongruity was not unproductive of benefit, and that chance perhaps served me better than the usual considerations of propriety would have done. I was very forward for my age; I loved to reflect; I thought seriously of improving myself; that is to say, I studied the movements of my mind; I sought to know myself; and I felt that I had a destination which it was requisite I should enable myself to fill. Religious notions began to ferment in my brain, and soon produced a violent explosion. But before I describe them, it may be proper for my reader to know what became of my Latin.

The first rudiments of grammar were well arranged in my head. I declined nouns and conjugated verbs, though it appeared to me tiresome enough; but the hope of being able on some future day to read in that language the admirable productions of which I heard so much, and of which my books afforded me some idea, gave me resolution to get through the dry and difficult task. It was not thus with my little uncle, for so I called the Abbé Bimont. Young, good-humored, indolent, and gay, giving not the smallest trouble to anybody, caring little to give himself any for others, and heartily tired of his trade of pedagogue with the choristers; he liked better to take a walk with me than to give me a lesson, and to make me laugh and play, than to hear me repeat my rudiments. He was far from being punctual either as to the hour or the day of coming to our house, and a thousand circumstances combined to procrastinate his lessons. I was desirous, however, of learning, and loath to relinquish what I had once begun. It was therefore resolved upon, that I should go to him three mornings a week; but he was too giddy to keep himself at liberty to devote a few moments to my instruction. I was sure to find him either busied in parish affairs, diverting himself with his boys, or breakfasting with a friend. I lost my time, the winter season came on, and my Latin was abandoned. From that attempt I have preserved only a sort of glimmering or instinct of knowledge, which, during the days of devotion, enabled me to repeat or chant the psalms without being absolutely ignorant of what I was saying, and a considerable facility

for the study of languages in general, particularly the Italian, which I learned a few years after, without a master, and without difficulty.

My father took but little pains to forward me in drawing: he rather amused himself with my aptitude, than endeavored to give me extraordinary talents. A few words that dropped in a conversation with my mother, gave me to understand that, from prudential motives, she was not desirous of my making any great proficiency in the art. "I would not have her become a painter," said she; "it would require an intercommunity of studies, and connections that we can very well dispense with." I was also set to engrave; learned to hold the graver, and got over the first difficulties in a short time; for nothing came amiss to me.

On the birthdays of my good old relations, which were always religiously celebrated, I carried for my present, either a pretty head, which I had been at great pains to draw for the occasion, or a neat little copper-plate, on which I had engraved a flower, with a compliment beneath, written with great care, and in verses hammered out by Mr. Demure. In return I received almanacs,[1] which greatly amused me, and presents of such little articles as were adapted to my use, in general ornaments of dress, of which I was very fond. My mother took a pleasure in seeing me fine. In her own dress she was plain, and frequently even negligent; but her daughter was her doll, and from my early infancy I was dressed with a degree of elegance, and even richness, that seemed unsuitable to my condition. Young ladies at that time wore what was called a *corps-de-robe*, a dress resembling court robes, and fitting very closely at the waist, of which it displayed the form to advantage, but full below, with a long train that swept the ground, adorned with different trimmings, according to the taste of the wearer. Mine were of fine silk, of some simple pattern and modest color, but in price and quality equal to my mother's best gala suits. My toilet was a grievous business to me, for my hair was frequently frizzed, papered, and tortured with hot irons, and all the other ridiculous and barbarous im-

[1] French almanacs are very different from the English: most of them are without calendars, such as "l'Almanach Chantant," consisting entirely of songs; "l'Almanach des Muses," containing a mixture of fugitive pieces in prose and verse, etc.

plements at that time in use. My head was so extremely tender, and the pulling I was obliged to undergo so painful, that, upon occasions of full dress, my sufferings always forced tears from my eyes, although I uttered no complaint.

Methinks I hear it asked, for whose eyes, in the retired life I led, was all this finery intended? They who ask the question ought to recollect, that I went out two days in the week; and if they were acquainted with the manners of what was at that time called the *bourgeoisie* of Paris, they must know there were thousands of them whose expense in dress, by no means small, had no other object, than an exhibition of a few hours on Sunday in the Tuileries; to which their wives joined the display of their finery at church, and the pleasure of parading their own quarter of the town, before their admiring neighbors. Add to this, family visits on great festivals, New Year's day, weddings and christenings, and there will be found sufficient opportunities for the gratification of vanity. By the way, more than one contrast may be observed in my education.

The young lady, exhibited on Sundays at church, and in the public walks, in an elegant dress, who you would have supposed to be just alighted from a carriage, and whose demeanor and language were perfectly consonant to her appearance, would go nevertheless to market in the week with her mother, in a linen frock, or would step into the street alone, to buy a little parsley or salad, which the servant had forgotten. It must be confessed, I was not much pleased with it; but I showed no signs of dislike, and acquitted myself of my commission in such a way as to render it agreeable. I behaved with so much civility, and at the same time with so much dignity, that the fruiterer, or other shopkeeper, took a pleasure in serving me first; and yet those who came before me were never offended: I was sure to pick up some compliment or other in the way, which only served to make me more polite. The same child, who read systematic works, who could explain the circles of the celestial sphere, handle the crayon and the graver, and who, at eight years of age, was the best dancer in the youthful parties that met occasionally to assist at some little family festival, was frequently called into the kitchen to make an omelet, pick herbs, or skim the pot. That mixture

of serious studies, agreeable relaxations, and domestic cares, properly ordered, and rendered agreeable by my mother's good management, made me fit for everything, seemed to forebode the vicissitudes of my fortune, and enabled me to support them. In every place I am at home: I can prepare my own dinner with as much address as Philopœmen cut wood; but no one seeing me so engaged, would think it an office in which I ought to be employed.

It may be supposed, from what I have already related, that my mother did not neglect what is called religion. She was pious without being a bigot; she had faith, or endeavored to have faith; and conformed her conduct to the rules of the Church with the humility and regularity of a person who, finding it necessary for her peace of mind to adopt great principles, does not hesitate at trifling details. The respectful air with which the first notions of religion had been presented to me, had disposed me to receive them with attention. They were of a nature calculated to make considerable impression on a lively imagination; and notwithstanding the troublesome doubts frequently excited by my infant reason, which regarded with surprise the transformation of the devil into a serpent, and thought it cruel in God to have permitted it, I at last believed and adored.

I had received confirmation with the deep attention of a mind that calculates the importance of its actions, and meditates on its duties. The preparing me for my first communion was talked of, and I felt a sacred terror take possession of my soul.

I read books of devotion; I was seized with an irresistible desire to employ my mind about the great objects of eternal misery and happiness; and, by insensible degrees, all my thoughts centred in those points. Religious ideas gained a complete ascendance over my heart, and concurred with my natural forwardness in bringing on the reign of sentiment before its time. It began with the love of God, the sublime raptures of which rendered the first years of my adolescence safe and happy, resigned the rest to the care of philosophy, and seemed likely to protect me forever from the storm of those passions, from which, with a constitution as vigorous as that of a prize-fighter, it is with difficulty that I preserve my riper age.

The fit of devotion which agitated me, produced an astonishing alteration in my mind. I became profoundly humble and inexpressibly timid. I looked upon men with a sort of terror, which increased when any of them struck me as amiable. I watched over my thoughts with extreme scrupulosity; the least profane image that offered itself to my mind, however confusedly, seemed a crime. I contracted such a habit of reserve, that, perusing "Buffon's Natural History" at the age of sixteen, when no longer a devotee, I skipped the article Man, and turned over the plates relating to it, with the speed and terror of a person who sees a precipice beneath his feet. In short, I did not marry till I was twenty-five; and with a heart such as may be imagined, senses highly inflammable, and considerable information as to several points, I had so well avoided all knowledge concerning one circumstance, that the consequences of marriage were as surprising to me as they were unpleasant.

FROM CONSUL TO EMPEROR

BY

Prince de Talleyrand

CHARLES MAURICE DE TALLEYRAND-PÉRIGORD

1754—1838

Charles Maurice de Talleyrand-Périgord, Prince of Benevento, the most subtle, shrewd, and unprincipled of all modern diplomatists, was born at Paris, February 13, 1754, of an ancient and distinguished family, and died at Paris, 1838. He was trained for the Church, and studied at St. Sulpice, the Sorbonne, and Rheims, but at no period did he betray the least inclination toward a Christian or even a moral life. At the age of twenty he came to Paris, and rapidly acquired a reputation for licentiousness. This, however, did not prevent him from obtaining several ecclesiastical benefices, among others the abbacy of St. Denis, in the diocese of Rheims. So notorious was his *infame conduite* (as Mirabeau calls it) that for some years Louis XVI shrank from conferring on him further ecclesiastical preferment, and it was only on account of his administrative abilities that in 1788 he obtained the bishopric of Autun. In 1792, when the old European despotisms were obviously preparing to coerce the young republic, Talleyrand was sent to London—but not in an official character—to negotiate with the English Government. He did not make a favorable impression on George III or on Pitt. Talleyrand would, doubtless, have returned to France, had not a letter of M. de Laporte, *intendant* of the civil list of Louis XVI, been discovered, in which he was noted as a man "disposed to serve" the King. He was proscribed by the Convention in December, 1792; and thus his connection with the Revolution was suddenly brought to a close. He remained in England till forced to leave by the "alien bill," and sailed for the United States in February, 1794, where he lived for more than a year.

After the fall of the Terrorists he procured the revocation of his banishishment, and in March, 1796, re-entered Paris. The rise of Bonaparte was a phenomenon which so penetrating a politician as Talleyrand could not overlook. He cultivated the friendship of the young general with a sagacious assiduity, keeping him constantly *au courant*, when away from Paris, of the situation of parties, and became his confidant in those designs, the execution of which resulted in the overthrow of the Directory, Brumaire 18, 1799. After this *coup d'état*, the subtle *finesse* of Talleyrand was constantly in requisition. He divined, with a sort of miraculous cleverness, the ideas of Bonaparte, and his whole policy was directed to consolidate the power and authority of his master. But when the views of the Emperor in regard to Spain became apparent, Talleyrand came forward with a plan of his own, which was not adopted. The ill-success of the Spanish war (at first) induced Talleyrand to pronounce against it, and occasioned violent invectives on the side of his sovereign. The victories of Wellington in Spain, and the reverses of Napoleon in Russia and Germany, widened the breach between them, and Talleyrand now only waited the decisive moment in which to ruin the cause of his master. It was Talleyrand who dictated to the Senate the terms of the deposition of Napoleon; and on the restoration of the Bourbons he became minister of foreign affairs in the first government of Louis XVIII. After the July Revolution, Louis Philippe employed him as ambassador at the English court, where he contrived to bring about a friendly feeling between the new monarchy and the English Government. During the brief remainder of his life nothing externally notable occurred, and it was characteristic of his nature that his now celebrated "Mémoires" were barred by his will from publication until thirty years after his death. At the request of Napoleon III the publication was again delayed till 1890.

FROM CONSUL TO EMPEROR[1]

I BECAME minister of foreign affairs [2] during the time that elapsed between the signing of the preliminaries of peace and the conclusion of the definitive treaty [of Campo-Formio]. On learning my appointment, General Bonaparte wrote to the members of the Directory to congratulate them on their choice, and also sent me a very nice letter. From that day, we kept up a close correspondence.[3] All the young victorious general did, said, or wrote was so full of originality, so striking, skilful and daring as to justify building great hopes on his genius. A few weeks after writing his first letter to me, he signed the treaty of Campo-Formio (October 17, 1797).

On the other hand, England had sent Lord Malmesbury [4] to France with proposals of peace; but in this, she was not sincere. The English Cabinet was then forced to feign entering on negotiations with us, in order to overcome its difficulties at home.[5]

Such were the relations of France with foreign countries when I joined the Ministry.

[1] From the "Memoirs of the Prince de Talleyrand." By permission of the publishers, G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.

[2] July 18, 1797.

[3] The following is the first letter written to Bonaparte by Talleyrand:

"Paris, July 24, 1797.

"I have the honor to inform you, general, that the Executive Directory has appointed me minister of foreign affairs. Fully alive to the fearful responsibility my duties lay on me, it is necessary that I should seek confidence in the fact that your glory cannot fail to facilitate the negotiations I may have to carry out. The mere name of Bonaparte will remove all obstacles.

"I shall diligently acquaint you with all the views the Directory may instruct me to bring to your knowledge, and fame, which quickly spreads all your achievements, will often deprive me of the pleasure of informing the directors of the manner in which you have carried out their views." ("Unpublished official correspondence of Napoleon Bonaparte with the Directory, the Ministry," etc. Paris, 1819, seven vols, 8vo.)

[4] James Harris, Earl of Malmesbury, was born in 1746. In 1768, he was secretary of embassy; in 1771, he was appointed minister at Berlin; in 1777, he went to St. Petersburg in the same capacity; in 1783, he was sent to The Hague; in 1788, he entered the House of Lords. After his missions to France, he retired to private life. He died in 1820.

[5] As early as 1796, Pitt had made overtures of peace, and sent Malmesbury to Paris. The negotiations were broken off on December 19, 1796. In the following year, Malmesbury returned to Lille (July 4th), and began fresh negotiations, which, however, also failed.

At home a faction was plotting the overthrow of the existing order of things, to replace it by what? Nobody ever knew or ever will know; for this faction was not numerous, and was composed of Republicans and of former members of the Constituent Assembly and of the National Convention, who may have been united by common hatred, but who could certainly not work any plan together.

At any rate, what soon became evident was the weakness of this faction, easily overcome, and whose real or pretended leaders were, in the course of a few hours, arrested for the most part, charged with plotting against the established government, convicted without being heard, and transported to Cayenne,[6] by virtue of what was then termed a law.

Civil war continued to desolate the western provinces, where the Republicans were masters of nearly all the towns. This war—the organizers of which handed to their families the proud title of *Vendéen*, afterward replaced and spoiled by that of *Chouan*—was then confined within limits beyond which some vainly endeavored to extend it. It had become more irksome than dangerous for the government.

The words of republic, liberty, equality, fraternity, were everywhere inscribed on all the walls, but the ideas and feelings they expressed were nowhere to be met with. From the highest authorities to those of the lowest rank, there was scarcely one that was not most arbitrary in its formation, its composition and mode of action. All was done with violence, and, as a natural consequence, nothing could last.

The young general Bonaparte, who, for the last two years, shone so brilliantly on the stage of the world, refused to be swamped among the crowd of single generals; he wanted to hear his name bruited abroad more yet, and to continue to attract all looks upon himself. Besides, he feared a situation in which he would be defenceless against the very dangers to which his fame might give birth. Ambitious enough to wish to be head of all, he was yet not so blind as to think this possible for him in France, at least not without a concurrence of

[6] This was the coup d'état of Fructidor 18th, year V (September 4, 1797), made by the Directory with the assistance of the army against the councils, where the elections of the previous May had sent an anti-revolutionist majority. The greater portion of these elections were quashed, and sixty-five deputies transported to Cayenne.

events which, at that time, could not be regarded as close at hand, or even as probable.

England in the time of Cromwell had but one army. Cromwell, who had selected all its officers, had only his own creatures among them. Outside the army he had no rival in fame. Two hours' fanaticism, skilfully employed, sufficed to put the troops into the state of mind he wished. Finally, the Long Parliament, which had concentrated all power within itself, had played its part;[7] all parties had grown tired of its tyranny; they all desired its overthrow.

These circumstances were all lacking in Bonaparte's case. But if he had not yet the chance of ruling, as Cromwell, in his own country, it was, on the other hand, not impossible that he might cut out for himself a sovereignty elsewhere, provided France first furnished him with the means.

After having signed the peace with Austria at Campo-Formio, and paid a short visit to Rastadt, the place agreed upon with the empire[8] for treating of the peace (for, after the example of the old Romans, the French Republic had adopted the principle of never comprising two of its enemies into the same peace), he went to Paris to propose the conquest of Egypt to the Directory.

I had never seen him. At the time of my nomination to the ministry of foreign affairs he had written to me, as I have already mentioned, a long letter, carefully compiled, in which he wished to appear under a different character from that which he had hitherto played on the stage of public life. This letter is sufficiently interesting to make one wish it to be inserted at the end of these "Memoirs."[9] The evening of the day on which he arrived in Paris, he sent me an aide-de-camp to ask at what hour he could see me. I replied that I awaited his leisure; he fixed the next day at 11 A.M. I informed Madame de Staël of this; she was in my drawing-room at ten o'clock. There were also some other persons whom curiosity had at-

[7] The Long Parliament is the name given in England to the last Parliament convened by Charles I. Having assembled in 1640, it lasted more than twenty years. In 1648, Cromwell dismissed all members who were hostile to his own policy, and in 1653, he dissolved it. Recalled in 1659, and nicknamed The Rump. This Parliament broke up in 1660.

[8] Since the treaty of Campo-Formio, a congress had met at Rastadt (Grand Duchy of Baden) to regulate the question still under discussion (navigation of the Rhine, indemnities to dispossessed princes, etc.). Reassembled at the beginning of 1798, it was suddenly interrupted by war at the beginning of the following year.

[9] This letter has not been found among the papers of the Prince de Talleyrand.

tracted thither. I remember that Bougainville [10] was there. The general was announced, and I went to meet him. While crossing the room, I introduced Madame de Staël to him, but he bestowed very little attention upon her. Bougainville was the only one whom he condescended to notice, and to whom he paid a few compliments.

At first sight, he seemed to me to have a charming face; so much do the halo of victory, fine eyes, a pale and almost consumptive look, become a young hero. We entered my study. Our first conversation was full of confidence on his part. He dwelt in kind terms on my appointment as foreign secretary, and insisted on the pleasure it afforded him to correspond with a person of a different stamp from that of the directors. Almost abruptly he said to me: "You are the nephew of the Archbishop of Rheims, who is with Louis XVIII" (I noticed that he did not then say with the Comte de Lille [1]); and he added, "I also have an uncle who is an archdeacon in Corsica,[2] it was he who brought me up. In Corsica, you know, an archdeacon is like a bishop in France." We soon returned to the drawing-room which had become filled with visitors, and he said in a loud voice: "Citizens, I appreciate the attentions paid to me; I waged war as well as I could, and as well as I could, made peace. It now rests with the Directory to turn the latter to the happiness and prosperity of the republic." We then went together to the Directory.

The hesitation and jealousy of the Directory caused a certain annoyance to Bonaparte during the first weeks of his stay in Paris. I gave a *fête* to celebrate his victories in Italy and the glorious peace he had signed. I spared no trouble to make it brilliant and attractive; although in this, I experienced some difficulty on account of the vulgarity of the directors' wives, who of course enjoyed precedence over all other ladies.

[10] Louis Antoine de Bougainville, born in 1729, was at first secretary of embassy, and afterward an officer of dragoons. He was thirty-four years old when he entered the navy. In 1766, he undertook round the world a voyage which lasted three years. He left the navy in 1790, entered the Institute (1796), was made a senator under the empire, and died in 1814.

[1] That was the name adopted by Louis XVIII during the emigration.

[2] Joseph Fesch, born in 1763, at Ajaccio. He was, in 1789, archdeacon of the chapter of that town. Having protested against the civil constitution of the clergy, he retired from the chapter, put aside his ecclesiastical functions, and became commissaire des guerres to the Army of Italy (1795). After the eighteenth of Brumaire, Fesch resumed his ecclesiastical duties, became Archbishop of Lyons (1802); cardinal, and was sent as envoy extraordinary to Rome (1804). He was recalled in 1808. Peer of France during the Hundred Days, he retired to Rome at the restoration and died in 1809.

My apartments had been decorated as tastefully as possible, and everybody congratulated me.

"All this must have cost you a lot, Citizen Minister?" Madame Merlin,[3] the wife of the director, said to me.

"Not a fortune, madame," I replied, in the same tone.

The next day numerous other jokes, most of which were quite authentic, were going their round in Paris.

The Directory was then contemplating an expedition to Ireland;[4] its command, at first intended for Hoche,[5] who died in the meantime, was afterward offered to General Bonaparte, but it did not suit his views. This expedition, whether a success or a failure, could evidently not last long, so that the young general would, on his return, have found himself exactly in the same situation as he actually was. The army he would have led to Ireland he could not have used as a tool to further his own projects; and, beside, he could have had no hope of establishing himself firmly in that country.

Nor did he think of obtaining supreme power in Egypt, nor indeed in any country he might have conquered with a French army. He did not yet anticipate that his army would be satisfied with achieving victories that would only benefit him, and consent to letting him take a crown, and still less placing it on his head. The more so, that the troops over which he possessed most command, and which, for this very reason, he most wished to take with him, were composed of the very men with whom he had just been campaigning in Italy, and whose republican fanaticism he had himself aroused and carefully kept up. All he expected from them was that they should enable him to appear in the eyes of the Christians of the East and of all Greeks, as a liberator ready to break their fetters; as for the ultimate realization of his ambitious dreams, he trusted to the number, the energy and gratitude of these same Greeks, but above all to some unforeseen chance. Such hopes,

[3] Merlin de Douay (1754–1838), former member of the Constituent Assembly and of the Convention. In 1795, he became minister of justice, then minister of general police, and finally a director after the eighteenth of Fructidor; he was chief president of the Court of Cassation, under the empire.

[4] The Directory intending to attack England at home, Ireland seemed to offer a propitious field of operations; a rising of her inhabitants might be expected. A first attempt to land troops on that island had failed in January, 1797. A second expedition started in August. General Humbert landed with 1,100 men in the Bay of Sligo, was victorious at Killala and at Castlebar, but was defeated at Ballinamuck and obliged to surrender.

[5] Hoche died suddenly, September 18, 1797. He was then commander-in-chief of the armies of "Sambre-et-Meuse" and of "Rhin-et-Moselle."

if they could have been suspected, would not have been likely to promote the success of his negotiation with the Directory. He therefore affected to have but one aim in view—to further the interests of France. He spoke of Egypt as of a colony alone worth all the colonies France had lost, and whence deadly blows could be struck at the English power in India. He sometimes, however, allowed his impetuous imagination and natural loquacity to carry him beyond the limits of prudence, and talked of returning to Europe by way of Constantinople, which was not exactly the road to India; so that it did not require much penetration to guess that if ever he took Constantinople, the result of his victory would not be to consolidate the throne of the successor of the Kalifs or to substitute a republic one and indivisible to the Ottoman Empire.

Yet the Directory were so struck with the importance of getting rid of a man who caused them such umbrage and whom they felt powerless to keep in check, that they eventually yielded to Bonaparte, agreed that an expedition should be sent to Egypt, appointed him to the command of the troops composing the expedition, and thus paved the way for events they were most anxious to prevent.

I must state here succinctly what was the situation of Europe toward France at the time of Bonaparte's departure.

The Empress Catherine of Russia had been the first to declare against the French Revolution, but all her policy had been limited to making her opinions publicly known by means of despatches which her ministers were instructed to show in the different courts to which they were accredited. I saw a great number of these letters in the hands of the Prince of Nassau.[6] She had carefully abstained from joining in a war, the result of which was necessarily to weaken her neighbors and, as a matter of course, to increase her relative power. Having no fear that French principles should contaminate her subjects, but justly afraid of the efforts made by Poland to shake off her anarchy, she had taken advantage of the moment when

[6] The Prince Otto von Nassau-Siegen, born in 1745, accompanied Bougainville on his voyage round the world (1766–1769). On his return, he took service in France, went afterward to Spain, where the title of grandee and the rank of general were conferred on him. In 1787, he went to Russia, was appointed head of a naval squadron, and intrusted with sundry diplomatic missions to Vienna, Versailles, and Madrid. Vice-admiral in 1790, he was defeated by King Gustavus III. He then retired to private life, came to Paris in 1802, and died in 1809.

France, Prussia, and Austria were fighting together to plot the dismemberment of that kingdom, a portion of which she had already added to her dominions, leaving the rest to Austria and Prussia.[7] She died soon after (November 17, 1796).

It is impossible to tell what her successor, Paul I, who had inherited the disease of his father, Peter III,[8] would have done, but for the invasion of Egypt by France. At any rate, this invasion became for him a decisive and peremptory pretext.

Since the time of Peter I, Russia had never ceased to consider European Turkey as a prey which was eventually to fall to her, which she was to absorb gradually, being unable to do so all at once. This prey would have slipped from her forever if, through a revolution, Greece had recovered her independence; and the invasion of Egypt not only caused Russia to fear this revolution, but pointed out to it as being inevitable.

Paul I, instead of the natural enemy of the Turks, at once became their ally; he entered into a league with England. Austria joined them all the more readily that she had laid down her arms against her will, and that, since the peace of Campo-Formio, France had caused her much justifiable alarm.

Some dispute which had arisen between the Vaudois and the Senate of Bern, their sovereign, afforded a pretext to the Directory for sending troops to Switzerland, to both places at once, and change the confederation into a republic one and indivisible.[9]

Under some other pretexts the Papal States had been invaded by French troops, the Pope Pius VI taken as a prisoner to the Chartreux convent of Florence, and thence to Valence, in Dauphiny, where he died; his government replaced by what was then called a republican administration.[10]

The King of Naples, justly afraid, but whom prudence

[7] This was the third and final dismemberment of Poland (February 11, 1795).

[8] Through debauchery and excesses of all kinds, Peter III had brought on himself epileptic fits.—Translator.

[9] The Swiss cantons were not all then independent as to-day. The canton of Vaud, for instance, was subject to the authority of Bern. It rose in insurrection against the latter and was crushed. Many Vaudois then took refuge in France. They all pretended that Switzerland was in the hands of the Federalist party, which was itself serving the ends of Austria, and solicited the intervention of the Directory. Switzerland was invaded (February, 1798), and the republic of Leman proclaimed with a Constitution similar to that of France.

[10] On December 27, 1797, a riot had broken out in Rome, General Duphot had been killed in the course of it. On February 10th following, General Berthier became master of the town. Five days later, the Roman republic was proclaimed by a popular vote, at the instigation of the Directory.

should have advised to keep quiet and bide his time, having rashly and against the advice of the Court of Vienna, begun hostilities with inexperienced and undisciplined troops, had to take refuge in Sicily, abandoning his kingdom of Naples, which the French Directory soon transformed into a Parthenopean republic.[1]

The Directory could then, if they had wished it, have made of Italy a bulwark for France by forming but one single state with the former fine country. But, far from doing so, they felt much provoked on learning that the fusion of the new republics into one was secretly prepared in Italy, and they opposed this fusion with all their might. They wanted republics which made them odious to monarchies, but they wanted only small and weak republics, in order to occupy militarily their territories under the guise of protecting them, but in reality to rule them and feed their troops at their expense, which made them odious to these very republics.

All these upheavals taking place in the immediate neighborhood of Austria, modified too much her relative situation for her to witness them peaceably.

Her first object in taking up arms again was to break off the negotiations of Rastadt: in this she succeeded; but it is unfortunate for her that to this rupture of negotiations should have been added the assassination of the French plenipotentiaries.[2] After this event it was but natural to expect a furious renewal of hostilities.

The Directory were not wanting in soldiers to wage the war; but since the proscription of Carnot (Fructidor 18), they had no one capable of directing the military operations; and of all their renowned generals, Moreau[3] alone was in France. But he was accused, if not of having been implicated in the anti-revolutionary plans of his friend Pichegru,[4] at least of

[1] January, 1799. Ferdinand IV, son of Charles III, King of Spain, was then reigning at Naples. He had married Marie-Caroline, daughter of the Empress Maria-Theresa.

[2] Roberjot, Bonnier, and Derbry: the latter was the only one to survive his wounds.

[3] Victor Moreau, born at Morlaix in 1763, was in 1787, prevost of the school of law. He took service as a volunteer in 1792, became general in the following year and commanded successively the Army of the Rhine (1796), the Army of Italy (1799), and again the Army of the Rhine (1800). He was very hostile to the First Consul; he was implicated in the conspiracy of Georges Cadoudal, arrested, tried, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment. Bonaparte commuted this sentence into banishment. In 1813, Moreau returned from America, where he had been residing, served in the Russian army as field-marshal, and was mortally wounded at Dresden August 25th.

[4] Charles Pichegru (1761–1804) was a non-commissioned officer of artillery in

having known them, and of having only disclosed them when too late. For this reason, he was so much in disfavor with the republicans, that the Directory would not have dared to intrust him with a command however much inclined they might have felt to do so. By authorizing Moreau to enlist as a simple volunteer in the army of Italy, they considered they had done much.

The presence of Moreau at the army of Italy did not prevent it being thoroughly beaten and routed at the very beginning of the action. Macdonald,[5] who was coming up from the heart of Italy with thirty-five thousand men, in order to re-enforce it, was crushed at Trebia.[6]

All these sham republics raised by the Directory, vanished as soon as reverse befel French arms, and, but for the precaution previously taken by the Directory to retain in trust all the fortresses in Piedmont, all the French troops would have had to evacuate Italy. By rallying in and around these places the scattered remnants of the armies of the republic, Moreau succeeded in stopping the progress of the enemy.

When the Directory revolutionized Switzerland, they did not suspect that they were reopening an inlet, closed for centuries, by which foreigners were one day to enter France, and bring about thither the great change so much dreaded by the revolutionists. The Directory must even have experienced it themselves, but for the blunder of the Archduke Charles,[7] who evacuated Switzerland in order to besiege Philipsburg in vain, and only left behind him a body of Russian troops, thus enabling Masséna to win the victory of Zurich,[8] which was all the

1789. In 1793, he was appointed general commander-in-chief of the Army of the Rhine, took the command of the Army of the North in 1794, and conquered Holland. He allowed himself to give way to the solicitations of the royalist party, and plotted with the chiefs of Condé's army. Having aroused the suspicions of the Directory, he lost his command in 1796. Having been elected, in 1797, a member of the Conseil des Cinq-Cents, he became the leader of the anti-revolutionary party, which, on Fructidor 18th, led to his arrest and transportation to Guiana. He managed to escape, however, a short time after, reached England, joined in Cadoudal's conspiracy in 1803, was arrested in Paris and strangled himself in his prison.

[5] Alexandre Macdonald (1765–1840), was born of Irish parents, took service in Dillon's Irish troops, became general of division in 1795, governor of the Papal States in 1798. He fell out of favor in 1804, again took service in 1809, became marshal of France and Duc de Tarente after the victory of Wagram. In 1814, he became a member of the House of Peers, and high-chancellor of the Legion of Honor in 1816.

[6] June 17, 18, and 19, 1799.

[7] The Archduke Charles was born in 1771; he was the son of the Emperor Leopold. He became field-marshal of the German Empire in 1795, and minister of war in 1802. Generalissimo of the Austrian armies in 1805 and 1809, the Archduke Charles was one of the first captains of his time, and the most formidable of Napoleon's adversaries. He died in 1847.

[8] Massena was then commander-in-

more extolled in Paris, that it was indispensable to the safety of France.

The Directory shared the fate of all despots. So long as their armies were victorious, people hated their rule but feared their power. But as soon as the hour of defeat came, that Government met with universal contempt. The press attacked it, lampoon writers held it up to ridicule, everybody denounced it. Naturally, the members of the ministry were not spared; this offered the opportunity I was looking for of resigning my post. I had then ascertained that what little evil I could prevent was but insignificant, and that, only later, could any real good be worked.

The intention I had had for a long time of resigning had induced me to take certain precautions. I had acquainted General Bonaparte with my resolution before his departure for Egypt; he fully approved the reasons which had led me to take it, and kindly used his influence with the directors to solicit for me the appointment of ambassador to Constantinople, in the event of it being possible to come to some understanding with the Porte, or else the authorization of joining him at Cairo, where, there was reason to believe, negotiations might have to be opened with the agents of the Sultan.[9] Having obtained that authorization, I sent in my resignation, and retired to the country, near Paris, whence I watched the course of events.[10]

The stanch demagogues, who had, for some time past, resumed an alarming attitude, agitated, and threatened to bring about a new Reign of Terror. But their clubs, which they had reopened, and which Fouché [1] closed as soon as he deemed it advisable, were not to cause the overthrow of the Directory: the Directory fell by the fault of its own members.

Siéyès was envoy extraordinary and plenipotentiary minis-

chief of the army of Helvetia. The battle of Zurich, where the Russian army was destroyed, was fought on August 26, 1799.

[9] This is what Napoleon said subsequently, concerning his relations with Talleyrand, before his departure for Egypt: "It had been agreed with the Directory and Talleyrand, that immediately after the departure of the expedition sent to Egypt, negotiations should be opened with the Porte concerning the object of this expedition. Talleyrand was even to be the negotiator and to start for Constantinople twenty-four hours after the expeditionary corps to Egypt had left the port of Toulon. This promise, expressly claimed and positively given, had been forgotten, not only did Talleyrand remain in Paris, but no negotiation took place." ("Mémoires de Napoléon dictés à Saint-Hélène au général Gourgaud," vol. i. p. 62.)

[10] July 20, 1799.

[1] Fouché had been appointed minister of police, on Barras's motion.

ter of the republic in Berlin, when he was elected a member of the Directory. His return to Paris was awaited with such impatience that the time he required to take leave of the Prussian court, start on the journey and reach the capital seemed intolerably long to his colleagues of the Government. They credited him with possessing infallible means to remedy the critical situation of France at home and abroad. He had scarcely alighted than everybody begged of him to divulge those means. The most influential among the members of both assemblies [2] assured him that he had but to speak, and that, in all in which they can help him, they will strongly assist him. Before proposing anything, Siéyès desired to see everything with his own eyes, to examine and to ponder. The result of his investigations was that nothing useful could be accomplished with the colleagues he had. There and then three of them were removed. Among their successors, two were but regular ciphers, the third was devoted to him.[3] Siéyès then no longer complained of the men, it was, he urged, absolutely necessary to modify the institutions. Five rulers were too many; three would be sufficient. The name of Directory had become hateful; it must be replaced by some other appellation. It was, above all things, indispensable that the government should comprise among its members a military man possessing the confidence of the army, as unless a government be supported by the army, it is powerless to do any good.

Moreau, having been sounded as to whether he would accept the post of member of the government, declined all but military functions. General Joubert was then thought of, and, in order to enable him to win the desirable fame he did not yet possess, he was sent to Italy with a command. On arriving, he fought imprudently the battle of Novi,[4] and was killed at the beginning of the action, thus causing all the hopes built on him to vanish. The situation remained as intricate as ever, and goodness knows how matters would have ended, but for an event which the Directory least expected.

[2] The Conseils des Anciens (Council of the Elders) and the Conseil des Cinq-Cents (Council of the Five Hundred). —Translator.

[3] This change of directors constituted what is known in history as the coup d'état of Prairial 30 (May, 1799), aimed by the assemblies against the Directory. Director Treilhard was removed, and Gohier appointed in his stead. Lareveillère-Lépeaux and Merlin were called upon to resign, being replaced by Moulins and Roger Ducos. The latter was entirely devoted to Siéyès.

[4] August 15, 1799.

After the conquest of Egypt, Bonaparte had followed up the execution of his plans by attempting that of Syria. But Acre stopped his progress. Although he had lost all his siege guns, captured by English cruisers, on the way from Egypt to Syria, he insisted on attacking the Turkish stronghold. After furiously storming the place three times, he was, however, compelled to withdraw and bring his troops back to Egypt, where the English threatened to land. His magnificent hopes were thus vanishing; that even of holding his own in Egypt was becoming anything but certain. He was haunted by the fearful apprehension of being reduced to leave the country only through a capitulation, which would have left him the reputation of being but an adventurer. Fortunately, the vicissitudes of the French arms in Italy relieved him from his perplexity, by giving him the rashness of doing what otherwise he never would have dared to attempt. Without any authority to do so, he handed his command to Kleber, left Egypt, escaped from English cruisers, and landed at Fréjus.[5]

As anticipated by him, the political parties of France saw in him not a man who was to account for his conduct, but one whom circumstances rendered indispensable, and whose favor it was necessary to win.

At first, some people thought that Barras, the author of Bonaparte's fortune, who of all former directors was the only one still in office, was so far mistaken in his judgment of the young general and had so much overrated his own influence over him, as to flatter himself that he could induce him to play the part of a monk; but Bonaparte who, even if he had been able to do so, would have declined it, was really not at that time in a position to play such a part.

He could not, therefore, hesitate long, between such a proposal, supposing it was made to him, and the offer not exactly of supreme power, but of a position that enabled him to aspire to it.

A great number of his supporters would doubtless have preferred to see him appointed simply a member of the Directory, but matters had reached such a point, that everybody was obliged to be satisfied with whatever Bonaparte might wish, and the very nature of things made him master of the

[5] October 9, 1799.

situation. As a director, he could not have carried out his ambitious designs.

It was therefore agreed that the Directory should be replaced by three provisory consuls who, with the assistance of two committees from the *conseils*, would have to draft a new Constitution to be submitted to the approval of the primary assemblies, for the sovereignty of the people was a dogma which nobody was, then, dreaming of putting into question.[6]

This plan having been arranged, the Council of Elders, according to the rights conferred on them by the Constitution, and under the pretext of the excitement existing in Paris, transferred the seat of the legislature to St. Cloud. By so doing, it was hoped to check all obstacles to the measures that had been concerted. The two most influential members of the Directory (Siéyès and Barras), the majority of the Council of the Elders and a portion of the Council of the Five Hundred, were in favor of this step. On Brumaire 18 (November 9, 1799), the Directorial Guards under the command of Augereau, who had been appointed to it since Fructidor 18, a host of general officers and other military men of all ranks, as also a few sightseers, among whom I was, repaired to St. Cloud, in order to attend the sitting.

Notwithstanding this display of force, the Council of the Five Hundred offered such opposition to the proposed modi-

[6] A few days before Brumaire 18th, my house was the scene of an incident, the whole interest of which lies in the circumstances that attended it. General Bonaparte, who was then residing in the Rue Chantereine, called on me, one evening, to talk about the preliminaries of his intended coup d'état. I was then living in a house in the Rue Taitbout, which, I believe, has since been known as Number 24. It was situated at the back of a yard, and, the first floor of it communicated with rooms overlooking the street. We were engrossed in conversation in the drawing-room which was lighted by a few candles; when, at about one o'clock in the morning, we heard a great noise in the street; it sounded like the riding of carriages and the stamping of horses, such as might be produced by an escort of cavalry. Suddenly the carriages stopped in front of my house. General Bonaparte turned pale, and I quite believe I did the same. We at once thought that people had come to arrest us by order of the Directory. I blew out the candles, and went on tiptoe, to one of the front rooms whence I could see what was going on in the street. Some time elapsed before I could ascertain the real cause of all this uproar, which, however, turned out to be simply grotesque. As in those days, the streets of Paris were hardly safe at night, all the money of gambling-houses was collected, at closing time, and removed in cabs, for which, in this case the proprietor had obtained from the police that an escort of gendarmes, which he himself paid, should, every night, accompany the cabs as far as his residence which was in the Rue de Clichy, or thereabout. On the night in question, one of these cabs had met with an accident exactly in front of my door, thus causing the whole party to stop on their way for about a quarter of an hour. We laughed a good deal, the general and I, at our panic, which however was but natural on the part of people acquainted as we were with the disposition of the Directory, and the violent measures they were capable of resorting to.—Prince Talleyrand.

fication of the Constitution, as to jeopardize the execution of the plan in view, although its object was merely to substitute one form of polygarchy for another (I am always obliged to make use of this barbaric expression, for want of any equivalent). Thus it is easy to imagine what would have happened to him who had manifested any desire to play the part of monk; he would have had against him nearly all the men to whom the success of the *coup d'état* of Brumaire 18 was, more or less, due.

At last, both persuasion and threats having been brought to bear, the motion was carried. The Directory was dissolved, Siéyès, Roger Ducos,[7] and Bonaparte were appointed consuls, and the committees who were to draft the project of constitution were all that remained of the councils. Ten or twelve days later, I again became foreign secretary

The overthrow of the Directory could not fail to please, or at least, be indifferent to all the foreign powers friendly with France. There being no reason to fear any modification in their disposition, no special steps were needed to inform them of the change of Government. As for hostile powers, the only hope of altering their attitude toward France lay in fresh victories. Though no negotiations had to be carried on abroad, yet at home a most important and delicate negotiation was being proceeded with, and although I had nothing to do with it in an official capacity, it could not be either foreign or indifferent to me.

It became necessary either to re-establish monarchy or else to have made the 18 Brumaire in vain, thus postponing to an uncertain and perhaps indefinite date the hope of a restoration of monarchical institutions. Re-establishing monarchy did not mean raising the throne again. Monarchy has three degrees or forms: it is elective for a time, elective for life, or hereditary. What is called the throne cannot belong to the first of these three forms, and does not necessarily belong to the second. Now, to reach the third, without passing successively by the

[7] The Comte Roger Ducos, born in 1754, had been a member of the National Convention, where he voted for the death of the King. He was elected a member of the Council of the Elders, of which he became the president in 1796. On Prairial 30, he was appointed one of the directors. On Brumaire 18th, he gave active support to Bonaparte, became a consul pro tempore, and was appointed a senator under the empire, in 1814; he was appointed a peer of France, during the Hundred Days, was exiled in 1815, and died at Ulm in 1816.

two others, unless France were in the power of foreign forces, was a thing absolutely impossible. It might, it is true, not have been so, if Louis XVI had lived, but the murder of that prince had put an insurmountable obstacle in the way.

The passing from polygarchy to hereditary monarchy could not be immediate, the result being, as a necessary consequence, that the re-establishment of the latter and the re-establishment of the house of Bourbon could not be simultaneous. Thus it was indispensable to pave the way for the restoration of monarchical institutions without having regard for the special interests of the house of Bourbon, which time might bring back, if it so happened that he who was to occupy the throne proved himself unworthy and deserved to lose it. It was necessary to make a temporary sovereign who might become sovereign for life, and eventually hereditary monarch. The question was not whether Bonaparte had the qualities most desirable in a monarch; he had unquestionably those which were indispensable to again accustom France to monarchical discipline, as she was still infatuated with every revolutionary doctrine; and no one possessed those qualities in the same degree as he did.

The real point was how could Bonaparte be made a temporary sovereign? If one proposed to appoint him sole consul, one betrayed views which could not be concealed with too much care. If, on the other hand, one gave him colleagues equal to him in rank and power, one remained in polygarchy.

They remained in polygarchy if they established a legislative body, either permanent, or which was to sit at fixed dates without previous summons, and to prorogue itself. If this body, though divided into two distinct assemblies, could alone make the laws, they remained in polygarchy. In short, they remained in polygarchy if the high officials, and chiefly the judges, were to continue to be named by the electoral assemblies. The problem to be solved was, as may be seen, very intricate, and bristling with so many difficulties that it was almost impossible to avoid arbitrary measures; and they were not avoided.

Three consuls were created, a first, a second, and a third consul, unequal in rank, and whose respective duties were such that, with some interpretations (that Bonaparte knew better than anyone how to give when his own power was at stake),

the First Consul was almost alone invested, by that very fact, with the share of authority which, in limited or constitutional monarchies, is in the hands of the sovereign. The only essential difference was, that, instead of limiting his power to the sanction of the laws, he was also intrusted with proposing them, a plurality of power which proved fatal to himself.

In order to render the power of the First Consul still more effective, I made, on the very day of his installation, a proposition which he readily accepted. The three consuls were to meet every day, and the ministers were to acquaint them with the affairs of their respective departments. I pointed out to General Bonaparte the fact that all matters connected with foreign affairs, being essentially secret, should not be discussed in council, and that it was necessary that he should himself alone decide all questions of foreign policy, which the head of a government should have entirely in his hands and manage. He fully grasped the utility of that advice; and as, when organizing a new government, everything is easier to settle, it was agreed, from the very first day, that I should work only with the First Consul.

The first act of General Bonaparte, in quality of First Consul, was to write to the King of England a letter in which he expressed the wish for a prompt reconciliation between the two countries. He made a similar advance to the Emperor of Austria. These two attempts led to no reconcilation, and could not lead to any, but they had a happy effect upon the internal peace of the country, because they announced dispositions which ought to be agreeable to the people, in revealing as a skilful statesman the great general who had become the head of the government. This done, the refusal of the two cabinets being well proved by a failure to reply to those letters, which were not even honored with an acknowledgment,[8] Bonaparte no longer thought of anything but taking measures to go to meet the enemy on a field of battle, where he was to find none but Austrians.

Paul I, discontented with Austria, by whom he believed himself to have been betrayed,[9] had recalled his troops from Ger-

[8] Lord Grenville and Herr von Thugut both replied to M. de Talleyrand to reject the propositions of the First Consul.

[9] Souwaroff had just conquered Piedmont, and, by the orders of his master, had written to the King of Sardinia to invite him to return to his possessions.

many. The First Consul, availing himself of this circumstance, collected the few Russian prisoners who were in France, had them newly clothed, and sent home without ransom. He directed one of the officers who commanded them to offer to the Emperor Paul the sword of La Valette found at Malta. It is known that the Emperor of Russia had taken the Order of Malta under his special protection.[10] Touched by these delicate proceedings, the Emperor Paul, who got easily prejudiced, directed General von Sprengtporten,[1] to make overtures of peace to France; these overtures were followed up by M. de Kalitcheff, and led to a definite treaty, which I negotiated and signed with M. de Markoff.[2]

M. de Markoff had made his first appearance in public life under the reign of the Empress Catherine, and had been sent later to Paris, as one of the most skilful business men of Russia. He appeared to me a bad-tempered man, without instruction, but witty. His temper bore then upon his own govern-

Austria, which coveted northern Italy, was stirred by that measure, and the Aulic Council, which had the direction of the military operations, rid themselves of this troublesome ally by sending him to Switzerland. The Russian army suffered cruelly in crossing the Alps, and was destroyed at Zurich. The Emperor Paul and Souwaroff were much irritated against the Austrians, whom they accused of being the cause of this disaster, and the Russian troops were recalled.

[10] The intervention of the Czar Paul in the affairs of the Order of Malta is one of the singularities of the history of that time. The relations between the two powers date from 1795. The order possessed great wealth in Poland. This wealth being included in the territories fallen to Russia after the division of 1795, the grand master, Prince de Rohan, endeavored to negotiate an arrangement with Catherine. The Emperor Paul, having in the meantime ascended the throne, took the affair to heart, entered into relations with Malta, and was inflamed with a lively admiration for the old and glorious traditions of the Knights of St. John. On January 4, 1797, there was signed an instrument by the terms of which the possessions of the order in Poland were transferred to the grand priory of Russia. Seventy-two commanderies were created in one year. The Czar and his son became Knights of Malta. After the taking of the island by the French, the Czar, on the request of the grand priory declared himself protector of the order (September, 1798), and two months after, the place of grand master having become vacant, a fraction of the order had the idea of offering it to the Czar. Paul solemnly accepted this new dignity. Bonaparte profited skilfully by these circumstances to conciliate Russia, and to detach it from Germany. It was then that he sent to the Czar the sword of La Valette, the grand master, found at Malta; or, according to another authority, the sword of the Grand Master Villiers de l'Ile-Adam, that Leo X had given to that illustrious warrior as a remembrance of his fine defence of Rhodes. When Malta was taken by the English, Paul claimed it in quality of grand master (September, 1800). But the English refused formally to cede this important post, and a rupture ensued. The death of Paul (March, 1801) terminated this curious episode. His successor, Alexander, did not claim the island, and the matter ended there. (Consult the "Memoirs" of Abbé Georgel.)

[1] Baron Joram von Sprengtporten, a Swedish general, and one of the authors of the Revolution of 1772, passed afterward into the service of Russia. He became Governor of Finland, after the conquest of that country by Russia, and died in oblivion.

[2] October 8, 1801. Arcadi Ivanovitch, Count Markoff, was, under the reign of Catherine, first counsellor of foreign affairs. Having fallen into disgrace under Paul I, he was recalled by Alexander, and appointed ambassador at Paris in 1801. He incurred the enmity of Bonaparte, who demanded and obtained his removal. On his return to Russia, Markoff was often intrusted with important diplomatic missions. He died at a very advanced age.

ment, which is very convenient for the minister of foreign affairs of another country. While the Emperor Paul lived, business relations were easy and agreeable, but, at the accession of the Emperor Alexander, M. de Markoff became arrogant and insupportable. It was with him that I treated the important matter of the secularizations in Germany.[3]

Carnot, member of the Directory, having escaped from Cayenne, where he had been so cruelly exiled, with so many others, on Fructidor 18, had for some time been holding the post of minister of war. His first care, on taking office, was to assemble two armies, one on the Rhine, the other at the foot of the Alps. General Moreau had the command of the first; Bonaparte with the second rushes upon Italy by a new route, and, without losing a cannon, crosses Great St. Bernard, May 20, 1800. He falls, without warning, upon the Austrians, and, after several fortunate encounters, he gives battle, June 14th, at Marengo; after a hard contest Fortune, aided by General Désaix,[4] and General Kellermann,[5] declares for him when even he himself no longer hoped for it. The armistice which followed made him again master of Italy. Warned by the fears that he had had of a defeat, he knew now better how to profit by his victory without abusing it. He felt the need of strengthening his power before increasing it, and knowing well that military glory would be his principal title to power, he feared those victories for which France would not be indebted to him, almost as much as the reverses he endured himself. So he hastened to set up, by his armistice, the basis of a new peace, in which the Empire of Germany should be comprised, which

[3] It would need a volume, and perhaps I shall make it, to give a full account of this important question. The Marquis de Lucchesini has tried it, but in his work he has only occupied himself with personal justifications — a strange way of writing the history of one's times, for it rarely modifies the opinions of one's contemporaries. When one is called to settle political questions of great importance, one must leave to those whose private interests have been sacrificed to the general interest the consolation of blaming the negotiators and of calumniating them without scruple. Up to this time, that which appears to be most exact on that period is the work of Baron von Gagern, a man of sense, attached to the house of Nassau.—Talleyrand.

[4] Louis-Antoine Désaix, issue of a noble family originally of Ayat, near Riom, and known before the Revolution under the name of Des Aix de Veygous. Born in 1768, Désaix was in 1789, sub-lieutenant in the Brittany regiment. He became commissary of war in 1791, and general of division in 1794. He was intimately associated with Bonaparte, followed him into Egypt, returned to Europe after the treaty of El Arisch, and was killed at Marengo, June 14, 1800.

[5] François-Étienne Kellermann (1770–1835) was the son of the old Marshal Kellermann, Duc de Valmy. He was general of brigade at Marengo, where he decided the victory at the head of his cavalry. He became peer of France during the Hundred Days, was excluded from the upper House by Louis XVIII, and did not re-enter it until 1830.

rendered almost useless the victory of Hohenlinden,[6] which had opened the road to Vienna to General Moreau. The treaty between France and Austria stipulating for herself and for the empire, was to be negotiated at Lunéville, and Count Louis von Cobenzl[7] had been designated as plenipotentiary by the Emperor, who had authorized him to go to Paris before the opening of the negotiations. The Court of Vienna had chosen him because he had treated at Campo-Formio with Bonaparte, who was then only general of the Army of Italy, and because intimate relations had then sprung up between them which Count von Cobenzl believed it would be easy to renew, but which the First Consul soon caused him to forget. There happened on this occasion a rather curious scene.

Bonaparte gave Cobenzl a first audience at nine o'clock in the evening, at the Tuileries. He had attended personally to the arrangement of the room in which he wished to receive the Austrian plenipotentiary; it was in the parlor which precedes the King's study. He had caused to be put in the corner a small table, in front of which he was seated; all other seats had been removed, there only remained sofas, which, however, were rather far from the table. On this were papers and an inkstand with writing materials; there was but one lamp; the chandelier was not lighted. Count von Cobenzl entered: I led the way. The gloom of the room, the distance which separated the visitor from the table at which Bonaparte was sitting and whom the former barely perceived; the kind of embarrassment resulting from these circumstances; the attitude of Bonaparte, who rose and seated himself again; the impossibility in which the count was not to remain standing, set each at once in the right place, or, at least, in the place the First Consul intended each to occupy.

After the conferences held at Lunéville between Joseph Bonaparte and Count von Cobenzl, they soon signed the treaty,[8] and general peace was thus very nearly restored on the Continent.

[6] A village of Bavaria thirty kilometres east of Munich. The victory of Moreau over the Archduke Johan was obtained December 3, 1800.

[7] Louis, Count von Cobenzl (1758–1808), ambassador from Austria at Copenhagen, at Berlin and at St. Petersburg, plenipotentiary at Campo-Formio, at Rastadt, and at Lunéville, chancellor of state and minister of foreign affairs in 1802.

[8] February 9, 1801.

A short time before, a convention made with the United States, signed at Mortefontaine also by Joseph Bonaparte, had terminated all the differences which existed between the French Republic and that power.[9]

England, without allies abroad, and experiencing some embarrassment within, felt herself the need of peace. The preliminaries, after some debates rather curious for all the wit displayed for and against a maritime armistice, were concluded at London between Mr. Addington [10] and M. Otto.[1] It was at Amiens, that Lord Cornwallis [2] and Joseph Bonaparte signed the definitive treaty. France, who had lost all her colonies, recovered them all, without having to restore anything. Perhaps her dignity may have suffered from her having left all the burden of the compensations to the charge of Spain and Holland, her allies, who had been engaged in the war only for her sake and by her advice.[3] But that is a consideration made by few people, and which never presents itself to the minds of the multitude, accustomed to take the success of bad faith for cleverness.

I must not omit to state that one of the articles of the treaty of Amiens stipulated the abandonment of Malta by the English. Bonaparte, who, by gaining possession of this island, had changed the fate of the Mediterranean, put great stress upon having it restored to its old masters, and could not bear to hear me say that I would willingly have left Malta to the English, provided the treaty had been signed by Mr. Pitt or by Mr. Fox, instead of by Mr. Addington.

Previous to those treaties, a kind of compact or agreement

[9] American commerce had greatly suffered from the measures taken by the Convention against neutrals. The United States having signed a treaty with England which gave to that power the right of confiscating all ships carrying enemies' goods (November, 1794), the Convention retaliated by an identical measure, and broke off all relations with the American Cabinet. On its side, Congress annulled all past treaties with France. They were advancing toward an open rupture when Bonaparte, coming into power, abolished the decrees of the Convention. A treaty signed on September 30, 1800, smoothed all difficulties, and the relations between the two countries resumed their normal course.

[10] Henry Addington, Viscount Sidmouth, born in 1755. Member of the House of Commons in 1782. Chancellor of the exchequer in 1801, he contributed actively to the Peace of Amiens. He retired in 1804, but re-entered office again for a short time in 1806. In 1812, he was appointed home minister, a post which he occupied until 1822. He died in 1844.

[1] Guillaume Otto, Comte de Mosloy (1754–1817), was minister at London in 1800. He became minister at Munich, councillor of state, ambassador at Vienna (1809), minister of state in 1813.

[2] Charles Cornwallis, statesman and English general, born in 1738, member of the Chamber of Lords, 1762, Governor of India, 1786, Governor of Ireland, 1793. In 1801 he was one of the plenipotentiaries at Amiens. Again Governor of India in 1805, he died on reaching his post.

[3] Spain lost the island of Trinity, and Holland, Ceylon.

had put an end to the civil war which had broken out anew in Vendée and the provinces of the West.[4]

At the time of the battle of Marengo, a secret bond was formed between Bonaparte and the Papal Court.[5] The victorious general had held, at Milan, several conferences with an envoy from Pius VII, elected at Venice as successor to Pius VI: these conferences eventually led to the Concordat[6] subsequently signed at Paris by Cardinal Consalvi. This compact and its immediate ratification reconciled France with the Holy See, without any other opposition than that of a few military men, very brave, be it said, but whose minds were not lofty enough for a conception of that kind.

It was after this reconciliation with the Church, to which I powerfully contributed, that Bonaparte obtained from the Pope a brief for my secularization. The brief is dated from Saint Peter's of Rome, June 29, 1802.[7]

It seems to me that nothing expresses better the indulgence of Pius VII toward myself, than what he said one day to Cardinal Consalvi, in speaking of me: "M. de Talleyrand! ah! ah! may God have his soul; as for me, I am very fond of him!"

Switzerland, whom the Directory, at the instigation of MM. La Harpe[8] and Ochs[9] wished to transform into a republic one and indivisible, had become again, as she desired, a confederation with the ancient leagues; and this, by virtue of an

[4] A suspension of arms had been signed in December, 1799. On January 18, 1800, M. d'Autichamp surrendered in the name of the provinces of the left bank of the Loire. On the 20th, M. de Châtillon did the same in the name of the right bank. In Brittany, M. de Bourmont gave himself up on January 24th, and Georges Cadoudal on the 27th, so that the whole country was soon pacified.

[5] As early as June, 1800, Bonaparte had opened negotiations with the Court of Rome, through the medium of Cardinal Martiniane, Bishop of Verceil.

[6] The Concordat was signed on July 15, 1801. Cardinal Consalvi was the secretary of state to the Court of Rome.

[7] ACT OF THE GOVERNMENT

ORDER OF FRUCTIDOR 2, YEAR X

The Consuls of the Republic; according to the brief of Pope Pius VII given at Saint-Peter of Rome, on June 29, 1802;

In accordance with the report of the councillor of state intrusted with all matters relative to public worship;

After taking the advice of the Council of State;

Order: The brief of Pope Pius VII, given at Saint-Peter of Rome on June 29, 1802, according to which citizen Charles Maurice de Talleyrand, Minister of Foreign Affairs of France, is authorized to resume secular and lay life, shall take full and entire effect.

The First Consul: BONAPARTE.

The Secretary of State: H. B. MARET.

[8] Frédéric-César de la Harpe (1754–1838), born in the canton of Vaud, had taken an active part in the troubles which broke out in that country. Proscribed after the victory of the canton of Bern, and obliged to take refuge in France, he brought about the intervention of the Directory; he was named director at the time of the proclamation of the Helvetian Republic (1798).

[9] Pierre Ochs (1749–1824) was also a Swiss refugee compromised after the rising of the canton of Vaud. He was a member of the Helvetian senate and director in 1798.

act called the act of mediation, because France had served as mediator between all the old and new cantons.[10]

Spain, in accordance with the clauses of the treaty of Basel, had restored Louisiana to France who, in consideration of the payment of a certain sum, ceded it to the United States (April 30, 1803). The latter kept a portion of the price as indemnity for the losses sustained by American citizens in consequence of the absurd decrees of the Convention.

The Ottoman Porte, Portugal, the Two Sicilies, had renewed their old ties of friendship and of commerce with France.[1]

The distribution of the secularized territories in Germany was being made under the double mediation of France and of Russia.[2]

It can be said without the least exaggeration, that at the time of the Peace of Amiens, France was outwardly in possession of a power, a glory, an influence, than which the minds of the most ambitious could have desired no greater for their country; and what rendered this situation more marvellous still was the rapidity with which it had been created. In less than two years and a half, that is to say from the 18th Brumaire (November 9, 1799), to March 25, 1802, date of the Peace of Amiens, France had passed from the humiliating depths into which the Directory had plunged it, to the first rank of Europe.

But while occupying himself with foreign affairs, Bonaparte had not neglected those at home. His incredible activity suf-

[10] The intervention of the Directory in Switzerland had only increased the disorder; so, when in 1802, Bonaparte proposed his mediation, it was immediately accepted. . All the cantons sent deputies to Paris who entered into conference with MM. Barthélémy, Fouché, and Roederer. The Act of Mediation was signed February 19, 1803. It fixed for each canton a special constitution, and organized a federal power. On October 19th, following, a treaty of alliance was made between France and Switzerland.

[1] Treaty with Turkey, June 25, 1802. With Portugal, September 20, 1801. With the Two Sicilies, March 28, 1801. These last two powers promised to close their ports to the English.

[2] Before the wars of the Revolution, the left bank of the Rhine was covered with secular and ecclesiastic principalities. The treaties of Campo-Formio and Lunéville in ceding to France all those territories had stipulated that the lay princes should be indemnified with the wealth of the secular clergy. It remained now to apply the principle. The Emperor, who would have had to take this affair in hand, allowed himself to be forestalled by the First Consul, who, being solicited by several of the interested princes, was careful not to fail to profit by the occasion. He assured himself of the concurrence of Prussia, by promising that country considerable advantages (secret treaty, May 23, 1802). The Emperor Alexander, whom family alliances had united to the houses of Bavaria, Baden, and Würtemberg, entered into his views, and declared himself the protector of the dispossessed princes (Convention of October 11, 1802). Immediately secret treaties were negotiated between France on the one side, and Würtemberg, Baden, Bavaria, Hesse-Cassel on the other, which assured their share to each of these States. Those treaties were submitted to the Diet, which adopted the whole of the plan of indemnities (decision of February 25, 1803) and the Emperor, after much hesitation, ratified that decision on the twenty-seventh of the following April. (See Lefebvre, "History of the Cabinets of Europe," vol. i. ch. vi.)

ficed for all. He had given new regulations for the administration, which he had made as much as possible monarchical. He had skilfully re-established order in the finances. The ministers of religion were honored. Not satisfied with crushing the various political parties, he had sought to attach them to himself, and he had succeeded to a certain extent. To have been an *émigré*, or a Jacobin, was no longer considered a reason for exclusion. In order to further isolate Louis XVIII and to take away from him the kingly air that a large emigration had given him, Napoleon permitted many *émigrés* to re-enter France. He bestowed appointments on many of them, and attached some to his own person. The Jacobins forgot their aversion for personal rule, and the *émigrés* were led to regret less that authority had passed into other hands.[3]

In spite of the prolonged troubles of the Revolution, industrial arts had reached a very prosperous state in France. Much capital had been attracted by them. To attain high internal prosperity, all that was now necessary was security, and the general opinion of France was that Bonaparte had given it.

Thus those who had helped in raising him to power, had reason to congratulate themselves. He had used his authority in a manner to render it useful, even to make himself loved. One could believe that he had put an end to the Revolution. In restoring power, he had become the auxiliary of all the thrones. The salutary influence it had acquired, gave the Consulate, in the eyes of Europe, the stability of an old government. Conspiracies, from one of which Bonaparte had miraculously escaped, had strengthened the sentiment felt toward him by the friends of order. Thus, when his two colleagues proposed the primary assemblies of France to name him First Consul for life, this proposition received an almost unanimous vote.[4]

The deputies of the Cisalpine Republic repaired to Lyons, in order to obtain from the First Consul a definitive organization for their country.[5] Although the business which was to be

[3] I remember, that one day, as I seemed astonished at seeing some of the most shameless Jacobins of the Revolution leave the study of the First Consul, he said to me: "You do not know the Jacobins. There are two classes of them: the sweet and the salt. The one you just saw come out was a salt Jacobin; with these, I do what I wish: no one better fit to defend all the daring acts of a new power. Sometimes it is necessary to stop them, but with a little money it is soon done. But the sweet Jacobins! ah! they are ungovernable. With their metaphysics they would ruin any government."—Talleyrand.

[4] August 2, 1802.

[5] The Cisalpine Republic, proclaimed in 1791, destroyed in 1799, re-established after Marengo, had not seen its government reorganized in 1800. Bonaparte, in conjunction with the leading men of

negotiated at Lyons was foreign to my duties, Bonaparte made use of me considerably to conduct it. I was obliged to proceed to that city in order to see the members of the deputation. In such delicate matters he did not much rely on what was done or said by M. Chaptal,[6] his Minister of the Interior, whom he deemed heavy, vain, without tact, and whom he abstained from dismissing in order not to grieve Cambacérès,[7] who protected him. On arriving at Lyons, I saw M. de Melzi,[8] with whom I had been acquainted a long time, and I unbosomed myself to him, not as to what the First Consul desired, but as to what should be the demands of the Cisalpine Republic. In a few days I achieved my purpose. At the moment Bonaparte entered Lyons all was prepared. From the second day, the principal Milanese pressed him to accept the presidency for life, and from gratitude, he consented to substitute for the name of Cisalpine Republic that of Kingdom of Italy,[9] and to name vice-president M. de Melzi, who, having presented to him the keys of Milan on his first invasion, was sufficiently compromised toward Austria for Bonaparte to place in him every confidence.

Until the time of the Peace of Amiens, Bonaparte may have committed many faults, for what man is free from them? But none of the plans he had conceived were such that any true and patriotic Frenchman could have felt any reluctance to contribute to their execution. One may not always have agreed as to

the country, gave it a definite organization. There were three electoral colleges, named for life: that of the great landlords, that of the merchants, that of the men of letters and ecclesiastics —in all, 700 electors. These elected a Commission de Censure, charged to name to all the bodies of the State, namely, a Senate of eight members, a Council of State, and a legislative body, which had the same privileges as in France. At the head of the republic were a president and a vice-president. In January, 1802, Bonaparte summoned at Lyons a large meeting of nearly 500 members to approve the Constitution. The presidency of that meeting was awarded to him.

[6] Antoine Chaptal, born in 1756, was already an illustrious savant when he entered upon a public career. He became councillor of state and minister of the interior after the eighteenth Brumaire, then senator and Comte de Chanteloup, in 1804; minister and peer of France during the Hundred Days. Louis XVIII recalled him to the Chamber of Peers in 1819. He died in 1832.

[7] Jean Jacques-Regis de Cambacérès, born at Montpellier in 1753 of an old family of magistrates. Counsellor at the Court of Accounts of Montpellier. Deputy from Hérault to the Convention, he voted the death of the King, with this restriction, that the decree was only to be put into execution if France should be invaded by the enemy. He was president of the Convention after the ninth Thermidor, then member and president of the Council of Five Hundred; minister of justice in 1798. He was elected Second Consul after the eighteenth Brumaire. In 1804, Cambacérès became prince arch-chancellor of the empire and Duc de Parma. Exiled in 1815, he died in 1824.

[8] François Melzi d'Eril (1753–1816) had been, from its foundation, one of the most ardent defenders of the Cisalpine Republic. He became afterward Duc de Lodi, grand-chancellor and keeper of the seals of the Viceroy Eugène.

[9] There is here an error in the text. The Kingdom of Italy dates only from 1805 (the consecration at Milan was on May 26th). M. de Talleyrand has evidently meant to say that in 1802, the official denomination of Italian Republic was substituted for that of Cisalpine Republic.

the excellence of the means resorted to by Bonaparte, but the utility of the aim could not be contested, being simply, on the one hand, to bring foreign wars to an end, and, on the other hand, to close the revolutionary era by re-establishing monarchy, which, in my candid opinion, it was then impossible to do in favor of the legitimate heirs of the last king.

The Peace of Amiens was scarcely concluded, when Bonaparte began to give up moderation; the provisions of that peace had not yet been carried out, when he already sowed the seeds of new wars which, after overwhelming Europe and France, were to lead him to his ruin.

Piedmont ought to have been given back to the King of Sardinia immediately after the Peace of Lunéville; it was merely in trust in the hands of France. To give it up would have been both an act of strict justice and a very wise policy. Bonaparte, on the contrary, annexed it to France. I made vain efforts to dissuade him from such a measure. He believed his personal interest required him to do so, his pride seemed to him to claim that arbitrary step, and all the counsels of prudence failed to alter his mind in that respect.[10]

Although he had by his victories contributed to the aggrandizement of France, none of the territories with which it had been aggrandized had been conquered by the armies which he had commanded. It was under the Convention that the county of Avignon, Savoy, Belgium, the left bank of the Rhine had been added to France; and Bonaparte could not claim any of those conquests as coming from him personally. To rule, and to rule hereditarily, as he aspired to do over a country aggrandized by generals formerly his equals, and whom he wished to become his subjects, seemed to him almost humiliating, and moreover, might arouse an opposition which he was anxious to avoid. It was thus that, in order to justify his pretensions to the title of sovereign, he deemed it necessary to annex to France countries which he alone had conquered. He had crushed

[10] On December 9, 1798, King Charles-Emmanuel, being vanquished and dispossessed, had renounced the throne for himself and heirs, and given his subjects orders to obey in future the French authorities. Thereupon, Piedmont was subjected to the direct rule of French generals. In 1800, before Marengo and Hohenlinden, Bonaparte, in his preliminaries of peace, offered to return Piedmont to the King of Sardinia. His subsequent victories made him more exacting, and on the occasion of the treaty of Lunéville, he refused to bind himself at all in that respect. On April 19, 1801, Piedmont was divided into six departments and became a military division; on September 4, 1802, it was annexed to France.

Piedmont in 1796; and his victories in that quarter seemed to him to justify the arbitrary views he entertained toward that country. He accordingly caused the Senate to assent to and proclaim the annexation of Piedmont to France, never thinking that anyone might call him to account for so monstrous a violation of what the law of nations consider as most sacred. His illusion was not destined to last long.

The English Government had made peace only out of necessity; as soon as the home difficulties which had caused the making of peace almost unavoidable, were overcome, the English Cabinet, who had not yet restored Malta, and wished to keep it, seized the occasion offered by the annexation of Piedmont to France, and took up arms again.[1]

But events quickened Bonaparte's resolution to transform the consulate for life into an hereditary monarchy. The English had landed on the coasts of Brittany a few devoted and most enterprising *émigrés*. Bonaparte took advantage of this new royalist plot, in which he flattered himself to implicate, at the same time, Dumouriez,[2] Pichegru, and Moreau, his three rivals in glory, to wrench from the Senate the title of Emperor. But that title, which, with moderation and wisdom, he would just as well have obtained, though perhaps not quite so soon, became the meed of violence and crime. He ascended the throne, but a throne besmeared with innocent blood—blood which former and glorious recollections made dear to France.

The violent and unexplained death of Pichegru, the means used to obtain the conviction of Moreau, might be put to the account of policy; but the assassination of the Duc d'Enghien.[3] committed solely in order, by placing himself in their ranks, to make sure of those whom the death of Louis XVI caused to fear all manner of power not coming from them, this assassination, I say, could be neither excused nor forgiven, nor has it

[1] May 16, 1803.

[2] Charles-François Duperrier-Dumouriez, born at Cambrai in 1739, entered the army at sixteen. In 1763, he changed the sword for diplomacy, and became one of the most active secret agents of the King. Under Louis XVI, he was appointed Governor of Cherbourg, and brigadier-general. In 1792, he joined the Girondist Cabinet as minister of foreign affairs (March 15th), and three months later, was appointed general-in-chief of the Army of the North. Victorious at Valmy and at Jemmapes, but defeated at Nerwinden, and on the point of being tried, he entered into negotiations with Prince von Coburg, delivered into the hands of the Austrians the commissioners sent by the Convention to arrest him, and himself went over to the enemy. He lived abroad until his death (1823), often engaged in royalist intrigues and plots.

[3] March 21, 1804.

ever been so; Bonaparte has therefore been reduced to boast of it.[4]

The new war in which Bonaparte found himself engaged with England necessitating the employment of all his resources, it only needed the most common prudence to abstain from undertaking anything that might induce the powers on the Continent to make common cause with his enemy. But vanity still prevailed in him. It was not sufficient for him to have himself proclaimed under the name of Napoleon, Emperor of the French; it was not sufficient for him to have been consecrated by the Sovereign Pontiff; he wished besides to be King of Italy, in order to be emperor and king as well as the head of the house of Austria. Consequently he had himself crowned at Milan, and instead of taking simply the title of King of Lombardy, he chose the more ambitious, and, therefore, more alarming title of King of Italy, as if his design were to submit Italy entirely to his sceptre; and that there might be less doubt as to his intentions, Genoa and Lucca,[5] where his agents had skilfully aroused fear, sent him deputations by the agency of whom the one gave herself to him, the other asked as a sovereign a member of his family; and both under different names, since then, form a part of that which for the first time began to be called the great empire.

The consequences of that conduct were such as could be naturally foreseen. Austria took up arms, and a continental war became imminent. Then Napoleon tried negotiations on all sides. He attempted to draw Prussia into his alliance,[6] by offering her Hanover, and when on the point of succeeding, he caused everything to fail by sending to Berlin General Duroc,[7] who by his awkward bluntness, destroyed the good effect of the advances previously made according to my instructions by M. de la Forest,[8] who was there as Minister of France.

[4] Prince Talleyrand has devoted to the affair of the Duc d'Enghien a special chapter, which will be published in one of the subsequent volumes of these "Memoirs."

[5] After the conventions of October 10, 1796, and June 6, 1797, the Republic of Genoa, transformed into Ligurian Republic, was the ally of France. It was on June 3, 1805, that the senate and the doge solicited the annexing of their city to France, which was immediately enforced. As to Lucca, it was assigned to Elisa Bonaparte, Princess of Piombino (June 24, 1805).

[6] From 1803 to 1805, Napoleon on the one side, and Austria and Russia on the other, disputed for the alliance of Prussia. King Frederick William dared not take any decision. However, in 1805, he signed with France a simple compact of neutrality.

[7] Duroc was from 1796 the favorite aide-de-camp of Napoleon. Born in 1772, he became under the empire general of division, grand marshal of the palace, and Duc de Frioul. He was killed at Wurtschen, May 22, 1813.

[8] Antoine, Comte de la Forest (1756–1847), minister at Munich, 1801; at the

The Emperor was more fortunate with the Electors of Bavaria, Würtemberg and Baden, whom he maintained this time in his alliance.

The camp of Boulogne, which he formed at this period for the purpose of menacing the coasts of England, had for first result to make the war popular in that country, and of creating there an as yet unheard-of thing, a numerous permanent army. And it was while Napoleon seemed absorbed by the organization of that camp, that the Austrians crossed the Inn, traversed Bavaria, occupied the centre of Suabia, and were already arriving on the banks of the Rhine. It was nevertheless this precipitation of the Austrians which preserved Napoleon from the more than critical position in which he would have been placed, if they had awaited the arrival of the Emperor Alexander and his hundred thousand Russians, who were on the march to join themselves to them, for Prussia would have been infallibly drawn into the coalition, but the Austrians wished to show that, alone, they were able to engage the struggle and win the day.

Napoleon, with the military genius and the celerity which make his glory, at once availed himself of this blunder. In a few weeks, one might say in a few days, he transported the large army of the camp of Boulogne to the banks of the Rhine, whence he led it to new victories.

I received instructions to accompany him to Strasburg, there to be ready to follow his headquarters according to circumstances (September, 1805). A fit which happened to the Emperor at the beginning of this campaign frightened me very much. The very day of his departure from Strasburg, I had dinner with him; on leaving the table, he went to see the Empress Josephine. He had only been with her a few minutes, when suddenly he came out of her apartment; I was in the drawing-room, he took me by the arm and led me into his room. M. de Rémsuat,[9] the first chamberlain, who came for instructions, entered at the same time. We were hardly there, when the Emperor fell on the floor; he had barely time to tell me

Diet at Ratisbon, 1802; at Berlin, 1803; ambassador at Madrid in 1807. Minister and peer of France under the restoration.

[9] Auguste, Comte de Rémusat, born in 1762, was in 1789, an advocate to the Cour des Comptes at Aix. He stayed in France during the whole of the Revolution. In 1802, he became prefect of the palace; chief chamberlain in 1804, and superintendent of theatres. In 1815, he was appointed prefect of the Nord, and subsequently of the Haute-Garonne department. He was dismissed in 1821, and died in 1823.

to close the door. I tore away his cravat, because it seemed to choke him; he did not vomit, he groaned and foamed at the mouth. M. de Rémusat gave him some water, and I bathed him with Cologne water. He had a kind of convulsions that ceased after a quarter of an hour; we placed him on an arm-chair; he commenced to speak, dressed himself again, and enjoined secrecy on us; half an hour later, he was on his way to Carlsruhe. On reaching Stuttgart, he wrote me to give me news of his health; his letter ended with these words, "I am well. The Duke of Würtemberg came to meet me as far as outside the first gate of his palace; he is a man of sense." A second letter from Stuttgart, bearing the same date, ran as follows: "I am acquainted with Mack's movements; these are all I could desire. He will be caught in Ulm, like a fool!" [10]

Some people have since endeavored to spread the rumor that Mack had been bribed; this is false; it was only their presumption that caused the defeat of the Austrians. It is known how their army, partially beaten on several points and driven back into Ulm, was obliged to capitulate; it remained there prisoner of war, after having passed under the yoke.

In announcing to me his victory, Napoleon wrote me what were, in his idea, the conditions he wished to impose upon Austria, and what territories he wished to take from her. I replied to him that his real interest was not to enfeeble Austria, that in taking from her on one side, he must return to her on the other, in order to make of her an ally. The memorandum in which I set forth my reasons, struck him so that he placed the matter for deliberation before the council he held at Munich, whither I had gone to meet him, and induced him to follow the plan I had proposed to him, and which can still be found in the archives of the government.[1] But new advan-

[10] Charles, Baron von Mack von Lieberich, born in 1752. He was several times in command of Austrian armies, but was always beaten. He signed the capitulation of Ulm on October 19th. Having been, shortly after, tried by court-martial, he was sentenced to death, but the Emperor Francis commuted the sentence into an imprisonment which only lasted a few years. He died in oblivion in 1828.

[1] This memorandum has recently been published in the "Lettres inédites de Talleyrand à Napoléon, par Pierre Bertrand" (Paris, 1889, one volume, 8vo, pp. 156). Foreseeing that the design of the Emperor was already to crush Austria in order to make sooner or later his junction with Russia, Talleyrand seeks to turn him aside from his purpose, and warmly recommends the Austrian alliance. He wishes to make Austria the bulwark of Europe against Russia, and for this end to put her in contact with this empire by ceding to her Moldavia, Wallachia, Bessarabia, and a part of Bulgaria. In exchange, they could then take away all her possessions in Italy and Suabia. This system would have beside another advantage; it would remove all contact between the empire of Napoleon and that of the

tages brought about by one of the divisions of his advance guard, firing his imagination, made him desire to march upon Vienna, to hasten to new successes, and to date decrees from the Imperial Palace of Schoenbrunn.

Master in less than three weeks of all Upper Austria and of all that part of the Lower which is at the south of the Danube, he crosses this river and enters in Moravia. If then 60,000 Prussians had invaded Bohemia, and 60,000 others come by Franconia had occupied the road to Lintz, it is doubtful if he could have succeeded in escaping with his person. If the Austro-Russian army that he had in front of him, and which was about 120,000 men strong, had only avoided all general action and given to the Archduke Charles time to arrive with the 75,000 men who were under his orders, instead of dictating laws, Napoleon would have been under the necessity of submitting to them. But, far from coming with her army, Prussia sent a negotiator, who, out of folly or crime, did nothing of what he was charged to do, and dug the precipice where his country itself was shortly to be ingulfed.[2]

The Emperor Alexander, who was wearily waiting at Olmütz, and who had not yet seen any battle, desired to have the amusement of it; and, in spite of the representations of the Austrians, in spite of the advice the King of Prussia had sent him to abstain, he fought the battle known under the name of battle of Austerlitz, and lost it completely, deeming himself fortunate to be permitted to withdraw by daily stages, as the armistice, subsequently signed, imposed on him the humiliating obligation of doing.

Never has a military feat been more glorious. I still see Napoleon re-entering Austerlitz on the evening of the battle. He lodged at a house belonging to Prince von Kaunitz; and there, in his chamber, yes, in the very chamber of Prince von Kaunitz, were brought at every moment Austrian flags, Russian

Hapsburgs, and suppress thereby all pretext for war. Hence the Franco-Austrian alliance, being made solid and durable, would be the safeguard of all western Europe.

[2] The King of Prussia had ended by yielding to the entreaties of the Emperor of Russia, and had signed with him a convention (November 3, 1805), according to which he bound himself to propose his armed mediation, and if it were not accepted by Napoleon on December 15th, to declare war against him. Count von Haugwitz, who was intrusted with the negotiation, was only received by Napoleon on December 13th, at Schoenbrunn, and there, frightened by the menaces of the Emperor, instead of acting according to his instructions, he allowed to be imposed upon him a treaty of alliance, of which Hanover was the price (December 15th).

flags, messages from the archdukes, and from the Emperor of Austria, and prisoners bearing the names of all the great houses of the Austrian monarchy.

As all these trophies came in, I remember that a messenger entered the yard bringing letters from Paris, together with the mysterious portfolio in which M. de la Valette[3] inclosed the secret or private letters which were of any importance, and the reports of all the French police. In war, the arrival of letters is a most pleasant event. Napoleon, by having the letters immediately distributed, relaxed and recompensed his army.

I must not omit to mention here a peculiar incident which fully depicts the character of Napoleon and his opinions. The Emperor, who at this time had great confidence in me, asked me to read to him his correspondence. We began with the deciphered letters of the foreign ambassadors in Paris; they interested him but little, because all the great news of the world took place about him. We then went on to the police reports; several spoke of the difficulties of the Bank of France, brought on by some bad measures of the minister of finances, M. de Marbois.[4] However, the report to which he paid most attention was that of Madame de Genlis; it was long and written entirely in her own hand. She spoke of the spirit of Paris, and quoted a few offensive conversations held, she said, in those houses which were then called the Faubourg Saint-Germain; she named five or six families, which, never, she added, would rally to the government of the Emperor. Some rather biting expressions which Madame de Genlis reported set Napoleon in an inconceivable state of fury; he swore and stormed against the Faubourg Saint-Germain. "Ah! they think themselves

[3] Marie Chamans, Comte de la Valette (1769–1830), was then director-general of the post-offices of France. He had, at first, entered the army, and had become a captain and confidential aide-de-camp of Napoleon. Sentenced to death in 1815, he was saved, thanks to the devotion of his wife, Mademoiselle Emilie de Beauharnais, niece of the Empress Josephine.

[4] François, Comte, afterward Marquis, de Barbé-Marbois (1745–1837), former deputy to the Conseil des Anciens, director, minister of the public treasury in 1802; he was later (from 1808 to 1837) first president of the Cour des Comptes. In connection with a financial crisis for which he was held responsible, he was dismissed from the Cabinet in 1806. He had consented that certain State contractors, forming a company known under the name of Negociants réunis, should be paid in such a way as to exclude almost entirely the control of the treasury. That company had betrayed the confidence of the minister, and compromised the finances of the State in risky speculations, the result of which was that in October, 1805, the Bank of France only possessed £60,000 in cash, whereas the amount of payments it had to make was £3,680,000. The panic that ensued much disturbed the market for several months. On his return to Paris, the Emperor appointed M. Mollien to M. de Barbé-Marbois's post. (See Thiers's "Le Consulat et l'Empire" [vol. vi. p. 30 and fol. 187 and fol. 375] and M. Mollien's "Memoirs.")

stronger than I," said he. "Gentlemen of the Faubourg Saint-Germain, we shall see, we shall see." And that we shall see! came when? . . . But a few hours after a decisive victory obtained over the Russians and the Austrians. So much strength and power did he recognize in public opinion, and especially in that of a few nobles, whose only action was limited to keeping aloof from him. So, on returning to Paris later on, he regarded as a great achievement the fact that Mesdames de Montmorency,[5] de Mortemart,[6] and de Chevreuse,[7] accepted the post of ladies in waiting to the Empress, thus ennobling Madame de Bassano [8] who had been appointed with them.

At the end of twenty-four hours, I left Austerlitz. I had spent two hours on this terrible battle-field; Marshal Lannes had taken me there, and I owe it to his honor, and perhaps to military honor in general, to say that this same man who, on the evening before, had performed such prodigious feats of valor, who had displayed unprecedented courage as long as he had enemies to fight, was about to faint when his eyes gazed on the dead and maimed soldiers of all nations; he was so moved that, when showing me the different points where the principal attacks had been made, he said to me: "I cannot stay longer, unless you wish to come with me to knock down these villanous Jews who are robbing the dead and the dying."

The negotiations, of which, before this great battle, there had only been a pretence, then became serious. They commenced at Brunn in Moravia, and ended at Presburg,[9] where General Giulay [10] and the loyal Prince Johan von Lichtenstein [1] had repaired with me.

[5] Valentine de Harchies, married to Anne, Comte de Montmorency (1787–1858).

[6] Eléonore de Montmorency, born in 1777, married to Victor de Rochechouart, Marquis de Mortemart. She was lady in waiting to the Empress in 1806.

[7] Françoise de Narbonne-Pelet, married in 1802 to Charles-André d'Albert, Duc de Luynes and de Chevreuse. She was lady of the household of the Empress in 1807, and died in 1813.

[8] Madame Maret, the wife of the Emperor's minister.

[9] December 26, 1805. Austria lost all her Italian possessions, which were united with the new Kingdom of Italy. The Tyrol and Vorarlberg, the principality of Eichstedt, the city of Augsburg, and several other manors were assigned to Bavaria. The Count de Hohenberg, the Landgrave of Nellenburg, a part of Brisgau, and seven other important cities were given to Würtemberg. The Elector of Baden received Ortenau, the rest of Brisgau, and Constance. Finally, the title of King was acknowledged for the Electors of Bavaria and of Würtemberg, and that of Grand Duke for the Elector of Baden.

[10] Count Ignatius Giulay (1763–1831) became general in 1800. He took part in all the wars of his time, became field-marshal in 1813, chief commander of Bohemia in 1823, and president of the Aulic Council, 1830.

[1] Johan von Lichtenstein, Prince Sovereign of Germany, born in Vienna in 1766; general in the Austrian army in 1794. In 1814, he retired to his princi-

While I was in the first of these cities, the Emperor Napoleon dictated to Duroc, and Count von Haugwitz, minister of Prussia, signed, a treaty (December 15, 1805), in which were mentioned the cessions exacted from Austria, and by which Prussia herself ceded Anspach and Neufchâtel, in exchange for Hanover which she received. Napoleon had successes of all kinds; and he abused them beyond measure, above all by dating from Vienna, a short time after, the insolent decree in which he declared that Ferdinand IV, King of the Two Sicilies, had ceased to reign, and gave to Joseph Bonaparte, his eldest brother, the kingdom of Naples, which he conquered easily, and that of Sicily, over which his imagination only has ever reigned.

The system that Napoleon then adopted, the secret of which I have mentioned, was the first act that must be reckoned among the causes of his fall. I will make known later, with special reference to each of the new kings he made, all that there was impolitic and destructive in this method of overthrowing governments in order to create others which he was not slow to pull down again, and that in all parts of Europe.

Austria, in the state of distress to which she now was reduced, could not do otherwise than accept the conditions imposed by her victor. Those conditions were harsh indeed, and the treaty made with Count von Haugwitz made it impossible for me to mitigate them in any other clauses than those relative to the indemnity to be paid to France. I, at least, managed that the conditions imposed on Austria should not be rendered worse by any fallacious interpretation. Being master of the wording, of which Napoleon's influence was minimized by the distance I was from him, I applied myself to make it free from any ambiguity; so that, although he had obtained everything that it was possible for him to obtain, the treaty did not please him. He wrote to me some time after: "You have made me, at Presburg, a treaty that annoys me a great deal;" which did not, however, prevent him giving me, a short time after, a marked proof of satisfaction by creating me Prince of Benevento, the territory of which was occupied by his troops. I say with pleasure that, thereby, this duchy, which remained my

pality, over which he reigned until his death. (Principality of Lichtenstein, between the Tyrol and Switzerland; 8,000 inhabitants; chief town, Vaduz.)

property until the Restoration, was saved all sorts of vexations, and even conscription.

Count von Haugwitz surely deserved to pay with his head for the treaty he had dared to make without authority and against what he knew perfectly well to be the wish of his sovereign; but to punish him would have been to attack Napoleon himself. The King of Prussia dared not disclaim it; he had even the weakness to resist the noble solicitations of the Queen; and yet, ashamed to give his approbation to such an act, he at first only ratified the treaty conditionally. But, for the conditional ratification which Napoleon rejected, he was obliged, under pain of having him for an enemy, to substitute one pure and simple, which constituted Prussia at war with England.[2]

Napoleon, since he was Emperor, wished for no more republics, above all in his vicinity. Consequently he changed the government of Holland, and eventually demanded that one of his brothers should be King of that country.[3] He did not suspect then that his brother Louis, whom he had chosen, was too honest a man to accept the title of King of Holland, without becoming a thorough Hollander.

The dissolution of the German Empire was already implicitly operated by the treaty of Presburg, since it had recognized as kings the Electors of Bavaria and Würtemberg, and the Elector of Baden as Grand Duke. This dissolution was consummated by the act which instituted the Confederation of the Rhine,[4] an act which cost the existence of a host of small states preserved by the rescript of 1803, and that I tried once more to save. But I succeeded only for a small number of them, the principal confederates not wishing to accept this act unless they obtained territorial compensations.

Murat, one of Napoleon's brothers-in-law, to whom the countries of Clèves and Berg had been given in sovereignty,

[2] Definitive treaty of alliance of February 15, 1806, ratified by the King of Prussia, March 9th.

[3] Louis Bonaparte was proclaimed King of Holland, June 5, 1806.

[4] The old German Empire existed no longer, except in name, in 1806. Napoleon gave it the last blow, July 12, 1806. by the compact he signed with thirteen German princes, the principal of whom were Baron von Dalberg, Archbishop of Mayence, Prince Primate of Germany, the Kings of Bavaria and Würtemberg, the Grand Duke of Baden, the Landgrave of Hesse-Darmstadt, etc. By the terms of this compact, the contracting princes separated themselves from the empire, and constituted a Confederation of the Rhine, acknowledging as protector the Emperor Napoleon, and signed with him a treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive. The Emperor Francis could but recognize the accomplished facts. On August 6th following, he declared the German Empire dissolved, abdicated the title of Emperor of Germany, and took that of Emperor of Austria.

was included in that confederation, with the title of Grand Duke; he exchanged it later for that of King, which it would have been much better for him never to have obtained.

While the King of Prussia was embroiling himself with England by occupying Hanover, the latter was thinking of treating with France. Mr. Pitt being dead,[5] Mr. Fox, who was not destined to survive him long, had become, by dint of talent and in spite of the repugnance of the King, chief secretary of state for foreign affairs in the Cabinet of which Lord Grenville[6] was the nominal head. No one detested more than Mr. Fox the oppression of the government of Napoleon; but whether not to put his conduct in contradiction with the language he had used during some years as chief of the opposition, or from a real desire for peace, he believed he ought to make pacific demonstrations. He wrote to me[7] to inform me of an intended attempt on the life of the Emperor (or of the leader of the French, as he named him in the letter), which had been revealed to him by one of the wretched authors of the plot.

I eagerly seized this occasion, and in thanking him in the name of the Emperor, I expressed dispositions which were soon followed by overtures made by the channel of Lord Yarmouth. After two or three conferences, Mr. Fox, to be agreeable to Lord Grenville, adjoined Lord Lauderdale[8] with Lord Yarmouth.

On his side, the Emperor Alexander sent to Paris M. d'Oubri to arrange a reconciliation. I induced him to make a treaty, which he negotiated with Mr. Clarke.[9] The Emperor of Russia, who did not wish to go so far, refused to ratify it, and disgraced him who had signed it.

As to the negotiation which had been well begun by Lord Yarmouth, and spoiled by Lord Lauderdale, it ended in avenging England on Prussia much more than England herself would have wished.

[5] January 23, 1806.

[6] William Wyndham, Lord Grenville (1759–1834), secretary of state for home affairs, and afterward for foreign affairs (1791). He retired in 1801.

[7] February 20, 1806.

[8] James Maitland, Earl of Lauderdale, born in 1759, peer of Scotland in 1789. He came to France at this period, and associated himself with the leading Girondists. Always a friend of France, he combated the policy of Pitt, became, in 1806, privy councillor, keeper of the Scotch seal, ambassador extraordinary at Paris. In 1816, he protested loudly against the detention of Napoleon. He died in retirement in 1839.

[9] October 14, 1806. General Comte Clarke (1765–1818), became in the following year (1807), secretary of war, and was created Duc de Feltre. He was appointed Marshal of France under the restoration.

Peace between England and France was morally impossible without the restitution of Hanover; and Napoleon having disposed of that country for equivalents, which he had also disposed of, the restitution was likewise morally impossible. But the Emperor, who held as real only the difficulties which could not be overcome by sheer force, did not hesitate to admit this restitution as one of the bases of the agreement to be made. He said to himself: "Prussia, who has received Hanover through fear, will return it through fear; and, as for the equivalents which she has given, I shall compensate them by promises which will meet the pride of the Cabinet, and with which the country shall be obliged to be satisfied."

Prussia could not long be ignorant of this treacherous proceeding; the English were interested in making Prussia know it, and, in addition, Prussia was soon to be the victim of another perfidy.

In the conversations which Count von Haugwitz had had at Vienna as well as at Paris, with the Emperor Napoleon, the latter had spoken to him of his project of dissolving the German Empire, and of substituting for it two confederations, one of the South, the other of the North. He did not wish, he said, to have any influence except over the first; Prussia would be at the head of the second. The Prussian Cabinet allowed itself to be allured by this project, but when they wished to proceed with the demarcation of the two confederations, Napoleon declared that Prussia could not include in her part either the Hanseatic cities or Saxony, that is to say, the only countries which were not already under the influence and protection of Prussia. The latter, seeing herself cheated, took counsel only of the irritation which reigned in all classes of the nation, and rushed to arms.

It was not without secret uneasiness that the Emperor went, for the first time, to measure his strength with hers. The ancient glory of the Prussian army imposed upon him; but after an action of only four hours, the phantom vanished, and the battle of Jena [10] put the Prussian monarchy completely at the mercy of a conqueror, all the more pitiless that the wrongs were on his side, and that, besides, he had had some fear, and that they knew it.

[10] October 14, 1806.

Napoleon was already at Berlin, when he received an imprudent proclamation from the Prince of the Peace, which seemed to announce the approaching defection of Spain.[1] He then made up his mind to destroy at any price, the Spanish branch of the house of Bourbon; and I, I took inwardly the oath to cease, at whatever price, to be his minister, as soon as we should have returned to France. He confirmed me in this resolution by the barbarity with which, at Tilsit, he treated Prussia, although he made me the instrument of it. This time he did not apply to me to treat for contributions of war and for the evacuation of the territories by his troops. He charged Marshal Berthier [2] with this duty. He thought that, at Presburg, I had acted in a manner too much opposed to what he believed to be his real interests; but I am anticipating events.

We remained but a few days at Berlin. Herr von Zastrow, confidential aide-de-camp of the King, and Herr von Lucchesini had had permission to repair to that place. Herr von Lucchesini passed in Prussia for being very capable and above all very subtle. His subtlety has often recalled to me the *mot* of Dufresne, "Too much sense, that is to say not enough." These two plenipotentiaries came to negotiate an armistice which perhaps they might have obtained if they had not been informed too late of the capitulation of Magdeburg. The Russian army, it is true, was still intact, but it was too small, and besides the Prussians were completely discouraged, all their strong places had opened their gates, and finally Polish deputations hastened from all sides to meet Napoleon. It did not need all this to decide him to leave Berlin, and to march on rapidly by way of Posen to Warsaw.

What a singular sight it was to see Napoleon go out of the cabinet of the great Frederick, where he had just written a

[1] In 1806, the Spanish Government had for a moment the thought of breaking off with France. The unsuccess of her struggle with England, the uneasiness caused her by the dispossession of King Ferdinand, all contributed to force her that way. The Prince of the Peace, who then directed the politics of the Cabinet, seized the moment when Napoleon was engaged with Prussia, and issued, not in the name of the King, but in his personal name, a rather ambiguous proclamation, in which, without designating anyone, he excited the Spanish people to prepare for war. After the victory of Jena, the Prince of the Peace, frightened, capitulated immediately, and spread abroad the report that the only enemy of Spain was England, but no one was deceived by this change of tactics—Napoleon least of all.

[2] Marshal Alexandre Berthier, born in 1753, was major-general of the Grand Army, and grand master of the hunt. In 1807, he became vice-constable, Prince de Neufchâtel, and Prince de Wagram. In 1814, he supported Louis XVIII, who named him peer of France and captain of the guards. During the Hundred Days he retired to Bamberg (Bavaria), where he died June 1st, under very mysterious circumstances.

bulletin for his army, pass into the dining-room where Mollendorff,[3] who was a prisoner, and Müller,[4] who was the historiographer of the Prussian monarchy dined with him; to offer to one and the other appointments which they accepted, then enter his carriage and depart for Posen!

He had sent on before him General Dombrowski [5] and Count Wybicki, who had both served under his orders in the campaigns of Italy. It was from Posen that they dated a kind of appeal to all Poland, announcing its re-establishment. This document which had been committed to them at Berlin, disclosed and at the same time concealed sufficiently the authorization of Napoleon, to enable him to own or disown it, according as circumstances favored or arrested his undertaking. At Posen, they received him with enthusiasm. A deputation arranged by Murat, who was already at Warsaw, and composed of men of sufficient position to make it believed that they spoke in the name of the nation, was on the day after the arrival of Napoleon, at the gate of the palace he occupied!

This deputation was numerous; the names which have remained in my memory are those of Alexander Potocki, Malachowski, Gutakowski, Dzialinski. In the speech they addressed to the Emperor, they offered him all the forces of the country. Napoleon seized upon this offer, and explaining himself little as to the rest of their demands, replied to them: "When you shall have an army of 40,000 men, you will be worthy of being a nation; and then you will have a right to all my protection." The deputation returned promptly to Warsaw, full of hope.

It was at Posen that the Emperor treated with the Elector of Saxony, until then an ally of Prussia. The Elector joined the Confederation of the Rhine and took the title of King.[6] On this occasion, Napoleon received the list of pictures that M. Denon [7] induced him to take from the gallery of Dresden. He

[3] Field-Marshal Count von Mollendorff, former lieutenant of Frederick II, and one of the best generals of the Prussian army. He had been grievously wounded at Auerstadt (1725–1816).

[4] Johan von Müller, German historian, born at Schaffhausen in 1752, was Aulic councillo at Mayence, then at Vienna. He came to Berlin in 1795, and Frederick II named him private counsellor and historiographer of his house. Napoleon saw him in 1806, attached him to himself, and employed him as minister of state of the new kingdom of Westphalia. He died in 1809.

[5] Jean Dombrowski, Polish general, one of the heroes of the insurrection of 1794. In 1795, he had offered his services to the Directory, which had authorized him to raise a Polish legion for the service of France. He commanded it up to 1814.

[6] December 11, 1806.

[7] The Baron Denon (1747–1825) was director-general of museums.

was reading it when I entered his study, and he showed it to me. "If your Majesty," said I to him, "carries away any of the pictures of Dresden, you will do more than the King of Saxony allowed himself to do, for he does not believe he has the power to put any of them in his palace. He respects the gallery as national property."

"Yes," said Napoleon, "he is a very good man; we must not cause him any grief, I am going to give orders not to touch anything. We will see later."

The Emperor, being certain of having a new army corps of at least 40,000 Poles, left a few days after for Warsaw.

Murat alone was informed of the exact moment of his arrival in that city, which he entered in the middle of the night. At six o'clock in the morning, the new authorities, all created by the influence of the French officers who belonged to the army corps of Murat, received the order to repair to the palace where they were to be presented to the Emperor. He received with marked distinction the most ardent among the men who came there; they belonged to that class of patriots always ready to welcome any change whatever in the organization of their country. He showed himself more severe toward the others, and particularly toward Prince Joseph Poniatowski,[8] whom he blamed very bitterly for not having consented to take his rank in the army again until positive orders had been given him by Murat in the name of the Emperor. By deserving this reproach made to his fidelity, Prince Joseph secured a special place in the esteem of the Emperor, who, at the moment he gave Poland a provisory government, appointed him minister of war.

The first stay of Napoleon at Warsaw was very short. In all the conversations he had had with the most influential persons of the country, he had announced his intention to march soon upon Grodno, adding that, the obstacles being insignificant, he would in a short time have destroyed all what he already called the remains of the Russian army, and driven back, as he said, these new Europeans into their former frontiers. The quagmires of Pultusk[9] delayed for some time the execution of

[8] Prince Joseph Poniatowski, nephew of the last King of Poland, Marshal of France in 1813. He was drowned in the Elster, the day after the battle of Leipzig. In 1806, he put himself at the head of the Polish army, after having exacted and obtained that this army should preserve its nationality and its autonomy, and should not be incorporated into the French troops.

[9] Pultusk, a city of Russian Poland on the Narew (4,800 inhabitants). Victory of Lannes over Benningsen in 1807.

his plans, without, however, modifying his language. On returning to Warsaw, he announced that he had just had great successes, but that he did not wish to avail himself of advantages which the season rendered very painful to his troops, and that he was going to take up his winter quarters.

He employed that period of rest which, after all, was not long, in organizing Poland in such a manner that she became a great help to him, at the opening of the campaign.

And as he knew that imagination only rules in that peculiar country, he devoted his whole care during the three weeks which he spent in Warsaw, to exalting the military spirit of the nation, to giving *fêtes*, balls, concerts, to showing contempt for the Russians, to displaying great luxury, and to speaking of John Sobieski. He also laid his glory publicly at the feet of a beautiful Polish lady, Madame Anastase Walewska, who followed him to Osterode and to Finkenstein, whither he betook himself, in order to visit all his troops.

I was to remain at Warsaw, where there was a kind of diplomatic corps; I was surrounded by German ministers, whose masters, in these destructive times, had the face to think of obtaining enlargements of territory. Austria, from different motives, had sent there Baron de Vincent.[10] His instructions were confined to seeing that order was not disturbed in the former Polish possessions which had fallen to the share of the Emperor of Austria since the last partition of Poland, and which were close to the seat of war. I entered into his views, and helped him by all the means in my power to fill his mission satisfactorily.

Napoleon had appointed as governor of Poland a man so utterly incapable that he instructed me, during his absence, to watch over details which were naturally among the duties of the governor. Thus, I clothed the troops, sent them off, bought the provisions, visited the hospitals, witnessed the dressing of wounds, distributed gratuities, and had even to go so far as to indicate to the governor what he ought to put in the orders of the day. This kind of occupation, being entirely foreign to my

[10] Baron Ch. de Vincent, born in Lorraine, entered the service of the empire; he was employed in the negotiations with Pichegru; was one of the signatories of the treaty of Campo-Formio, became, in 1814, Governor of the Low Countries in the name of the allies, and was afterward sent as ambassador to Paris. The provinces whose interests were intrusted to his care in 1807, were the Palatinates of Cracow, Sandomir, and Lublin, whose frontier follows the course of the river Boug.

usual pursuits, would have been very laborious, had I not found in the house of Prince Poniatowski, and in that of the Countess Vincent Tyszkiewicz, his sister, all sorts of help and assistance. The marks of interest at first, of affection afterward, which I received in that excellent and noble family, are indelibly engraved on my grateful heart. I was grieved at leaving Warsaw. But the battle of Eylau had just been fought with a certain amount of success,[1] and Napoleon, being anxious to enter on negotiations, had instructed me to join him. However, all the attempts made in that direction failed; it was still necessary for him to fight, and, after a few days, he understood it. The taking of Danzig,[2] had raised again what is called the spirit of the army, a little depressed by the difficulties it had experienced at Pultusk, by the battle of Eylau, by the climate, and, for Frenchmen, by too prolonged an absence from their country. The Emperor, with all the troops he had collected, marched on Heilsberg, where he won a first victory;[3] pursuing the Russians, he beat them again at Gutstadt and finally at Friedland.[4]

The terror that this last defeat spread among the Russians induced them to desire the quick termination of that great struggle. An interview, to take place in the middle of the Niemen, was proposed by Alexander; it was so romantically conceived and might be so magnificently arranged, that Napoleon, who saw in it a brilliant episode for the romance of his life, accepted it. The bases of the peace were laid out there. We all repaired immediately after, to Tilsit, where my instructions were, not to negotiate with the Prussian plenipotentiaries, General Kalkreuth[5] and Count von Goltz,[6] but to sign with them the treaty which contained the territorial cessions of Prussia, as they had been agreed upon between the Emperor Napoleon and the Emperor Alexander.[7] The latter did not confine himself to

[1] February 8, 1807.
[2] May 26th.
[3] June 11th.
[4] June 14th.
[5] Frederick-Adolphus, Count von Kalkreuth (1737–1818). He enlisted in 1752, became field-marshal in 1807, and governor of Berlin.
[6] Augustus Frederick, Count von Goltz (1765–1832), entered in 1787 the diplomatic service of Prussia, was minister at Copenhagen, at Mayence, at Stockholm, at St. Petersburg. He became in 1814, marshal of the court, then deputy of Prussia to the Diet and councillor of state.
[7] July 9, 1807. This treaty merely reproduced certain articles of the treaty with Russia, for Napoleon, out of increased contempt for Prussia, wished to appear to have consented to the existence of that state solely out of consideration for the Emperor Alexander; thus he had insisted that the stipulations concerning Prussia should appear to have been debated only between the Emperor of Russia and himself. Prussia lost all she possessed between the

making peace, but he became, by a treaty that I negotiated and signed with Prince Kourakin,[8] the ally of Napoleon, and, by that very reason, the enemy of his own former allies.[9]

The Emperor Alexander, satisfied with losing nothing, and with gaining even something (which historians, however impartial they may be, will not like to admit), and with having thus screened the interests of his pride in regard to his subjects, thought he had fulfilled all the duties of friendship toward the King of Prussia, by helping him to retain nominally half of his kingdom; after which he left, without even taking the precaution of ascertaining whether the half which the King was to keep should be promptly restored to him, whether that half should be entirely restored, and whether his Prussian Majesty might not be obliged to buy it again at the cost of fresh sacrifices. This was to be feared after the brutal question which Napoleon one day asked the Queen of Prussia: "How did you dare to make war against me, madam, with such feeble means at your disposal?", "Permit me, sire, to tell your Majesty that the glory of Frederick II had misled us as to the true state of our power." That word glory, so happily placed, and at Tilsit, in the very study of the Emperor Napoleon, seemed to me superbly dignified. I repeated this fine reply of the Queen, often enough for the Emperor to say to me one day: "I cannot imagine what you think so fine in that saying of the Queen of Prussia; you might as well speak of something else."

I was indignant at all I saw or heard, but was obliged to conceal my indignation, and I shall ever be thankful that the Queen of Prussia, who deserved to live in better days, was graciously pleased to acknowledge it. If in the recollections of my life, several are necessarily painful, I remember at least with much sweetness the things which she then had the goodness to say to me, and those which she almost intrusted to

Elbe and the Rhine, including Magdeburg, and nearly all her Polish provinces. She was reduced from 9,000,000 inhabitants to 4,000,000.

[8] Field-Marshal Prince Kourakin had been minister and vice-chancellor of Russia. After the Peace of Tilsit, he was ambassador at Paris.

[9] The treaty with Russia was signed on July 7, 1807. The Emperor Alexander recognized the new state of things which had taken place in the West, as well as all the kingdoms recently created by Napoleon. Beside, a secret treaty of alliance was signed on the same day. Russia promised to declare war against England on December 1st following. In return, France promised her mediation and, if need be, her alliance against Turkey, and a plan of partition of the Ottoman Empire was arranged. An expedition to India was likewise mentioned. Already, the winter before, Napoleon had sent General Gardanne to Persia to prepare the way.

me. "Prince de Benevent," she said to me the last time I had the honor of seeing her to her carriage, "there are only two persons who regret my having had to come here, I and yourself. You are not angry, are you, at my thinking so?" The tears of compassion and pride that filled my eyes were my sole reply.

The efforts made by this noble woman were without avail with Napoleon; he triumphed, and was therefore inflexible. The promises he had caused to be broken, and those he had obtained, had intoxicated him. He was pleased also to believe, that he had made a dupe of the Emperor of Russia; but time has proved that the real dupe was himself.

By the treaty of Tilsit, the youngest of his brothers, Jérôme Bonaparte had been recognized as King of Westphalia His kingdom was composed of several of the provinces ceded by Prussia, of the greater part of the electorate of Hesse, and of the duchy of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel, conquered but not ceded. Napoleon desired greatly to add to them also the principalities of Anhalt, Lippe and Waldeck. But, taking advantage of the real embarrassment in which he found himself after the battle of Pultusk, which, however, he would not acknowledge, I had had these principalities admitted as well as those of Reuss and Schwarzburg into the Confederation of the Rhine, and he did not yet dare to attempt, as he did later, anything against the princes he had admitted to that body. The treaty of Tilsit having been signed and ratified, we could, at last, return to France.

The excitement which I had been subjected to for nearly a year, made me feel inexpressibly happy and comfortable, while passing through Dresden, where I spent several days. The noble and quiet manners of the Court of Saxony, the public and private virtues of King Frederick Augustus,[10] the benevolence and sincerity which appeared everywhere, made me preserve a special remembrance of this stay at Dresden.

Napoleon, on arriving in Paris, created for Marshal Berthier the post of vice-constable, and for myself that of vice-grand-elector. These posts were honorable and lucrative sinecures; I then left the Cabinet as I had intended to do.

[10] Frederick Augustus I, born in 1758, Elector of Saxony at the death of his brother in 1763. Married Amelia, Princess of Zwei-Brücken. He took the title of King in 1806, and remained faithful to Napoleon until 1813. The Congress of Vienna gave him back a portion of his possessions. He died in 1827, leaving the throne to his elder brother, Antoine.

During all the time I had charge of the management of foreign affairs, I served Napoleon with fidelity and zeal. As to the Emperor, he adhered, for a long time, to the views which I considered it a duty to suggest to him. Those views were based upon these two considerations: To establish for France monarchical institutions which should secure the prerogatives of the Crown and the authority of the sovereign, by keeping them within just limits; to spare Europe in order that the powers might pardon France her achievements and glory. In 1807, Napoleon had already for a long time past, it must be owned, kept away from the path on which I had done my best to keep him, but I had been unable, until the occasion which now presented itself, to give up the nominal direction of foreign affairs. It was not so easy as one might suppose to resign a post, the duties of which brought its occupant in daily contact with him.

Hardly returned from Tilsit, Napoleon devoted all his attention to the execution of his designs on Spain. The intrigue of this undertaking is so involved that I have thought it necessary to explain it separately. I must only say here that the Emperor, clinging to the belief that I approved his projects, chose precisely my estate of Valençay, to become the prison of Ferdinand VII, his brother, and their uncle. But neither these princes nor the public were deceived by this. He succeeded no more in making people believe that, in this, I was his accomplice, than he did in the conquest of Spain.

When the Emperor Alexander and he had separated at Tilsit, they promised to see each other again soon. This was a promise Napoleon had no desire to keep, at least unless the state of his affairs made it necessary. But when General Junot had been driven from Portugal by the English,[1] when General Dupont was forced to capitulate at Baylen,[2] and when a general insurrection in Spain, gave prospects of a resistance

[1] General Andoche Junot, Duc d'Abrantès, had been placed at the head of the Army of Portugal. At first successful (1807), he was, on August 21, 1808, defeated at Vimeiro by the Anglo-Portuguese army, and forced to sign at Cintra a capitulation, by the terms of which he was to evacuate Portugal.

[2] General Pierre Dupont de l'Etang (1765–1839) had been, in 1808, placed at the head of the Andalusian army. On July 22, being attacked by superior forces commanded by the Spanish general, Castanos, he capitulated in the open field near Baylen. Eight thousand French soldiers were disarmed and sent to the rocks of Cabrera (Balearic Islands), where they died for the most part from sickness and misery. General Dupont, having returned to France, was tried by a court-martial, and sentenced to imprisonment for life. He came out of prison in 1814, and was minister of war under the first restoration.

which might be of long duration, he began to fear that Austria might profit by these circumstances, and felt the need of making more sure of Russia's intentions. He then grew anxious to see the Emperor Alexander once more, and invited him to an interview to take place at Erfurt.[3] Although already very cold with me, he wished me to accompany him; he was persuaded that I might prove useful to him and that sufficed him. The numerous and piquant incidents of this interview form an episode by themselves: I have thought it advisable to make a separate chapter of them. The intention of Napoleon, however, must find a place here. His purpose was to induce the Emperor Alexander to make a special alliance with him against Austria. That which he had concluded at Tilsit, although general, was particularly directed against England. If he had succeeded at Erfurt, he would, under some pretext easily invented, have sought a quarrel with Austria, and after a few military successes he would have tried to do with it as he had done with Prussia.

The complete co-operation of Russia would have thoroughly enabled him to reach his goal. Having a very small opinion of the genius and self-will of the Emperor Alexander, he hoped to succeed. His intention was to intimidate the Czar at first, and then to arouse both his vanity and his ambition; and, indeed, it was to be feared that on these three points, the Emperor of Russia might prove only too accessible. But the star of Austria willed that M. de Caulaincourt,[4] who has always been persistently misjudged, should inspire the Emperor of Austria with confidence, and not cause the Emperor Alexander to lose that he placed in me. I had seen him several times in private at Tilsit. I saw him nearly every day at Erfurt. Our conversations were at first of a general turn concerning the common interests existing between the great powers of Europe; the conditions on which the ties which it was important to preserve between them, were to be broken; the equilibrium of Europe in general; the probable consequences of its destruction; then, gradually our conversations turned more particularly to the

[3] A city of the Kingdom of Saxony (to-day annexed to Prussia) on the Gera.

[4] Louis de Caulaincourt, born in 1773 at Caulaincourt (Aisne), of noble parentage. Under the empire he became general of division, grand equerry and Duc de Vicence (Vicenza). He went to Russia as ambassador in 1807, was appointed minister of foreign affairs in 1813, and died in 1827.

States where existence was necessary for this equilibrium, especially to Austria. These conversations put the Emperor in such a state of mind that the coaxing, the persuasion, and the threats of Napoleon were a dead loss; and that, before quitting Erfurt, the Emperor Alexander wrote in his own hand to the Emperor of Austria to reassure him with regard to the fears, which the Erfurt interview had caused him. It was the last service I was able to render Europe, as long as Napoleon continued to reign, and this service, in my opinion, I was also rendering to himself personally.

After having given many *fêtes* and made a kind of treaty essentially different from that he had in view on coming to Erfurt, the Emperor returned to Paris, and M. de Champagny,[5] thereafter had the sole direction of the department of foreign affairs. As for me, I resumed the insignificant life of a grand dignitary.

At all hazards, I did what was in my power to obtain the confidence of the Emperor Alexander, and I succeeded, sufficiently well for him to send to me, as soon as his first trouble broke out with France, Count de Nesselrode, councillor to the Russian embassy in Paris, who, on entering my room, said to me, "I have just come from St. Petersburg; I hold an official situation with Prince Kourakin, although it is really to you that I am accredited. I am keeping up a private correspondence with the Emperor, and now bring you one of his letters."

[5] Jean-Baptiste Nompère de Champagny, Duc de Cadore (1756–1834), former deputy of the nobility to the States-General, became, in 1800, councillor of state, ambassador at Vienna (1801), and minister of the interior; in 1807, he succeeded Talleyrand as minister of foreign affairs.

LIFE AT THE COURT OF BONAPARTE

BY

Madame de Rémusat

CLAIRE ELISABETH JEANNE GRAVIER DE VERGENNES, COMTESSE DE RÉMUSAT

1780—1821

Claire Elisabeth Jeanne Gravier de Vergennes, Comtesse de Rémusat, was born at Paris in 1780, and died there in 1821. She was the grandniece of Vergennes, prime minister under Louis XVI; a noted beauty of the court of Napoleon I, an intimate friend of Josephine, a woman of rare moral and intellectual endowments, and author of an *Essai sur l'Éducation des Femmes*, and of the *Mémoires de Madame de Rémusat*. Notwithstanding a life of dignity and honor spent in the heart of the corrupt and vulgar court of Napoleon I, and in which she became a semi-historical figure, she is best known by her posthumous memoirs, which expose the baseness of Bonaparte's character by an analytical narrative of his home life. Partisans of the Emperor throw doubts on the disinterestedness of her judgment. But the work affords its own evidences, since the memoirs are an exact record of the life of the author and of the history of the early years of the present century. They show us what change the establishment of the empire effected at the court, and how by degrees the prestige of Napoleon declined through misuse of his great gifts, his power, and his chances. The first series of memoirs written by Madame de Rémusat were destroyed in 1815 by herself, and it was not until 1818 that she began to rewrite her recollections and experiences. Madame de Rémusat left memoranda to the effect that her motive in recomposing her memoirs was neither ambition to go down to posterity as an author nor to be an apologist for an era full of tumult, but the desire that the truth concerning the private and public life of one of the strangest characters in history should be known. She was well fitted for the task. Her husband used to say of Madame de Rémusat that he knew of no one who excelled her in the "talent for being true." Few memoir writers, indeed, surpass her in sincerity, honesty, and intelligence of comment, and it is refreshing to find in one who was practically a dependent at an autocrat's court such clear-sightedness, such genuine patriotism, and such liberality of thought combined with strict adherence to right.

LIFE AT THE COURT OF BONAPARTE

THERE appeared in the "*Moniteur*," after the various arrests of which I have spoken, articles from the "Morning Chronicle" which alleged that the death of Bonaparte and the restoration of Louis XVIII were next in order. It was said also that late arrivals from London declared that they speculated on the exchange upon this issue, and that Georges, Pichegru, and Moreau were named. In the same "*Moniteur*" was inserted also a letter to Bonaparte from an Englishman, who addressed him as Monsieur le Consul. This letter recommended to him for his particular benefit a pamphlet of Cromwell's time, which set out to prove that it was impossible to assassinate personages like Cromwell and himself, because it was no crime to kill a dangerous animal or a tyrant. "To kill, consequently, is not to assassinate," said the pamphlet; "the difference is great."

In the meantime in France, the bishops were sending mandates, and from every city and the armies addresses were coming in complimenting the First Consul and congratulating France upon her escape from danger. These documents were carefully inserted in the "*Moniteur*."

Finally, on the twenty-ninth of March, Georges Cadoudal was arrested on the Place de l'Odéon. He was in a cab, and, seeing that he was pursued, whipped up his horse. A constable placed himself boldly at the horse's head and was killed immediately by a shot from the pistol which Georges drew upon him.

But a crowd having gathered, the cab was stopped and Georges taken. They found upon him from 60,000 to 80,000 francs in notes, which were given to the widow of the man whom he had killed. According to the newspapers, he confessed on the spot that he had come to France to kill Bonaparte,

but as I recall it, it was said at the time that Georges, who manifested during the proceedings extreme firmness and great devotion to the house of Bourbon, denied persistently the scheme of assassination, and declared that his plan had been to attack the Consul's carriage and to abduct him without doing him any harm.

At this same period the King of England fell seriously ill. Our Government counted upon his death bringing about Mr. Pitt's retirement from the ministry.

On the twenty-first of March a paragraph of this sort appeared in the "*Moniteur*": "The Prince of Condé has given out a circular recalling the *émigrés* and bidding them assemble on the Rhine. A prince of the house of Bourbon is stationed on the frontier for this purpose."

Next they published secret correspondence of which they had gotten hold, of a man named Drake, accredited minister of England to Bavaria, which proved that the English Government was neglecting no means of stirring up trouble in France. M. de Talleyrand was ordered to send copies of this correspondence to every member of the diplomatic corps, who testified to their indignation by means of letters, which were all inserted in the "*Moniteur*."

We were nearing Holy Week. Passion Sunday, March 18, my week of attendance upon Madame Bonaparte began. I presented myself at the Tuileries at daybreak to attend mass, which was celebrated at that season with pomp. After mass, Madame Bonaparte always found a numerous court in the *salon*, and remained there for some time, speaking to this and that person.

Madame Bonaparte, on returning to her own apartments, announced to me that we were to pass the week at Malmaison. "I am charmed with it," she added; "Paris frightens me at present." Some hours later we departed. Bonaparte was in his private carriage, Madame Bonaparte alone with me in hers. During part of the journey I observed that she was silent and very sad, and expressed anxiety about it. She seemed loath to answer, but finally said to me: "I am going to confide to you a great secret. This morning Bonaparte informed me that he had sent M. de Caulaincourt to our frontier to arrest the Duc d'Enghien. They are going to bring him here."

"Ah! *mon Dieu*, madame!" I cried. "What do they wish to do with him? Surely he will bring him to trial."

These utterances gave me the greatest sensation of fear, I believe, that I have ever felt in my life. Madame Bonaparte believed I was going to faint, and lowered all the windows. "I have done all I could," she continued, "to obtain from him a promise that the prince should not die, but I fear greatly that his resolution is taken." "What! Do you think he will put him to death?" "I fear so." At these words my tears got the better of me, and in my emotion I made haste to put before her all the disastrous results of an event like this: This defilement of royal blood which will satisfy only the Jacobins; the peculiar interest which this prince above all others inspires; the fair name of Condé; the general panic; the passionate hatreds that will be revived, etc. I touched upon every question of which Madame Bonaparte had faced only one side. The idea of murder was what had most struck her. I succeeded in frightening her, and she promised to do everything to bring about a change in this fatal affair.

We arrived at Malmaison both dejected. I sought refuge in my chamber, where I wept bitterly. My whole soul was stirred. I loved and admired Bonaparte; I believed him called by an invincible power to the highest destinies. I let my youthful imagination become enthusiastic over him. Of a sudden the veil which covered my eyes was rent apart, and by the experience of that moment I comprehended only too well the impression this event was going to produce.

There was at Malmaison no one to whom I could fully disclose my feelings. My husband was of no service to me; I had left him in Paris. I had to restrain myself and appear again with a tranquil face, for Madame Bonaparte had emphatically forbidden me to let anything escape me which should indicate that she had spoken to me of the matter.

When I descended to the *salon* about six o'clock, I found the First Consul there, playing chess, as it seemed to me, both happy and calm. Looking at his serene countenance affected me ill; since two o'clock in thinking of him my spirit had been so much disturbed that I could not recover again the impression which his presence ordinarily produced upon me. It seemed to me that I should find him changed. Some offi-

cers were dining with him. Nothing unusual occurred, and after dinner with his secretaries he retired to his study to work. That evening when I left Madame Bonaparte she again promised me to renew her entreaties, and she kept her word, but to little purpose.

The next morning I joined her as early as possible: she was completely disheartened. Bonaparte had repulsed her at every point. "Women should have nothing to do with affairs of this sort. His policy demanded this *coup d'état*. He retained," he declared, "the right to show mercy afterward. He was obliged to choose between this decisive action and a long train of conspiracies needing punishment every day. Impunity encouraged factions; he would be obliged to persecute, to exile, to condemn constantly, to retract what he had already done for the *émigrés*, to put himself in the hands of the Jacobins. The royalists had already more than once imperilled him with the revolutionary party. This act would set him right with everybody. Beside, it must be borne in mind, the Duc d'Enghien was concerned in the conspiracy of Georges; he had but just brought trouble to France; he contributed to the revenge of the English. Furthermore, his military repute might in future excite the army. If he were dead our soldiers would break entirely with the Bourbons. In politics, a death which was certain to bring peace was no crime. The orders were given; it was too late to retract."

In this conference Madame Bonaparte pointed out to her husband that his choice of M. de Caulaincourt, whose family had formerly been attached to the house of Condé, would increase the hatefulness of the deed. "I did not know it," Bonaparte answered; "but what does it matter? If Caulaincourt is compromised, that is no great evil; he will serve me the better for it. The opposition will pardon hereafter his being a gentleman." He added, beside, that M. de Caulaincourt was not wholly informed of his plans, and thought the Duc d'Enghien would remain here in prison.

My courage sank at every word. My friendship for M. de Caulaincourt increased my grief at what I heard. It seemed to me that he must refuse the mission with which he was charged.

The day passed sadly. I remember that Madame Bona-

parte, who loved trees and flowers, busied herself in the forenoon in superintending the transplanting of a cypress to a newly laid out part of her garden. She even threw some shovelfuls of earth upon the tree, so that she could say she had planted it with her own hands. "*Mon Dieu,* madame," I said to her while watching her, "truly this is a tree suited to such a day." Since that time I have never passed a cypress without heaviness of heart.

My deep emotion disturbed Madame Bonaparte. Buoyant and variable, and confiding much in the superiority of Bonaparte's views, she feared excessively painful and prolonged sensations. Her emotions were lively but transient. Convinced that the death of the Duc d'Enghien was determined upon, she had wished to avoid useless regrets. I did not permit this, but employed most of the day in constantly plaguing her. She listened to me sweetly but with despondency, for she knew Bonaparte better than I. In tears I spoke to her, entreating her not to be rebuffed; and as I was not without influence with her, I succeeded in persuading her to make another attempt.

"Mention me, if needs be, to the First Consul," I said to her. "I, indeed, am insignificant, but he can judge what effect this event will produce by the impression it makes upon me; for I am more attached to him than many others. I demand nothing better than to find excuses for him, but can find none for what he is now about to do."

We saw little of Bonaparte on that second day; the chief judge, the commissioner of police, and Murat came and had long audiences with him. I found everywhere dismal faces. I stayed up the greater part of the night, and when I slept my dreams were frightful.

I believed I heard continual moving about in the château, and that violence was attempting against us. I felt oppressed of a sudden by a desire to throw myself at the feet of Bonaparte and entreat him to consider his own fame, for I judged that his glory was then unstained, and I wept over it in good faith. That night will never be effaced from my memory.

Tuesday morning Madame Bonaparte said to me: "All is useless; the Duc d'Enghien arrives this evening. He will be taken to Vincennes and tried to-night. Murat has the

matter in charge. He is odious; it is he who urges Bonaparte. He asserts that they will take his clemency for weakness and that the Jacobins will be furious. There is one faction which takes it amiss that they have had no regard for the former glory of Moreau, and will demand why a Bourbon is spared. And Bonaparte has forbidden me to say any more about it. Next he spoke to me of you. I have confessed to telling you all. He had been struck by your sadness; try and control yourself."

I raised my head then: "Oh, let him think of me what he will. It matters little to me, madame, I assure you; and if he asks me why I weep, I will say I weep for him." And speaking thus, I wept in earnest.

Madame Bonaparte was frightened at the condition in which she saw me. The strong emotions of the soul were almost unknown to her, and when by reassuring me she sought to calm me I could only say: "Ah, madame, you do not understand!" She assured me that after this event Bonaparte would act as he had formerly. Alas, it was not the future that disturbed me; I did not doubt his power over himself and over others, but I felt a sort of inward anguish which was entirely selfish.

At dinner time, it was necessary to descend with composed demeanor. Mine was agitated. Bonaparte was playing chess again; he had taken a fancy to the game. As soon as he saw me he called me to him, asking my advice. I was not in a condition fit to articulate four words. He spoke to me in a tone of sweetness and sympathy, which put the finishing touch to my agitation. When dinner was served he had me placed near him, and questioned me upon a multitude of things concerning my family. He seemed to make it a point to divert me and keep me from thinking.

Little Napoleon had been sent from Paris; they had placed him in the middle of the table, and his uncle seemed much amused to see the child handle all the dishes and upset everything around him. After dinner he sat on the floor playing with the child and affected a gayety which seemed to me forced. Madame Bonaparte, who feared lest he would be irritated at what she had said to him about me, looked at me smiling sweetly and seemed to say: "He is not so bad, you

see; and we can console you." As for me, I knew not what to think about it. At times I believed it was all a bad dream. Undoubtedly I had a bewildered air, for Bonaparte suddenly looked at me steadily and said: "Why are you wearing no rouge? You are very pale." I answered that I had forgotten to put it on. "What?" he burst out; "a woman who forgets her rouge?" And then he burst out laughing. Turning to his wife, "You will never come to that, eh, Josephine?" Then he concluded: "Women have two things which they make great use of—rouge and tears." All these utterances served to baffle me in my purpose, and I wept inwardly.

General Bonaparte has neither taste nor moderation in his gayety. At such times he assumes ways that smack of the garrison. He spent some little time in trifling with his wife with more freedom than propriety, and then called me to make one at a game of chess. He seldom played well, not liking to conform to the moves. I let him do as he pleased: everyone was silent when he began to hum a tune. Suddenly some lines of poetry came to him; he spoke in an undertone: "Let us be friends, Cinna," and then the lines of Guzman in "Alzire": "Mine when thy arm is raised against me." [1]

I could not help raising my head and looking at him; he smiled and continued. In truth, I believed at that moment that he had deceived his wife and everybody else and was preparing a grand scene of mercy. This idea which I clung to strongly calmed me; my imagination was very young indeed then, and besides I had such need to hope! "You like the verses?" Bonaparte said to me, and I desired greatly to answer, "Especially when they are put into practice"; but I did not dare.[2]

We continued our game, and more and more I trusted to

[1] Here are the lines:

"You know the difference in the gods we serve.
Thy gods have counselled murder and revenge,
Mine when thy arm is raised against me
Command that I should pity and forgive."

[2] On the day after I wrote this a book recently issued, called the "Private Memoirs of Lucien Bonaparte," was loaned me. It was probably issued by some secretary of Lucien. It contained some doubtful statements. There are notes at the end, they say by a trustworthy person. I hit upon this one, which seems curious. Lucien heard of the death of the Duc d'Enghien from General Hullin, a relative of Madame Jouberthon, who arrived at his house some hours afterward with the air of a man in despair. The military council had been assured that the First Consul wished only to establish his authority and intended to pardon the prince. They had even quoted these lines from "Alzire" to some of the members:

"You know the difference in the gods we serve," etc.

his gayety. We were still playing when the noise of a carriage was heard. General Hullin was announced. The First Consul pushed away the table forcibly and rose, and going into the passage next the *salon*, he remained the rest of the evening with Murat, Hullin, and Savary.

He did not reappear, and I returned to my room more tranquil. I could not persuade myself that Bonaparte had not been moved at the thought of having such a victim in his power. I wished that the prince would demand to see him; and in fact he did so, making use of these words: "If the First Consul consented to see me he would render me justice and understand that I have done my duty." Perhaps, I said to myself, he will go himself to Vincennes; he will grant him a glorious pardon. What good without this of recalling the lines of Guzman?

That night—that terrible night—passed. Early in the morning I went down to the *salon*, where I found Savary alone, exceedingly pale, and, to do him justice, agitated in demeanor. His lips trembled as he spoke to me, though he said nothing of importance. I asked him no questions. To persons of his kind questions are always fruitless. They say what they wish to say without being asked; but never answer.

Madame Bonaparte entered the *salon*. She looked at me sadly and sat down while speaking to Savary. "Ah, well; is it over?" "Yes, madame," he answered. "He died this morning, and I was forced to consent with good grace." I stood dumbfounded.

Madame Bonaparte asked for details. They have been learned since. They led the prince into one of the fosses of the château. When someone offered him a handkerchief, he refused it with dignity and addressed the gendarme: "You are a Frenchman," he said to him. "You will at least render me the service of showing respect for me." He left in his care a ring and a lock of hair, and a letter for Madame de Rohan. Savary showed them all to Madame Bonaparte. The letter was sincere, short, and affectionate. I know not whether the last wishes of the unhappy prince were carried out.

"After his death," Savary said, "they gave the gendarmes permission to take his clothes, his watch, and the money he had with him. No one would touch them. Say what you will,

one cannot see such a man die as one would many others. I know that I recovered my composure with difficulty."

After a little, Eugène de Beauharnais appeared—a man too young to have a memory, who saw in the Duc d'Enghien only a conspirator against the life of his master the general, whose name I will not write. He praised this act so much that Madame Bonaparte, who was always a little frightened when anyone spoke loudly or strongly, believed that she ought to make apology for her sadness in uttering this very inappropriate sentiment: "I am a woman, and I confess that this has given me desire to weep."

In the forenoon a crowd of company came, consuls, ministers, Louis Bonaparte and his wife. The first wrapped in a silence that seemed disapprobatory, Madame Louis, frightened, not daring to feel, and, as it were, asking what she ought to think. Women above all were absolutely subdued by the magic power of the sacred word of Bonaparte, "my policy." It was with this word that he stifled thoughts, opinions, and even impressions, and when he uttered it, scarcely a person in the palace, especially a woman, would be bold enough to ask him what he meant.

My husband also came in the morning. His presence alleviated the terrible oppression that stifled me. Like me, he was dejected and troubled. How grateful I am to him for not thinking of giving the least hint that I must appear composed on this occasion! We understood each other in all our trials. He told me that in Paris there was general revolt and that the chiefs of the Jacobin party said, "He belongs to us." He added these words, which I have often recalled since: "There the Consul has entered upon a course by which, in order to efface the memory of this, he will be obliged to forsake conservative ways and divert us with the unusual." He said also to Madame Bonaparte: "There remains this important advice for you to give the First Consul: he must not lose a moment before conciliating public opinion, which moves quickly in Paris. It will be necessary at least that he prove this thing was in no way the result of a growing disposition to cruelty, but of a plan, the justice of which it is not my place to determine, but which must have rendered him very cautious."

Madame Bonaparte valued this advice. She repeated it to her husband, who listened willingly and answered with these two words: "'Tis just."

Joining her before dinner, I found her in the hall with her daughter and M. de Caulaincourt, who had just arrived. He had superintended the arrest of the prince, but had not accompanied him. I drew back as soon as I saw him. "And you," he said to me aloud, "you too are going to detest me? And yet I am only unfortunate. Yes, very unfortunate. As a reward for my devotion, the Consul has brought shame upon me. I have been infamously deceived, and it is thus I am ruined." He wept as he spoke, and I pitied him.

Madame Bonaparte assured me that he had spoken in the same tone to the First Consul, and I observed that for a long time he preserved an angry and severe mien toward him. The First Consul made advances and he repulsed them. He paraded his schemes, his policy before him, but he found him cold and inflexible. Brilliant amends were offered him, and at first were refused. Ought they not perhaps to have been always rejected?

Meanwhile public opinion turned against M. de Caulaincourt. Among certain people it spared the master to crush the aide-de-camp. This capricious disapproval angered him. He might have bowed before independent censure, which was at least likely to be shared; but when he said that they were determined to exhaust their reproaches upon him in order to still retain the right to make much of the true culprit, he conceived a supreme contempt for men and concluded to force them to silence by placing himself where his power would aid them. His ambition and Bonaparte made good this inclination.

"Do not be foolish," the latter said to him. "If you bow before the blows they strike at you you will be beaten to death. They will not be wanting in gratitude for your tardy opposition to my wishes, and they will censure you the more, having no fear of you." By dint of recurring to arguments such as these and by sparing no means of reconciling, flattering, and winning over M. de Caulaincourt, Bonaparte succeeded in allaying his very genuine resentment, and little by little raised him to great offices near his person. One can cen-

sure more or less the weakness M. de Caulaincourt showed in pardoning the indelible stain the First Consul had graved upon his brow, but one must do him this justice that, close to Bonaparte as he was, he was never blinded, never a low courtier, and that he was always among the small number of his servants who neglected no chance to tell him the truth.[3]

Before dinner, Madame Bonaparte and her daughter begged me to maintain the best countenance possible. The former told me that in the forenoon her husband asked what effect the terrible news had produced on me, and that when she answered that I had wept, he said to her: "That is natural. She plies her woman's trade. You others—you know nothing of my affairs. But everything will blow over and they will see that I have not made a mistake."

At last the dinner hour arrived. With the ordinary attendance of the week, there were beside M. and Madame Louis Bonaparte, Eugène de Beauharnais, M. de Caulaincourt, and General Hullin.[4] The sight of this man annoyed me. His face wore its usual expression—one of extreme impassibility.[5] In fact, I believe he thought he had done neither a wicked deed nor an act of devotion in presiding over the military tribunal which condemned the prince. Since then he has behaved tolerably. Bonaparte rewarded with honors and with money the hateful service for which he is indebted to him. But there came a time when he said on seeing Hullin: "His presence annoys me. I dislike what it brings back to me."

The Consul came from his study to table. He affected no gayety to-day; on the contrary, as long as the meal lasted he was plunged in deep thought. We all kept silence. Just as we were rising from the table, the Consul in response to his own thoughts suddenly uttered these words in a harsh,

[3] M. de Caulaincourt held the same opinions all his life, and judged very severely the politics and character of those employed in carrying out dangerous schemes. My father had it from M. Mounier, son of the celebrated member of the revolutionary assemblies with whom he was very intimate in his youth, that in the campaign of 1813 M. de Caulaincourt, then Duc de Vicence, accompanying the Emperor with part of his staff and household, saw a shell plough the earth at the side of Napoleon. He pushed his horse between the Emperor and the shell and protected him, as far as it was in him, from the splinters, which happily hurt no one. That evening, M. Mounier, supping at headquarters, spoke to him of this act of devotion by which he had so plainly risked his own life to save his master's. "It is true," responded the Duc de Vicence, "and yet, if that man dies on the throne, I will not believe there is a God in heaven."

[4] Then commandant at Paris.

[5] I have been assured since that he was deeply affected.

dry voice: "At any rate they will see of what we are capable, and, I hope, they will hereafter leave us in peace." He passed into the *salon* and chatted a little while with his wife in a low tone, looking at me two or three times without anger. I stood apart, dejected, sick, and neither wishing nor able to say a word.

After a while Joseph Bonaparte and Madame Bacciochi[6] arrived, accompanied by M. de Fontanes.[7] Lucien was then at variance with his brother on account of the marriage he had contracted with Madame Jouberthon. He did not appear at the First Consul's, and was preparing to leave France. In the evening Murat, the commissioner of police Dubois, state councillors, and others came in. The faces of the newcomers were composed. At first the conversation was unimportant, intermittent, and dull. The women sat in utter silence; the men standing in a semicircle. Bonaparte paced from one corner of the *salon* to the other. He commenced finally a sort of dissertation, partly literary, partly historical, with M. de Fontanes. Some historical names having been mentioned, chance was given him to develop his opinions of some of our Kings and of the greatest leaders of history.

I noticed from that day on that his natural bent carried him to dethronements of any kind whatsoever, even to admiration of them. He exalted Charlemagne, but held that France had always declined under the Valois. He depreciated the greatness of Henry IV. "He lacked gravity," he said. "It is an affectation that a sovereign is to avoid only simplicity. What does he want? To remind those who surround him that he is a man like the others? What nonsense! As soon as a man is King he stands apart from all—and I have always found in Alexander's idea of making himself descend from a god, the true political instinct." He added that Louis XIV had known the French better than Henry IV, but made haste to represent him as controlled by the priests and an old woman, and expressed some rather vulgar opinions on the subject. From this he turned his thoughts to some general of Louis XIV and to military science in general.

[6] M. Bacciochi was a colonel of dragoons, absolutely a stranger to public affairs. He was passionately fond of the violin, and played all day.

[7] M. de Fontanes had at this time been elected president of the legislative body, and later president for life.

"Military science," he said, "consists, in the first place, in calculating to a nicety every chance and then in endeavoring to exactly, almost mathematically, make allowance for risks. It is upon this point that a general must not deceive himself, a decimal more or less may change all. Now this distribution of science and risk can only find place in a head of genius, for that is necessary wherever there is creation, and surely the greatest invention of the human spirit is that which gives evident existence to what apparently has none. Hazard remains forever a mystery to mediocre minds and only becomes a reality to superior men. Turenne indeed thought but little of it and cared only for method; and I believe," he added, smiling, "that I would have beaten him. Condé doubted it more than he; it was by impetuosity that he succeeded. Take Prince Eugene; he is a man whom I rate more highly. Henry VI always put bravery before all else. He has given us only combats and has never drawn up a line of battle. It is rather for democracy's sake that they boast so much of Catinat. I have, by my own reckoning, gained a victory in cases where he was beaten. The philosophers have embellished his reputation as they wished, and this has been so much the easier since one can always say what one likes of mediocre men carried to a certain eminence by circumstances which themselves have not created.

"To be a veritable great man of whatsoever class it may be, one must really improvise a part of one's glory and to show one's self greater than the event he has caused. For instance, Cæsar had on several occasions a weakness which puts me in opposition to the praise which history gives him. M. de Fontanes, your friends, the historians, are always objects of suspicion. Your Tacitus himself makes nothing clear. He judges certain results without pointing out what courses have been pursued. He is, I believe, a skilful writer, but rarely a statesman. He paints Nero for us as an execrable tyrant, and then he says, almost at the same time that he tells us of the pleasure Nero had in burning Rome, that the people loved him much.

"All this is not clear. Believe me, we are a little duped by our faith in writers who have fashioned history for us to their liking according to the natural bent of their minds. Do you

know of whom I should like to read a well-written history? Of the King of Prussia, of Frederick. I believe that he is one of those men who have best known their trade in all its branches. These ladies," he said, turning to us, "would not be of my opinion and would say that it was dry and personal; but after all, is a statesman obliged to be sensitive? Is he not a person wholly eccentric, always alone, from one end of the world to the other? His eyeglasses are his politics. He must have regard only for this, that they neither magnify nor minimize. While he observes affairs attentively, he must be careful to pull uniformly the threads he has in his hands. The chariot he drives is dragged by capricious horses. Consider, then, whether he ought to waste his time in taking thought of certain conventional emotions, however important they are to men in general? Can he consider the ties of blood, the affections, the puerile demands of society? And in the position he holds how acts, detached from the whole, which are censured whatever they may be, contribute to a great work which everybody does not discern!

"One day they will end in the creation of an immense giant which will be the admiration of posterity. Unhappy ones that you are! You withhold your commendation because you fear lest the movement of this great machine may have upon you the effect of Gulliver, who when he moved his legs crushed the Lilliputians. Arouse yourselves, look into the future, waken your imaginations and look into the past and you will see that the great personages whom you have believed violent, cruel, or what not, are but politicians. They know themselves, they judge themselves better than you, and when they are really skilful they know how to make themselves masters of their passions, for they go so far as to calculate their effects."

One can see from this kind of manifesto the nature of Bonaparte's opinions, and just how one idea brought forth another when he gave himself up to conversation. It happened sometimes that he discoursed with less sequence because he customarily tolerated interruptions well enough, but on this particular day our spirits seemed frozen in his presence, and no one dared to seize chances of getting his attention, however obvious it was that they offered themselves.

He had not ceased walking the floor during the hour he was speaking thus. My memory has allowed to escape it many of the other things he said. At last, suddenly interrupting the flow of his ideas, he commanded M. de Fontanes to read extracts from Drake's correspondence, of which I have already spoken—extracts all of which related to the conspiracy.

When the reading was finished, he said: "There are proofs that they cannot reject. That fellow wished to make disorder in France and to kill the Revolution in my person. I must defend and avenge her. I have shown of what it is capable. The Duc d'Enghien conspired like any other; it has been necessary to treat him like any other. Beside, all this was plotted without precautions, without knowing the ground. Some obscure correspondents, some credulous old women, have written. They believed them. The Bourbons will never see anything except through the bull's-eye, and are destined to perpetual illusions. The Polignac did not doubt that every house in Paris would be opened to receive them, and when they came here, not a single noble was willing to welcome them. All these fools would kill me whom they would not else overcome. They would put in my place only the angry Jacobins. We have passed the time for etiquette and the Bourbons do not know how to dispense with it. If you see them return I wager that it will be the first thing with which they concern themselves. Ah! it would have been different if one had seen them like Henry IV upon the field of battle all covered with blood and dust. But they cannot recover a kingdom with a letter dated London and signed Louis. However, such a letter inculpates imprudent men whom I am obliged to punish and who rouse in me a sort of pity. I have shed blood; I had to do it. I will perhaps spill more, but without wrath and solely because bloodletting enters into the treatment of the political doctors. I am the man of the State; I am the French Revolution. I repeat it, I will uphold it."

After this last declaration Bonaparte dismissed us all. Each one retired without daring to express his or her ideas, and thus ended that fatal day.[8]

[8] The murder of the Duc d'Enghien is an inexhaustible subject of controversy between the adversaries of the empire and the defenders of Napoleon. The latest and the most serious publications of historians and authors of memoirs contain nothing contradictory to this account, which has besides all the marks of sincerity and truth. The First Consul had conceived and or-

The First Consul spared nothing to allay the discontent which arose in consequence of this event. He perceived that his conduct had brought into question the qualities of his character, and he applied himself in his addresses to the council of state and also among us all to show that policy alone and not the violence of some sort of passion had caused the death of the Duc d'Enghien. He took great pains, as I have said, with the genuine indignation which M. de Caulaincourt manifested, and he showed toward me a sustained indulgence which disquieted my thoughts anew. What power even of persuasion a sovereign exercises over us! Of whatever nature they are, our sentiments, and truth to say our vanity also, are susceptible to their slightest effort. I suffered much, but I felt myself won little by little by his adroit course, and, like Burrhus, I exclaimed, "Please God that this is the last of his crimes."

Meanwhile we returned to Paris, and there I received new and painful impressions from the condition in which I found the people. I was obliged to hang my head before the things I heard said and to confine myself to calming those who believed that that hateful deed was going to open a reign which would hereafter often shed blood; and, while it would be at best very difficult to exaggerate the impressions which were bound to be created by such a crime, yet the party spirit pushed the thing so far that with my soul profoundly wounded I

dered the crime. Savary and the military commission had executed it. M. de Caulaincourt was the unconscious mediary. One can find all the details of the proceeding in a book entitled "Le Duc d'Enghien d'après les documents historiques," by L. Constant (8vo, Paris, 1869). There is, however, a passage from the "Mémoires d'Outretombe," by Chateaubriand, which it appears to me interesting to quote here, although this book is by no means the best of its author, and does not merit implicit confidence. For all that he gave in his resignation the day following the crime, M. de Chateaubriand gives him the credit justly due him. "There was a deliberation of the council concerning the arrest of the Duc d'Enghien. Cambacérès, in his unpublished memoirs, affirms, and I believe him, that he was opposed to this arrest. But upon recounting what he had said he did not say what they replied to him. Moreover, the 'Mémorial de Sainte Hélène' denies the applications for mercy to which Bonaparte would have been exposed. The supposed scene of Josephine demanding on her knees pardon for the Duc d'Enghien, clinging to the skirt of her husband's coat, and being dragged along by this inexorable man is one of those melodramatic inventions by which our makers of fables compose nowadays credible history. Josephine did not know on the evening of March 19th that the Duc d'Enghien was to be tried. She knew only of his arrest. She had promised Madame de Rémusat to intercede in behalf of the prince. It was not till March 21st that Bonaparte said to his wife, 'The Duc d'Enghien is shot.' The memoirs of Madame de Rémusat, which I read, were extremely minute as to the private life of the imperial court. The authoress burned them during the Hundred Days, and afterward wrote them anew; these then are no more than memories reproduced from memories. The coloring is weakened, but Bonaparte is always shown frankly and judged with impartiality."

was obliged sometimes to attempt a sort of justification, useless enough indeed because it appealed to persons convinced already.

I had one very lively scene, among others with Madame de ——, a cousin of Madame Bonaparte. She was one of those persons who would on no account go of an evening to the Tuileries, but who, having divided the palace into two very distinct regions, believed that without acting contrary to their own opinions or to their memories they were able to appear in the morning on the ground floor with Madame Bonaparte and to escape always any obligation to recognize the authority which inhabited the first story.

She was a woman of spirit, lively, rather enthusiastic in her opinions. I found her one day with Madame Bonaparte, whom she had frightened by the vehemence of her indignation. She attacked me with the same fury and taunted us, now the one and now the other, "of the chain which bound us," she said, "to a veritable tyrant." She pushed the thing so far that I tried to make her see that she was agitating her cousin more than was necessary. But in her violence she fell upon me, accused me of not feeling sufficiently the horror of what had just happened. "As for me," she said to me, "all my feelings are so revolted that if your Consul should enter this room this instant, you would see me run, just as one runs from a venomous animal." "Yes, madame," I said to her (I did not then believe my words so prophetic), "refrain from talk for which there will come to you a day of being sorry enough. Weep with us, but reflect that some words uttered at moments when one is strongly excited complicate often our future actions. To-day I have before you an appearance of moderation which irritates you, yet perhaps my impressions will be more enduring than yours."

In fact, some months later Madame de —— was lady of honor of her cousin, who was then Empress.

Hume says somewhere that as soon as Cromwell had established around him the semblance of royalty, he was immediately approached by that class of great lords who think themselves obliged to live in palaces as soon as the doors are reopened. In the same way the First Consul, in taking the titles of the authority which he in reality exercised, afforded the con-

sciences of the old nobles a justification which their vanity ever seized with eagerness; for how could they resist the temptation to re-establish themselves in the rank which they thought themselves made to occupy?

My comparison may seem trivial, but I believe it is just to say that in the character of these great lords there is something of the cat, which becomes attached to one house and remains there, however its owner may change. At any rate, Bonaparte, covered with the blood of the Duc d'Enghien, but having the name Emperor, obtained from the French nobility what he had asked for in vain when he was Consul. Perhaps in respect to this he was right when later he asserted to one of his ministers that the murder was a crime but not a mistake. "For," he said, "the results which I foresaw have all come to pass."

Yet, looking at things in a broader way, the consequences of the deed were more extended than he thought. Undoubtedly he succeeded in lessening the vivacity of some opinions because multitudes of people leave off thinking when there is nothing to hope; but, as M. de Rémusat said, as a result of the hatred his crime had roused against him, to turn our thoughts from it, he was obliged to resort to extraordinary doings which imposed silence upon all memories; and, more than this, he contracted with us the obligation of constant success, for success alone could justify him. If we consider what a tortuous and difficult course he was forced to pursue afterward, we will conclude that a noble and pure statemanship, based on the prosperity of humanity and the exercise of its rights, is still and is always the most convenient path for a sovereign to follow.

By the death of the Duc d'Enghien, Bonaparte succeeded in compromising first us, later the French nobility, and finally the whole nation and all Europe. They were linked, it is true, to his fortunes; that was a great point for him; nevertheless, by implicating us he lost his rights to devotion to which in misfortune he might lay claim in vain, for how would he be able to rely upon bonds, forged, it must be confessed, at the expense of the noblest emotions of the soul! Alas! I judge by myself. Reckoning from this time, I began to blush to my very eyes for the chains I carried, and this hidden feeling, which I stifled at intervals, with more or less success, later became a worldwide sentiment.

On his return to Paris, the First Consul was immediately struck by the magnitude of the effect he had produced. He perceived that feelings die out a little less quickly than opinions, and that faces now wore a different expression in his presence. Tired of a memory, which if he had had his wish, would have faded in a day, he thought the quickest way out was to [illegible]nt impressions. He determined to appear in public, although many persons advised him to wait a little. "But it is necessary to age this event, at any price," he argued, "and it will remain new as long as something is left that must be gone through with. By changing none of our habits we will force the public to minimize the importance of the affair." He resolved to go to the opera. I accompanied Madame Bonaparte, her carriage following directly behind her husband's.

Ordinarily it was his custom to rush up the staircase and show himself in his box without waiting until she arrived; but to-night he waited for her in a little room near the stairs. She was trembling and very pale. He looked at us, seeming to question our eyes to know what we thought our reception would be. Finally he advanced with the air of a man about to face the fire of a battery. They welcomed him according to custom; it may be that his appearance produced its customary effect, for the crowd does not change its habits in a minute; it may be that the police had taken precautions beforehand. I feared greatly that he would not receive applause, but when I saw that he did, I still felt a pang.

We remained only a few days in Paris, when the household removed to St. Cloud. I firmly believe that at this time Bonaparte determined to put into execution his plan for royalty. He knew well that he must awe Europe with a power which could not be called into question, and now that by acts—in his estimation merely vigorous—he had broken with all the parties, he thought it would be easy for him to show plainly the goal toward which he had progressed hitherto with more or less caution. He began by obtaining from the lower House a levy of 60,000 men—not that they were needed for the war with England, for that could be waged only on the sea—but because he was obliged to assume an imposing attitude at a time when he was about to startle Europe with an altogether novel incident.

The civil code had just been completed, and was a work which they say merited universal approbation. The debates of the three houses resounded on this occasion with praises of Bonaparte.

On the twenty-fourth of March, three days after the death of the Duc d'Enghien, M. Marcorelle made a motion which was received with cheers. He proposed that a bust of the First Consul should be placed in the Assembly room. "This public acknowledgment of our love," he said, "will announce to Europe that he whom the daggers of certain vile assassins have menaced is the object of our affection and our admiration." A storm of applause met these words.

A few days later, Fourcey, councillor of state, made the address for the government to close the session. Speaking of the princes of the house of Bourbon, he called them "the members of that unnatural family, which was willing to deluge France with blood in order that they might reign over her." They must be threatened with death, he added, if they wished again to defile with their presence the soil of their native land.

Meanwhile the preliminary proceedings for the great trial went on uninterruptedly. Every day either in Brittany or Paris, royalists implicated in the conspiracy were arrested, and Georges, Pichegru, and Moreau had been examined several times. The first two, it was said, answered with firmness; Moreau seemed downcast, and his examination brought out nothing clearly.

One morning General Pichegru was found strangled in prison. There were those who attributed it to a desire on the part of the authorities to get rid of a formidable enemy. A man of his determination of character would be likely to make violent speeches at the public trial, which would produce unfavorable effects; either exciting a faction in his favor, or perhaps causing the discharge of Moreau, whose complicity they were already finding it difficult to prove. These were the motives they gave for the assassination. On the other hand, the partisans of Bonaparte said, no one doubted that Pichegru had come to Paris to incite rebellion; he himself said so: his confession must convince the incredulous; and that his absence would lessen the publicity which it would be desirable to give to the whole case.

Several years afterward I asked M. de Talleyrand what he thought about the death of Pichegru. "It came," he said, "quite unexpectedly and just in time." But at the time M. de Talleyrand was opposing Bonaparte, and neglected no chance to cast at him all kinds of accusations. My statements here are drawn entirely from later reports, for no one spoke of these things at St. Cloud; indeed we kept from ourselves trace of thought about them.

It was about this time that Lucien Bonaparte left France, after breaking entirely with his brother. His marriage with Madame Jouberthon, which Bonaparte had been unable to prevent, had separated them. They saw each other rarely, yet the Consul, occupied as he was with his great projects, made one last attempt, putting before his brother the approaching elevation of the family, and speaking of the possibility of his marrying the Queen of Etruria:[9] but Lucien was obdurate, love was strongest and he refused all. There followed a violent scene, a complete rupture, and Lucien was exiled from France.

On the occasion of the quarrel, I was in a position to see the First Consul given over to one of those rare emotions of which I have spoken before, when he seemed sincerely affected.

It was at St. Cloud late in the evening. Madame Bonaparte, with M. de Rémusat and myself, awaited anxiously the outcome of this last conference between the brothers. She did not like Lucien, but she dreaded the notoriety likely to follow a family quarrel. About midnight Bonaparte came into the *salon* with dejected mien. Throwing himself into an easy-chair, he cried out in a deeply affected tone: "It is all over. I have broken with Lucien and driven him from my presence."

Madame Bonaparte made some remonstrances. Rising, he took his wife in his arms, gently laid her head on his shoulder, and said, "You are a good woman to plead for him," and gently smoothing with his hand her head, whose elegant coiffure contrasted strangely with the stern and gloomy countenance near it, he told us the while how Lucien had resisted all

[9] Tuscany, after the treaty of Lunéville (1801), had been converted into the Kingdom of Etruria, and given to a son of the Duke of Parma. The King died in 1803; his widow, Maria Louisa, daughter of Charles IV, of Spain, succeeded him, reigning until 1807, when the little kingdom was incorporated in the empire, and in 1809 diverted in favor of Madame Bacciochi, who took the title of Grand Duchess of Tuscany.

his entreaties, and how threats and friendly words were equally in vain. "It is hard indeed," he added, "to find in my family such opposition to its interests—its very great interests. I shall be obliged to isolate myself, to rely upon myself alone. Ah, well! I can take care of myself and thou, Josephine, thou shalt console me for everything."

This scene impressed itself rather sweetly on my memory. Bonaparte had tears in his eyes as he spoke, and I was tempted to thank him for showing himself capable of an emotion a little like those of other men.

Very soon afterward his brother Louis subjected him to another disappointment, which had no doubt great influence upon Madame Bonaparte's fortunes. The Consul, determined to ascend the throne of France and to establish the line of descent, already broached at times the question of divorce. However, at this time, perhaps because his affection for his wife was still too great, perhaps because his relations with Europe would not at that time permit him to hope for an alliance which should strengthen him politically, he seemed by no means inclined to break his marriage; appeared rather to wish to adopt little Napoleon, who was at once his nephew and his grandson.

As soon as he gave the family an inkling of his plan they felt great anxiety. Joseph ventured to remonstrate with him, pleading that he had not merited this deprivation of the right to the crown he was about to acquire, as eldest brother, and defending these alleged rights as though they had long since been confirmed. Bonaparte, whom contradiction always irritated, flew into a passion and seemed only the more decided upon carrying out his plan. He told his wife in confidence that the idea filled him with joy, and spoke to me of its fulfilment as the end of his anxiety. Madame Louis assented to it without showing any satisfaction: she had not the least ambition, and she could not help fearing that this advancement would draw a danger upon her child's head.

One day the Consul, with the family about him, sat with little Napoleon on his knee, playing with him and petting him. He said to the child, "Do you know, little chap, that you run the risk of being king some day?" "And Achille?" [10] Murat,

[10] Achille was the oldest son of Murat.

who was present, said quickly. "Oh, Achille!" answered Bonaparte, "Achille will be a good soldier." This answer wounded Madame Murat grievously. Bonaparte, however, not appearing to notice it, and being vexed inwardly by the opposition of his brothers, which he believed with reason was excited mostly by her, continued speaking to his grandson. "In any case, I advise you, my poor child, never accept the meals your cousins offer you, if you wish to live."

One can conceive what terrible bitterness such conversation would engender. Louis Bonaparte was immediately beset by all the family, who contrived to remind him of the rumors which were afloat when his son was born, and represented to him that he ought by no means sacrifice his own rights in favor of a child which belonged, moreover, partly to the Beauharnais. Louis Bonaparte was not so entirely without ambition as later people have believed him to be, and went, as Joseph did, to ask the First Consul, his reason for demanding this sacrifice of his rights. "Why," he said, "must I yield to my son my place in the succession? Have I merited disinheritance? What will be my position when this child, having been adopted by you, finds himself with a title superior to mine, independent of me, ranking next to you, and looking upon me with fear, perhaps even hating me? No, I will never consent. Rather than renounce my claim to the royalty you are about to acquire for your family, and bow my head before my son, I will leave France, taking Napoleon with me, and we shall see whether you will dare publicly to rob the father of his child."

In spite of his power, the First Consul was unable to conquer this resistance; he stormed in vain, and was obliged to yield to avoid an unpleasant scandal, and indeed almost through fear of ridicule—for ridiculous it would undoubtedly be to see this family quarrel over a crown which France had not yet really offered them. The trouble was smoothed over, and Bonaparte was obliged to draft the line of succession and reserve the right of adoption in the terms found in the decree relative to his elevation to sovereignty.

These discussions put new life, one may believe, into the hatred which already existed between the Bonapartes and Beauharnais. The former looked upon them as the result of one of Madame Bonaparte's intrigues. Louis forbade his wife

more severely than formerly any intimate association with her mother. "If you follow your own advantage at the expense of mine," he said to her harshly, "I declare that I shall know how to make you repent it. I will separate you and your son. I will shut you up in some secluded place from which no human power can rescue you, and you will pay for your partiality to your own family with a life of sorrow. And take care that none of my threats reaches my brother's ears; his power will not save you from my wrath."

Madame Louis bent her head like a martyr before violence of this kind. She was pregnant at this time, and grief and anxiety affected her health, which was never the same afterward. She lost her fresh complexion, which was her one charm. She never recovered again her natural gayety. Silent, timorous, she concealed her suffering from her mother, whose indiscretion and frivolity she feared; nor did she wish to irritate further the First Consul. Bonaparte, however, was grateful to her for her reserve, for he knew his brother well, and divined the pain she had to endure. From that time he allowed to escape no opportunity to show the interest—I will say more, the respect—the sweet and tactful conduct of his sister-in-law inspired.

What I say does not agree with the opinion which, unhappily, is generally held concerning this unfortunate woman; but her vindictive sisters-in-law never ceased to brand her with the most odious calumnies, and as she bore the name of Bonaparte, the public, satisfying piecemeal the hatred which the imperial despotism inspired in it by a kind of contempt, which they distributed impartially among all who belonged to the family, willingly accepted all the reports they skilfully directed against Madame Louis. Her husband, his anger aggravated by the griefs he himself had caused here, vowing that it was not possible he was still loved after the tyranny he had practised, jealous through pride, suspicious by nature, having the soured disposition often resulting from ill-health, and being excessively selfish, afflicted her with all the severities of which the conjugal despot is capable.

She was surrounded by spies; not a letter reached her unopened; *tête-à-têtes* even with women aroused suspicion; and when she complained of this insulting rigor he said to her:

"It is not possible that you still love me; you are a woman, and consequently trickery and malice are natural to you. You are the daughter of a mother without morality; you adhere to a family which I detest. What good motives have I for keeping watch over your actions?"

Madame Louis, from whom I had these details a long time afterward, had for her only resource the friendship of her brother, whose conduct the Bonapartes, however jealous they were, could not attack, for Eugène was simple, frank, and gay, and sincere in all his ways, and as he showed no ambition, held himself aloof from all intrigue, and performed conscientiously the duties of his position, he disarmed without effort slanders of which he was scarcely conscious, and remained a stranger to what went on within the palace. His sister loved him passionately, but, poor woman, could tell him her sorrows only in the few short moments when the jealous surveillance of Louis allowed them to be together.

Meanwhile, the First Consul had apparently made complaints to the Elector of Bavaria of the correspondence which M. Drake had carried on in France, and this Englishman, having conceived some fears for his safety, suddenly disappeared, Sir Spencer Smith, English envoy to the Court of Würtemberg, taking his departure at the same time.

In the House of Commons Lord Morpeth demanded of the ministers the cause of Drake's conduct. The chancellor of the exchequer answered that the government had given this envoy no authority for such machinations, and that he would explain further when the ambassador replied to the inquiries he had made.

At this time the First Consul was having long conferences with M. de Talleyrand. Talleyrand, whose sentiments were essentially in favor of a monarchy, urged the Consul to assume the title of King. He has confessed to me since then that the title of Emperor frightened him even then; he saw in it something vague and large, which was precisely what flattered the imagination of Bonaparte. "Indeed," said M. de Talleyrand, "it combined the Roman Republic and Charlemagne in a way that turned his head. One day I wished to have a little fun hoaxing Berthier. Taking him aside, I said to him, 'You know what great plans are going forward; go and urge

the First Consul to take the title of King—it will please him.' Charmed at having occasion to speak with Bonaparte on an agreeable subject, Berthier advanced at once to where he was standing at the other end of the apartment. I stepped back a little because I foresaw a tempest. Berthier began to pay his little compliment, but at the word King Bonaparte's eyes flashed, and puting his hand under Berthier's chin he pushed him back plumb against the wall. 'Imbecile,' he said, 'you have been put up to this, to stir up my wrath; another time you will not accept such a commission.' Poor Berthier looked at me, all confused as he was, and it was many a day before he forgave my little joke."

Finally on the thirtieth of April Curée, the tribune, who had no doubt been told what to say, and whose good offices were rewarded later on by a place in the Senate, made a resolution in the Tribunate which proposed that the government of the republic should be intrústed to an emperor, and that the sovereignty should be hereditary in the family of Napoleon Bonaparte. His speech was cleverly worded. He regarded an hereditary government, he said, as a guarantee against plots from outside, and in fact the title Emperor signified only consul victorious. Almost all the tribunes entered their names to speak. They named a committee of thirteen members. Carnot alone had the courage to oppose boldly the proposal. He declared that without any personal animosity, and with every intention of obeying the Emperor if he were elected, he voted against the empire for the same reason he had voted against a consulate for life. He eulogized the American government, and said that Bonaparte could then adopt the treaty of Amiens. The abuses of despotism had results far more dangerous to a nation than those of liberty, and before smoothing the road for this despotism which, resting as it did upon military success, was a very dangerous one, it would be necessary to establish institutions which would tend to restrain it. Notwithstanding the opposition of Carnot, division was taken on the bill, and it was adopted.

On May 4th, a deputation from the Tribunate carried the bill to the Senate, already quite prepared. The vice-president, François de Neufchâteau, answered that the Senate had anticipated this vote and would take it into consideration. During

the same sitting they decided that they would carry the bill and the answer of the vice-president to the First Consul. On May 5th the Senate made an address to Bonaparte demanding without any explanation a final act which would assure them that peaceful destinies were in store for France. His response appeared in the "*Moniteur*." "I invite you," he said, "to make known to me your inmost thoughts. I desire that we shall be able to say to the French people on the coming fourteenth of July: 'The well-being you have acquired during the last fifteen years, the liberty, the equality, and the glory, are a shelter from every storm.'" In return the Senate voted unanimously for imperial government, "of which it is important to the interests of the people of France that Napoleon Bonaparte should take charge."

On May 8th addresses from the cities began to arrive at St. Cloud. The city of Lyons sent hers first, and a little later Paris and the other cities. There came, too, the vote of the army, from Klein[1] first, and then from the camp at Montreuil, under the command of General Ney.[2] The other divisions of the army followed their example promptly. M. de Fontanes spoke for the Corps Législatif, at that time a distinct body, and all the members who were then in Paris came together to vote like the Senate.

One would think that events of such importance would cause great excitement at St. Cloud. I have already said what a disappointment Louis Bonaparte's refusal had been to his mother-in-law. Nevertheless, she remained hopeful that the First Consul, if he continued in the same mind, would in the end conquer the resistance of his brothers, and she expressed to me her delight in seeing that the new plans of her husband did not lead him to take again into consideration that terrible divorce.

When Bonaparte had to complain of his brothers, Madame Bonaparte's influence always increased, because her unchanging sweetness had become Bonaparte's consolation in anger. She made no attempt to obtain a promise either for herself or for her children, and the confidence she showed in his tenderness, as well as the moderation of Eugène, could not but strike

[1] General Klein has since married the daughter of Countess d'Arberg, lady in waiting. He was appointed senator and made peer of France by the King.

[2] Since then Marshal Ney.

him, and must have pleased him greatly. Mesdames Bacciochi and Murat, very much excited over what was going to happen, tried to draw from MM. de Talleyrand and de Fouché the secret plans of the Consul, so as to know what they were to expect. It was not in their power to hide what a flutter they were in, and I saw how fluttered they were with some amusement, in their restless looks and in every word that escaped them.

It was announced one evening that the Senate was coming with great ceremony to bring to Bonaparte the decree which gave him the crown. I seem to feel, in recalling it, all the emotions this news made me feel at the time. The First Consul, in acquainting his wife with the affair, said he was going to surround himself with a somewhat more numerous court, but that he would know how to distinguish the newcomers from those whose services had been devoted to his fortunes from the first. He charged her to assure M. de Rémusat and myself of his good intentions in our behalf.

I have said before that he had been deeply grieved at my inability to dissemble my feelings at the death of the Duc d'Enghien. His indulgence in this respect had in no way diminished; perhaps he found it rather amusing to penetrate the mysteries of my impressions, and efface them little by little by a show of benevolent care which revived my devotion to him when it was on the point of dying out. I was by no means strong enough to struggle successfully against the attachment which I felt disposed to have for him. I lament his, in my opinion, immense mistake; but when I saw him, so to speak, better than in the past, I thought indeed that he had made a false calculation, yet was grateful to him, nevertheless, for keeping his word, and proving himself good and sweet afterward, as he had promised to be.

The fact is that at that period he had need of everybody, and he neglected no means of success. His skill had succeeded equally well in the case of M. de Caulaincourt, who, seduced by his attention, regained gradually his former serenity and came to be intimately in his confidence in regard to his future plans. At this same time, having questioned his wife in regard to the opinions each individual of the court held expressed concerning the death of the prince, and learning

from her that M. de Rémusat, habitually silent both from taste and prudence, though always honest when questioned, had not been afraid to avow to her his secret indignation, Bonaparte, who seemingly had promised himself to let nothing anger him just then, broached the subject to M. de Rémusat, and explaining his policy as he thought best, succeeded in convincing M. de Rémusat that he had believed this rigorous act was necessary to the peace of France.

My husband, in telling me about this interview, said to me: "I am far from believing that it was necessary in order to establish his authority to shed blood like this, and I told him so without fear, but I confess that I find comfort in the thought that it was not the passion of revenge or the like that influenced him. And indeed whatever he may say, I saw that he was so agitated because of the effect it had produced that in future, I am sure, he will not try to assert his power by means so terrible. I did not miss the chance to point out to him that in a century like this and in a nation like ours a man stakes a great deal when he wishes to gain power by bloody terrors. I augur much from the fact that he listened with close attention to all I wished to say."

It may be seen by this sincere avowal of what we both went through what need there was just then of confidence. Severe judges of the sentiments of others would undoubtedly blame us for the ease with which we deluded ourselves; they would say with some appearance of reasonableness that this readiness owed much to our personal situation. Ah, without doubt! It is so painful to face one's conditions and blush for one's part in them; it is so sweet to love the duties one takes up; and so natural to wish to improve one's own future and that of one's country; that only with difficulty and after a long struggle can one accept the truth that would blemish his life. It came later, this truth; it came step by step, but finally with strength so great that it no longer allowed us to drive it back, and we have paid dear for that error to which our sweet and yielding souls continued faithful as long as it was possible to them.

Be that as it may, on May 18, 1804, the Second Consul, Cambacérès, president of the Senate, presented himself at St. Cloud, followed by the whole Senate and a considerable

body of troops. He made a suitable speech, giving to Bonaparte for the first time the title of Majesty. Bonaparte accepted it calmly, as though it had been rightfully his all his life. The senators passed immediately into the apartment of Madame Bonaparte, whom in turn they pronounced Empress. She responded with her customary grace, which made her always equal to whatever her situation called for.

At the same time what one may call the great dignitaries were created: the grand elector, Joseph Bonaparte; the commander-in-chief, Louis Bonaparte; the archchancellor of the empire, Cambacérès; the arch treasurer, Lebrun. The ministers, the secretary of state, Marat, who took the rank of minister, the colonels of the guard, the governor of the palace, Duroc, the prefects of the palace, and the aides-de-camp, all took oath; and on the next day the new commander-in-chief presented to the Emperor the officers of the army, among whom was Eugène de Beauharnais, simple colonel.

The objection the family had raised against the adoption he wished to make caused Bonaparte to throw aside the idea for the time being. The succession was settled upon descendants of Napoleon Bonaparte, and in default of issue upon those of Joseph and Louis, who were created princes imperial. A decree of the Senate provided that the Emperor might adopt for his successor any one of his nephews, but only when that nephew was eighteen years old; but adoption was forbidden except to those of his race.

The civil list was that allowed the King in 1791, and the princes were to be dealt with conformably with the old law passed December 20, 1790. The great dignitaries were to have one-third of the sum allowed the princes, and were to preside over the electoral colleges of the six largest cities of the empire. The princes would be, after their eighteenth year, life members of the Senate and of the Council of State.

Sixteen marshals were also created besides some senators, to whom the title of marshal was given.[3]

The following is the form of the decree:

" Napoleon, by the grace of God and by the Constitution of

[3] Here are the names of fourteen marshals named at this period: Berthier, Murat, Moncey, Jourdan, Masséna, Augereau, Bernadotte, Soult, Brune, Lannes, Mortier, Ney, Davout, Bessières. The senators who had this title were Kellermann, Lefebvre, Perignon, Sérurier.

the Republic Emperor of the French, present and to come, greeting.

"The Senate, having heard the orators of the Council of State, has decreed, and we order that which follows:

"The following proposition will be submitted to the approval of the French people:

"'The French people desire that the imperial dignity shall descend to the heirs direct, natural, legitimate, and adopted, of Napoleon Bonaparte and to the heirs direct, natural and legitimate, of Joseph Bonaparte and of Louis Bonaparte, as it was established by the decree of the Senate Floréal the 28th, year XII of the Republic.'"

This decree was proclaimed in all parts of Paris, and, as it was necessary to think of everything at the same time, a paragraph in the "*Moniteur*" informed the public that to the princes must be given the title Imperial Highness, to the great dignitaries that of Serene Highness, that the ministers were to be addressed as *monseigneur* by public officials and petitioners, while the marshals were called *monsieur le maréchal.*

Thus the title *citoyen*, already forgotten in the social world where *monsieur* had regained its ancient rights, disappeared for all time. Up to this time Bonaparte had scrupulously made use of it, but this same day, the eighteenth of May, having invited his brothers, Cambacérès, Lebrun, and the ministers to dine at his house, we heard him for the first time make use of the name *monsieur*; nor did his long habit once bring to his lips the word *citoyen.*

At the same time were created the titles of the great officials of the empire: eight inspectors and colonels-general of the artillery, of the engineers, of the cavalry, and of marine, and great civil officers of the crown, of whom I shall speak later.

Bonaparte's accession to the imperial throne produced in Europe a multitude of different impressions, and even in France opinion was divided, though it is acknowledged that the majority of the people were not shocked. The Jacobins, accustomed as they were to push their success as far as it would go whenever fortune favored them, were not at all astonished. The royalists lost courage; on this point Bonaparte obtained what he wanted.

But the change from the consulate to imperial power was displeasing to the true friends of liberty. Unfortunately these were divided, as they are even to this day, into two classes, thus diminishing their influence. One class was indifferent enough to change in the reigning house, and would have as willingly accepted Bonaparte as another, provided his power was derived upon a constitution which held in check at the same time it established its powers. They saw with alarm a man, bold and warlike, possess himself of an authority whose encroachments, it was easily foreseen, the chambers, already knocked incapable, would not repress. The Senate seemed sworn to passive obedience; the Tribunate tottered on its foundations; and what could be expected from the silent legislature? The ministers without any responsibility were only chief clerks, and one saw in advance that the Council of State, systematically directed, would become a great storehouse from which they would in future draw out laws to fit the passing circumstances.

If this first division of the friends of liberty had been more numerous and under good leadership, without doubt its members would have been able to influence the Emperor and to teach the people to demand with persistence what a nation never long demands in vain, the proper and legitimate exercise of its rights.

But there existed a second section which agreed with the other in substance, but their reliance upon theories, which they had attempted to put into practice in a dangerous and sanguinary manner, precluded the possibility of joining the two divisions into an effective opposition.

Here I wish to speak of the proselytes of the Anglo-American government. They saw without dismay the creation of the consulate, for that in their eyes represented the presidency in the United States. They believed, or wished to believe, that Bonaparte would maintain that equality of rights to which they attached so much importance. Among these some were won over, in good faith; I say some, for I believe that their personal vanity, excited by the assiduity with which at first he flattered and consulted them in all things, was what blinded the major part of them. If they had no secret interest in deceiving themselves, why, indeed, should one hear them declare so often since that they had loved Bonaparte as Consul, but as

Emperor Bonaparte had become odious to them? While his consulate had lasted, was he so different from himself? Was his consular authority anything but dictatorial power under another name? Had he not always decided peace and war? Had he not had the right to levy conscription? Did he allow free discussion of public affairs? Were journals allowed one paragraph of which he disapproved? Had he not clearly shown that he derived his power by right of his victorious arms? How could these severe republicans let themselves be overreached?

I understand well how men who were tired of revolutionary troubles, and frightened by that liberty which they had long since learned to associate with death, would welcome peace in the domination of an able master—one whom, moreover, fortune seemed determined to second. I can conceive that they might see the decree of destiny in his elevation, and that they would console themselves by finding peace in the inevitable. I will venture to say that there were those who believe in good faith that Bonaparte, whether he were Consul or Emperor, would oppose by exercising his authority, the violence of factions and save us from the dangers of riotous anarchy.

One did not dare pronounce the name of the Republic, so much had the Terror profaned it; the dictatorial government was annihilated by the contempt its chiefs inspired; the return of the Bourbons could come to pass only by the aid of a revolution; the least agitation frightened the French, whose enthusiasm seemed to be exhausted. Moreover, the men to whom they had successively confided themselves had deceived them, and this time, in accepting the rule of might they were at least sure they were not deluding themselves.[4]

[4] In spite of my great desire not to add to the opinions contemporaneous with the author, those which reflection, experience, and the historical consequences of these events have enabled us to form, it is difficult to refrain from saying that the persons who censured the empire while fully approving of the consulate, showed, in fact, little judgment and no very lively susceptibility in the matter of liberty. We have seen since then analogous times, and it seems certain that discriminating persons were able to vote for the presidency of Prince Louis Bonaparte without foreseeing the coup d'état of December 2, 1851, and —to be indulgent even as to this last event—without accepting even then the re-establishment of the empire and its consequences. I can recollect more readily that my father and his contemporaries by no means shared this illusion and voted for the presidency of General Cavaignac.

But in 1804 the situation was still more complicated. Assuredly since the eighteenth Brumaire France had not been a free state, and her chief possessed a power limited only by the prudence and moderation of one man. Nevertheless there was one great difference between this condition of affairs and what followed — between the consulate and the empire. Not alone the indeterminate extension of power which this new title of Emperor gave,

The opinion, then, or rather the error, that at this time despotism alone could maintain order in France was very general. It became Bonaparte's point of support, and perhaps—let us do him the justice of saying—it influenced him as well as others. He upheld it with great skill, and the factions helped him by engaging in prudent undertakings which proved advantageous to his authority; he believed with some good grounds that he was necessary. France believed the same, and in the end he even succeeded in convincing sovereigns of other countries that he was a guarantee to them against republican influences which without him would be propagated.

It is probable that at the moment when Bonaparte placed the crown imperial upon his head there was not a king in Europe who did not think his own safer on that account, and if, in truth, the new Emperor had joined with his decisive act the gift of a liberal constitution it may be that

but the pomp which surrounded it, the ceremony acknowledged as the necessary accessory of despotism, the institutions and forms which the imagination, taste, and pride of Napoleon united to invent, made of this new power something very different from that which had preceded it, something much more incongruous with ideas and customs of the Revolution than one would expect. Although the change from the consulate to the empire was not a change from liberty to despotism one would be neither inconsistent nor wavering in declaring one's self the enemy of the empire after having been a professed friend of the consulate.

The impressions of the public were not so simple as those of the residents of St. Cloud. The public would evidently be cognizant of many things concerning which they were not ready with an opinion. The court, and especially the author of these memoirs and her friends, without being anti-revolutionary, had no tenderness for the interests of the Revolution nor respect for its promises; without being royalists, they were monarchical, not republican, in their sympathies, and, as they were accustomed by habit to see in the chief executive of the republic a master whom they must please and obey every moment, the transition to the empire was easy for them. France, on the other hand, was more republican in its ideas, its habits, and customs than would have been believed at the palace —than one would believe to-day if one judged from a superficial study of a past time. Reaction, passion for order, distrust of the abuses of liberty, all these the French people certainly felt, but they believed it possible to satisfy these feelings without a monarchy, especially a solemn, hereditary, absolute monarchy, insolently set off by an improvised aristocracy and a court of parvenues. We saw something like it in 1873.

It would be puerile to deny that a reactionary movement against liberty and the republic was started then, but in that time of publicity when they saw that this movement could only end in the re-establishment of the dynasty which had just impoverished and humiliated France or in the restoration of the legitimate monarchy and the white flag, its most reasonable adherents drew back and acknowledged that M. Thiers was right in saying that a republic was the only government compatible with the interests and opinions of modern France.

But we must not forget that, even then, honest people, as is natural to say, however erroneously this expression has been used—that honest people detested only the revolution of Jacobinism, and that the philosophy of the Constituent Assembly dominated all their social, political, even their religious ideas. New France was, however, proud of the new glory that the victories of General Bonaparte had given her. She felt that she was free from all that had made her blush in the Revolution, and had no desire to appear under another name. No real need, no imminent peril, no fancy even of this changeable nation called for the empire; and the success of this establishment, which seemed to the liberal, fault-finding bourgeoise of Paris a little hazardous, was doubtful up to the time of the battle of Austerlitz. Then the servitude was gilded and seemed acceptable, and they sold liberty at the price of glory.

the peace of nations and kings would have been forever strengthened.

The sincere defenders of the original system of Bonaparte—and it exists, in effect, to-day—claim for his justification that they could require of him only what it was customary for a legitimate sovereign to give; for liberty to discuss our interests might be followed by the discussion of our rights; England, jealous of our renewed prosperity, had attempted to foment among us new troubles; our princes would by no means give over their attempts; and the moderation of a constitutional government would have few characteristics calculated to restrain factions. Hume, speaking of Cromwell, opines that the great inconvenience of a usurper's government is that ordinarily he is obliged to have a personal policy opposed to the interests of his country. He ascribes (let us say in passing) a superiority to hereditary authority of which it would be well for the people to become convinced.

But, after all, Bonaparte was not an ordinary usurper—his elevation offered no point of comparison with that of Cromwell. "I found," he said, "the crown of France upon the ground, and picked it up with the point of my sword." The living product of an inevitable revolution, he had had no hand in any of its disasters; and up to the time of the Duc d'Enghien's death had preserved, I believe, at least the possibility of legitimizing his power by some of those services which always won over nations.

His despotic ambition carried him along, but it was not, I assure you, that alone which deluded him. Appearances, which he did not take the pains to get to the bottom of, misled him. A few individuals indeed made a great to-do about the word liberty, but it must be confessed that these individuals were by no means spotless, nor were they high enough in the estimation of the nation to be representatives of its will; but respectable persons seemed to ask only for peace without minding under what forms it presented itself.

Finally he discerned that the secret weakness of the French was their vanity, and saw a means by which he could easily satisfy it by the aid of the splendors following in the train of monarchies; he revived distinctions at bottom democratic, since everybody had a right to them and they carried with them no

privileges. The eagerness they showed for titles, entails, and decorations which they had jeered at as long as they adorned the coats of their neighbors, need not have undeceived him if in truth he was misled: on the contrary, ought he not congratulate himself that, with a few words added to a name and by means of some ends of ribbon, he had succeeded in the end in levelling, under the same title, the pretensions of feudalism and of republicanism? Have we not ourselves been committed to this opinion, so fixed in his mind, that he ought, for his own security and for ours, to avail himself of his great strength to suspend the Revolution without at the same time destroying it?

"My successor, whoever he may be, will be forced to act with his century," he said once, "and will only be able to maintain himself by the support of liberal opinions. I will bequeath them to him stripped of their original roughness." France foolishly appeared to applaud this idea.

Very soon, however, a confused voice, which to him was that of conscience, to us that of interest, seemed to warn him as well as us. To stifle its importunate accents, he thought he must bewilder us with extraordinary and ever-changing scenes. Among these were his interminable wars, whose continuance seemed to him so important that he always called only by the name halt the treaties of peace he signed, and every one of these treaties were forced upon him only by the diplomatic skill of M. de Talleyrand.

In fact, when he returned to Paris and took up again the administration of affairs, beside not knowing what to do with the army whose claims every victory increased, he experienced every difficulty from that resistance, speechless but weighty, but inevitable, which, even in spite of individual weaknesses, the spirit of the century makes against despotism. Has not despotism, indeed to me, happily become impractical as a form of government? It died with the fortunes of Bonaparte, and it has been so well said by Madame de Staël: "The terrible club which he alone could lift has ended by falling on his head." Happy, a hundred times happy, are the times in which we live to-day, for we have exhausted every experience and no one but fools may demur concerning the road which should lead us to safety.

But Bonaparte for a long time was helped and dazzled also

by the military ardor of the youth of France. This inordinate passion for conquest given by a malign genius to human communities as if to retard the step each generation ought to make toward every kind of prosperity, dragged us along behind the destructive steel of Bonaparte. It is difficult in France to resist the power of glory, especially when that glory covers and disguises the sad humiliation to which each sees himself condemned. In peace Bonaparte must have let us see the secret of our servitude, but when our children are to plant our flag over the ramparts of every great city in Europe, that servitude vanishes from our sight. There passed a very long time indeed before we saw how each one of our victories added a link to the chain which rivetted our liberties, and when we realized the frenzy of our intoxication it was too late to resist; for the army, having become the accomplice of tyranny, had broken with France and would see only rebellion in her cry for deliverance.

Bonaparte's greatest mistake, a mistake which was due to his character, was that, in determining his course, he built upon success, though perhaps this is more excusable than being in doubt whether a reverse may not overtake one. His native pride could not endure the idea of any kind of defeat: this was the weak side of his genius, for a superior man ought to be provided for every fortune. His soul wanting nobility, and lacking those instinctive great sentiments which surmount ill fortune, he turned his thoughts from this deficiency in himself—was fond indeed of fixing his mind in that admirable disposition he had to raise himself by success. "I will succeed" —this is the fundamental word of his calculations, and often his obstinacy in pronouncing it helped him achieve what he would. Finally his luck became his favorite superstition, and the veneration he thought he must render it legitimized in his eyes the sacrifices he was obliged to require of us. And we, have we not at first shared this disastrous superstition?

Our imaginations, tractable and lovers of the marvellous, were dominated by this illusion when the events of my narrative occurred. The trial of General Moreau, and especially the death of the Duc d'Enghien, were revolting to the feelings, but did not unsettle our opinions. Bonaparte scarcely concealed that the one or the other helped him in accomplishing

the work he had long since planned. It must be said for the credit of humanity that repugnance for crime is so innate within us that we around Bonaparte were ready to believe for our own comfort that it was necessary that it should be committed, and when we saw how he succeeded in rising by the aid of such a ladder, one appears very ready in the kind of agreement he proposed to us, to forgive him in case of success.

They ceased to love him from that moment, but the time when men rule by the love of the people is past, and Bonaparte, showing that he knew how to punish as much as his purpose required, thought he had made a good exchange when he gave up this feeble attachment they wished him to treasure for the genuine fear he inspired. One admired, from astonishment at least, the boldness of the game he played in the open, and when, with an audacity truly imposing, he leaped from the bloody foss of Vincennes to the throne imperial, crying out, "I have won the game," France, dumbfounded, could not help taking up the cry.

Not long after the day when Bonaparte was invested with the title of Emperor (I shall have no scruples in making use of this title sometimes in speaking of him, for he really bore it longer than that of Consul),[5] in one of those moments when he felt disposed to an outpouring of the kind I have already spoken of, being alone with his wife, my husband, and myself, he unbosomed himself rather freely upon the new conditions. I seem to see him still in the embrasure of a window in the *salon* at St. Cloud, sitting astride his chair with his chin resting on its back, Madame Bonaparte on a sofa some steps away from him, myself sitting in front of him, and M. de Rémusat standing behind my chair. He had at first kept silent for a time, then suddenly began to speak.

"And so," he said, "you were angry with me for the death of the Duc d'Enghien?" "It is true, sire," I answered, "and I am angry with you still. It seems to me you have done wrong." "But you know he was waiting yonder for my assassination." "That is possible, sire, but he was not in France." "Well, it is not bad to show one's self, now and then, master in another man's house." "Stop, sire, do not

[5] This remark seems strange if one does not recollect that these memoirs were written under the restoration, when the words Emperor, empire, and even Bonaparte were no longer used in good society.

speak further of it or you will make me cry." "Oh, the tears! the women have only that resource. It is so with Josephine; she believes everything is gained when she has wept. Tears, M. Rémusat, are a woman's greatest argument." "Sire," answered my husband, "one cannot blame her." "Oh, I see, you also take the thing seriously. It is quite simple, nevertheless. You others have your memories; you have seen other times. I date only from the time when I began to be something. What is the Duc d'Enghien to me? An *émigré* more important than the others, that is all; and it is enough to say of it that I had to strike the harder on that account. And those fools of royalists, had they not spread the report that I was going to put the Bourbons again upon the throne? The Jacobins were afraid of it; Fouché came one time to ask in their name what my intentions were. Authority had been placed in my hands so entirely and so naturally for two years past that they found it possible to doubt sometimes whether I had seriously the wish to receive it officially. Also, I have considered it my task to take advantage of it to legally end the Revolution. This is why I preferred the empire to the directory, because by it one legitimates one's self and stands upon firmer ground.

"I began by wishing to reconcile the two factions which I found at loggerheads on my accession to the consulate. I believed that in laying the foundations for good order by means of permanent institutions, I would discourage their taste for violence. But factions are by no means discouraged when one has the air of being afraid of them, and one has this air as long as one works to reconcile them. Besides, one can reach the end of emotions sometimes; of opinions never. I understood, then, that I could not make a pact between them, but found that I could use them for my own ends.

"The concordat and its radiations have brought me nearer to reconciliation with the *émigrés*, and all in good time that reconciliation will be complete, for you shall see how the allurements of a court will attract them. It is by the lingo which brings to mind their traditions that the nobles may be won; but with the Jacobins deeds are necessary; they are not the men to be taken in by words. My necessary severities have

given them satisfaction. On the 3d of Nivose,[6] on the occasion, by the way, of a conspiracy wholly of royalist origin, I exiled a pretty large number of Jacobins; they would have been justified in complaining that time if I had not hit hard. You all believed that I was going to become cruel and sanguinary, and you were mistaken. I have no malice, I am by no means capable of doing anything for revenge; I turn away from what pains me, and you would see me to-morrow, if it were necessary, pardon Georges himself, who came here duly to assassinate me.

"When they shall see the peaceful times following that event they will not be angry with me, and in one year they will consider it a great political action. It is true, however, that it has forced me to hasten the crisis. What I have just done only entered into my plans for two years from now. I counted upon keeping the consulate, although with that form of government words clash with things, and the signatures I put upon all public documents are mere paraphs of an endless fiction. We would, however, still have been in agreement, France and I, for she has taken courage and she wishes for all that I wish for. But with that conspiracy they thought to excite all Europe; it was necessary to undeceive Europe and the royalists. I had to choose between persecution in detail and one swift blow. My choice could not be uncertain.

"I have now forced both royalists and Jacobins to be forever silent. There remains only the republicans, those visionaries who believe they can make a republic out of a worn-out monarchy, and that Europe would tranquilly let us establish a federated government of 20,000,000 men. These I have not gained, but they are few in number and without influence. You others—Frenchmen—you love the monarchy; it is the only government that pleases you. I wager M. Rémusat, that you are more at ease, a hundred times, now that you call me Sire and I call you Monsieur."

As he had hit the truth in this remark, my husband began to laugh, and answered that the sovereign power did in fact seem to go very well with him.

"Indeed," replied the Emperor, whose good-humor continued, "I believe that I would obey it very ill. I remember

[6] Period of the infernal machine.

that at the time of the treaty of Campo-Formio, when we came together, M. de Cobenzl and I, to conclude negotiations in a hall where, according to the Austrian custom, they had raised a dais and equipped the throne of the Austrian Emperor. When I entered the room I asked what that signified; and afterward I said to the Austrian minister: 'Wait! Before we commence, have this chair taken away, for I have never seen a seat more elevated than the others that I have not wished to sit in it immediately.' You see I had a presentiment of what was going to happen to me, one day.

"I have acquired to-day a great facility for governing France. It is this, that neither she nor I deceive ourselves any longer. Talleyrand wished me to call myself *Roi:* it is the word for his dictionary. He would have believed himself at once a great lord under a king; but I want only great lords of my own making; and beside, since the title of King is hackneyed it carries with it preconceived ideas—it would make me a kind of inheritor, and I wish to take the leavings of no man. The title I bear is grander; it is again a little vague; it helps the imagination. Here is a revolution ended, and quietly. I boast of it. Do you know why? It is because it has taken away no interest and awakened many. Your vanities must be kept in working order for you people; the austerity of the republican government has tired you to death.

"What was it caused the Revolution? It is vanity. What will end it? Vanity again. Liberty is a pretext. Equality!—there is your cap and bells—and there are the people content to have for their king a man taken from the soldier class. Men like Abbé Siéyès may well have cried 'To a despotism!' for my authority will always remain popular. To-day the people and the army are mine; he would indeed be stupid who did not know how to rule with that."

While finishing this sentence Bonaparte rose. A moment before he had been very gay; his tone of voice, his face, his gestures, were all in harmony with his reassuring simplicity. He smiled and saw us smile, and was even amused by the reflections we mingled with his discourse. In short, he had put us all entirely at ease. But, as if he had suddenly ended his rôle of good fellow, in an instant his face became grave and assumed again the stern looks which always seemed to increase his stat-

ure, and he gave M. de Rémusat I know not what insignificant order with all the harshness of an absolute master who wished to lose no chance of commanding.

The sound of his voice, so different from the one which had met my ears for the last hour, almost made me tremble; and when we had withdrawn, my husband, who had noticed this manœuvre, confided to me that he had received the same impression.

"You see," he said, "he fears that this moment of expansiveness will diminish to some degree the fear he wishes always to inspire. He thought that in dismissing us he must let us take our leave in the presence of a master." This true and keen remark has never faded from my memory, and I have more than once since then been in a position to judge upon how great knowledge of the character of Bonaparte it was founded.

But I have allowed myself to be carried along by the narrative of this conversation and by the reflections which preceded it. Let us come back to the day when Bonaparte was made Emperor, and finish describing the strange scenes that passed before my view.

I have said that Bonaparte had invited several persons to dine with him on that day. A moment before placing us at table, the governor of the palace, Duroc, came and instructed us, one by one, that the titles of prince and princess must be given to Joseph and Louis Bonaparte and their wives. Mesdames Bacciochi and Murat seemed offended on account of this difference between them and their sisters-in-law. Madame Murat especially had difficulty in concealing her dissatisfaction.

About six o'clock the new Emperor appeared and began, without any apparent difficulty, to salute each one by his new title. I remember that, being alone for a moment, I received an impression which one might reasonably call a presentiment. The day had at first been fair but very warm. About the time when the Senate reached St. Cloud the weather suddenly changed, the sky clouded over, and several claps of thunder were heard; we were threatened for several hours with a violent storm. The black and cloudy sky which seemed to hang heavy over the Château of St. Cloud appeared to me like a bad omen, and I had difficulty in banishing the sadness I felt.

As for the Emperor, he was gay and serene, and, I think,

secretly enjoyed the slight constraint which the new ceremonial put upon us all. The Empress preserved all her courteous ease of manner; Joseph and Louis seemed contented; Madame Joseph, resigned to what they exacted of her; Madame Louis submissive, likewise; and what I cannot praise too much, in comparison, Eugène de Beauharnais—simple, natural, and showing a mind free from all hidden and unsatisfied ambition. The same cannot be said of the new marshal, Murat, but his fear of his brother-in-law forced him to control himself. He maintained a pensive silence.

As for Madame Murat, she was passing through a violent spasm of ill-temper, and during dinner was so little mistress of herself that when she heard the Emperor at different times mention Princess Louis she could not restrain her tears. She drank repeated draughts from tumblers of water, trying to recover herself and to appear at ease, but tears continually got the better of her.

Everyone was embarrassed, and her brother smiled rather maliciously. As for me, I felt the greatest surprise, and at the same time, I must say, almost disgusted at seeing this young and pretty face distorted by the emotion of a passion so coarse.

Madame Murat was twenty-two or twenty-three years old; her face was of dazzling whiteness; her beautiful blonde hair, the wreath of flowers that crowned it, the rose-color gown that she wore gave to her person something youthful, almost child-like, which contrasted disagreeably with the feeling made for another age with which one saw she was tainted. One could not pity her tears; I believe they affected everybody quite as disagreeably as me. Madame Bacciochi, older, more mistress of herself, did not weep, but she appeared rude and brusque, and treated each of us with marked *hauteur*.

The Emperor seemed irritated by this conduct of his two sisters, and added to their discontent by indirect raillery, which wounded them, however, very directly. All that I saw that day gave me a new idea of the strength of the emotions ambition can create in souls of a certain kind: it was a scene of which before that day I had no conception.

The next day, after the new household had dined together, a violent scene ensued, which I did not witness, but we heard the din through the wall which separated the Empress's *salon*

from the one in which we sat. Madame Murat burst forth into complaints, tears, and reproaches; she demanded why they wished to condemn her and her sisters to obscurity, to contempt, while they covered strangers with honors and dignities. Bonaparte was very rough in his responses, declaring several times that he was the master and would distribute dignities as he wished. It was on this occasion that he let fall the stinging words which I have remembered: "In truth, to see your pretensions, mesdames, one would think you took the crown from the hands of the late King, your father."

The Empress told me later all about this dispute. Good as she was, she could not help being amused a little at the griefs of a person who hated her cordially. At the close of the conversation, Madame Murat, beside herself with jealousy and with sharpness of the words she had had to hear, fell upon the floor in a dead faint. Bonaparte's wrath vanished at this sight; he became calm, and when his sister recovered consciousness, he showed some disposition to satisfy her. In fact, some days later, after a consultation with M. de Talleyrand, Cambacérès, and others, it was decided that there could be no objection to conferring by courtesy a particular title upon the sisters of the Emperor, and we were informed by the "*Moniteur*" that in speaking to them we must give them the much-desired title of Imperial Highness.

But there still remained for the present another grief for Madame Murat and her husband. The regulations of the palace of St. Cloud divided the imperial apartments into several *salons,* which one entered according to the new rank with which one was invested. The *salon* nearest the office of the Emperor became the *salon* of the throne or of the princes, and Marshal Murat, although the husband of a princess, was not admitted there. It was M. de Rémusat who was charged with the disagreeable duty of stopping him when he was about to go in. Although my husband was in no way responsible for the orders he had received, and he transmitted them with studied politeness, Murat was much wounded by this public affront, and both Murat and his wife, ill-disposed against us as they were because of our attachment for the Empress, now did us the honor of regarding us with a concealed hatred, the effects of which we more than once felt. But in this case, Madame Murat, who

had recognized the power her complaints had over her brother, did not regard her cause as lost, and, in fact, she did succeed in the end in raising her husband to all the dignities she longed for so passionately.

The new prerogatives of rank brought much trouble into a court hitherto peaceable enough. We around Madame Bonaparte were a sort of epitome of the restlessness of vanity which had upset the imperial household.

Beside the four ladies of the palace, Madame Bonaparte often assembled around her the wives of the different officers of the First Consul.

We saw a great deal of Madame Maret, who lived at St. Cloud on account of her husband's position, and of the daughter of the Marquis de Beauharnais, who had married M. de la Valette, and whose sorrows and conjugal tenderness at the time of the trial and escape of her husband in 1815 have since given her so much celebrity. Her husband, though of obscure birth, was a man of mind; and his character was amiable and pliant. After serving some time in the army he quitted military life, which was repugnant to a man of his gentle ways. The First Consul had employed him in several diplomatic missions, and he had just been made counsellor of state. He displayed extreme devotion to all his recently acquired relations, the Beauharnais. His wife was simple and sweet ordinarily, but now it was fated that vanity should be the source of all the sentiments of everybody attached to the court, whatever their age or sex.

A decision of the Emperor had allowed the ladies of the palace some precedence over the other women; this was a signal for the display of every feminine jealousy. Madame Maret, proud and haughty, was wounded at seeing us walk before her; her ill-humor put her in sympathy with Madame Murat, who understood so well dissatisfaction of that sort. Beside, M. de Talleyrand, who did not like Maret and teased him pitilessly with his jests, being also rather at odds with Murat, became the object of the hatred of these two, and was through this hatred the occasion even of a sort of alliance between them. The Empress, who by no means loved anyone attached to Madame Murat, treated Madame Maret rather rudely, and because of this, although I am always a stranger to every vio-

lent emotion and on my own account hate nobody, I was to some extent comprised in the animadversion of this party against the Beauharnais.

Finally, on Sunday morning, the new Empress received orders to appear at mass accompanied by the four ladies in waiting. Madame de la Valette, who until now had been almost always at her aunt's side, found herself suddenly deprived of that honor, and in her turn took refuge in tears, and we had still another youthful ambition to console. This was all very amusing to me. I remained serene in the midst of these troubles, slightly ridiculous, though perhaps natural enough. Indeed, one became so accustomed to seeing heads turned in the palace, and to joys and sorrows produced only by new ambitions, satisfied or disappointed, that one day being rather gay and full of laughter over I know not what curious doings, when one of the aides-de-camp of Bonaparte asked me in a whisper whether I had been promised some new dignity, I could not help asking him, in my turn, whether he believed that in future one was obliged always to weep at St. Cloud if one were not a princess.

Not that I had not, like the others, my little ambition; but that ambition was moderate and easily satisfied. The Emperor had sent word to me by the Empress, and M. de Caulaincourt had assured my husband that now that his fortunes were well established he would not forget those who were devoted to him in the past. Secure as to the future by this assurance, we made no overtures. This was a mistake on our part, for everybody else was doing everything possible; but M. de Rémusat had always been averse to this kind of intrigue—a trait which is almost a fault when one lives at court, for it is one of those qualities which destroys all chance of advancement in the service of sovereigns.

Generous sentiments and philosophical opinions, which are a mark of independence of soul, are not pleasing to the great, for what they are least able to forgive in serving them a man should still find means of resisting their power. Bonaparte, as particular as any sovereign imaginable in respect to the kind of service given him, quickly perceived that M. de Rémusat served him loyally but with subservience to his caprices. This discovery, together with certain circumstances which I will report in

their order, released him from what he had believed he owed M. de Rémusat. He kept my husband near him; he employed him because he was useful to him, but he did not advance him as he did many others, for he saw that his gifts could not purchase the attentions of a man who showed himself wholly incapable of sacrificing delicacy to ambition.

Moreover, the trade of courtier was uncongenial to the tastes of M. de Rémusat. He loved seclusion, serious occupations, and a quiet life; all the attachments of his heart were tender and moral. The use, or the loss of his time, all devoted in his position to that minute and continual attention to what constitutes the etiquette of a court, always provoked regrets. Taken from his natural place by the Revolution, which had deprived him of his magistracy, he believed that the future of his children necessitated his staying in the position into which circumstances had thrown him; but he was tired nevertheless of this service in unimportant trifles to which he was condemned, and he showed himself only exact where he ought to have been assiduous.

Much later, when the veil that covered his eyes had fallen, and he saw Bonaparte as he really was, indignation filled his generous soul, and he suffered much just from being in an office so closely attached to his person. In short, nothing cuts short the advancement of a courtier like certain moral dislikes, which he is not likely to try and overcome. At this period, moreover, all these feelings were vague within us, and I will return to what I commenced to say. We happened to think that the Emperor owed us something and we relied upon him.

None the less, the time was not long coming when we were of no importance. Presently, people equal to us, and almost immediately people superior to us in birth and fortune solicited the honor of becoming a member of the court. We understood that we were not now to put a great price upon the devotion of those who had from the first opened the way. Bonaparte was really flattered by the gradual conquest of the French nobility he had made. Madame Bonaparte, susceptible to affection as she was, had her head turned for a moment when she saw great ladies among the dames in waiting. Persons more skilful in intrigue would on that occasion have redoubled their efforts and assiduity in an attempt to hold their

place, just as that crowd with lofty ideas of its own importance hastened from every direction to do; far from that.

We yielded. We saw opportunities for recovering some liberty, and profited by them; imprudently enough, for when for any reason whatsoever one loses foothold in court one is seldom able to regain the position one has occupied. M. de Talleyrand, who urged Bonaparte to revive all the prestige of royalty, persuaded him to gratify the vainglorious pretensions of those whom he wished to attract, saying that the nobility of France was only satisfied when they were preferred, and that it was necessary to dazzle their eyes with the distinction they believed they had a right to demand. One was sure of winning over the Montmorencies, the Montesquieus, and others by promising them that on the day when the new peers took rank at the court of Bonaparte they would be first as in the past. It could, indeed, hardly be otherwise, once it was decided to form a real court.

There were those who believed that it would have been better for Bonaparte had he, in taking the new title of Emperor, kept in his court something of the simple and austere conditions which had obtained during the consulate. A constitutional government on one hand; a court few in number, without luxury, which would represent the changes in ideas which the Revolution had brought about, would perhaps have satisfied their vanities less, but would have obtained a truer respect. At the period of which I speak, however, they were holding consultations on every side to find out in what way they could dignify the circle by which the new Emperor was surrounded. Duroc asked M. de Rémusat to put into writing his ideas in regard to this. My husband drew up a plan, wise and moderate, but which they found too simple for the secret projects no one was then able to divine.

"There is not enough pomp," Bonaparte said on reading it. "This will not throw powder in their eyes."

He wished to allure in order to deceive.

He refused decidedly to give France a free constitution. He had to dazzle them, to divert them by every possible means, and as there is always some meanness in pride, supreme power was not enough for him, and he wanted display, etiquette, and the chamberlains and officials whom he thought would make the

newness of things disappear sooner. He loved ceremony, his bent was toward a feudal system, entirely foreign to the ideas of the century in which we lived, which he hoped nevertheless to establish, but which apparently would last only the duration of his reign.

One cannot imagine all the ideas that passed through his head in regard to this. "The French empire," he said, "will be the mother country of other sovereignties. I wish that every king in Europe could be forced to build a palace in Paris for his use; so that, at the time of my coronation as the Emperor of the French, these kings might come to Paris to honor with their presence and greet with their homage that imposing ceremony." Did this plan demonstrate aught but the hope of re-creating the old fiefs, and of bringing to life again a Charlemagne who would turn to his own advantage the despotic ideas of past ages and the experiences of modern times?

Bonaparte had so often repeated that he was in himself the Revolution that in the end he persuaded himself that in taking care of it in his own person he preserved all there was valuable in it from being destroyed.

However all that may be, the disease of etiquette seemed to take possession of all the residents of the imperial Château of St. Cloud. They took from the library the enormous book of regulations of Lous XIV and began to make extracts in order to draw up the rules of the etiquette for the new court. Madame Bonaparte tried to seek out Madame Campan, who had been first waiting-woman to Marie Antoinette. She was a sensible woman, and kept a school where, as I have already said somewhere, all the young persons who appeared at this court had been educated. They questioned her minutely concerning the private habits of the last Queen of France. I was instructed to write, at her dictation, all that she would tell, and Bonaparte joined the very considerable manuscripts that resulted from our interviews to those which were brought to him from all sources. M. de Talleyrand was consulted about everything. There was coming and going; they moved about in an atmosphere of uncertainty which had its charm in the fact that everyone expected to rise and to advance his interests.

PARIS DURING THE CONSULATE

BY

Madame Junot

MADAME JUNOT, DUCHESSE D'ABRANTÈS

1784—1838

Laure Permon, afterward Madame Junot, Duchesse d'Abrantès, wife of the well-known marshal, was born in 1784, and died in 1838. She married General Junot in 1800, at the early age of sixteen, and soon after that event became a leader among the beautiful and witty women of the court of Napoleon I, her *salon* being frequented by the most prominent personages in political and social life in Paris. After the fall of Napoleon she devoted herself to historical writing, and published successively "*Mémoires sur Napoléon*," "*Mémoires sur la Restauration*," and "*Souvenirs d'une Ambassade en Portugal*." Despite the interest created by these works their author fell into misfortune, and died in a charitable institution in Paris. Her life was notable, however, for the boundless extravagance of her habits, and to this fact must be attributed mainly its unfortunate conclusion.

The period of Bonaparte's power will ever remain one of transcendent interest. The upheaval of society caused by the Revolution; the rise of Napoleon, his marvellous successes, the manner in which all Europe became implicated in the great struggle he made for empire over it, his failure at Moscow and in Spain, and his final fall at Waterloo, are so many scenes in a drama which interested and still interests the whole world. The attraction of the recollections of Madame Junot is undoubted. Her patriotic feelings may sometimes betray her into exaggeration, and even occasional inaccuracy, and her satirical vein may lead her at times into misrepresentation, but in general her memoirs are a valuable contribution to the history of the inner life of the court of Napoleon; while the unaffected naturalness of her descriptions and her passion for minute details render her narrative as charming and as interesting as the liveliest romance.

PARIS DURING THE CONSULATE

DURING the month of October Junot looked in upon us every morning, and then came to dinner, having his coach or his cabriolet always filled with drawings, songs, and a heap of trifles for my mother and me; and never forgetting the bouquet, which, from the day of our engagement to that of our marriage, he never once failed to present me. It was Madame Bernard, the famous *bouquetière* to the Opera, who arranged these nosegays with such admirable art; she has had successors, it is true, but the honor of first introducing them is her own.

One day Junot appeared uneasy, agitated, having been called away from the dining-table. It was then Madame de Contades, seeing him very silent, said jestingly: "General, you are as serious as a conspirator!" Junot colored. "Oh!" she continued, "I know that you have nothing to do with conspiracies, or at least that yours would only be directed against us poor emigrants, returned and ruined as we are; and really you would have more than fair play!"

"I believe," said I, "there is little danger in conspiracies; it is rare that their motives are perfectly pure, and the interest of the country, always the pretence, is generally the last thing intended; and therefore it happens that almost all great conspiracies are discovered before they take effect. The real danger to the chief of a state arises from a fanatic such as Jacques Clement; an insane ascetic, such as Ravaillac or Jean Châtel; or a hand conducted by desperation, like that of Charlotte Corday; those are the blows which cannot be warded off. What barrier can be opposed to them? What guards can prevent my reaching the most powerful throne upon earth to hurl its master to the grave, if I am willing to give blood for blood, life for life?"

Everyone exclaimed against me. "Come," said my mother, "away with these Grecian and Roman notions." I kissed her hand and smiled; a glance toward General Junot had found his eyes fixed upon me with an expression so singular that an idea crossed my mind that he would not be very solicitous for a union with so resolute a woman, who seemed willing to play with poniards as with her fan.

The thought seemed even to myself burlesque, because at that period of my life I was one of the greatest cowards of my sex. I was seated at the foot of my mother's sofa, and leaning toward her, whispered to her in Italian the thought which had just struck me. My mother laughed as well as myself, and we both looked toward General Junot, supposing that he would understand us, and approach to partake of our gayety. He came indeed, but instead of replying to our jests, he fixed on me an anxious look, and taking my hand and my mother's, pressed them both.

While leaning over us he said to me: "Promise me not to speak again upon this subject; say you will not." "Undoubtedly I will not; but why?" "I will tell you by and by; at least, I hope so," he added, with a singular smile. Lucien Bonaparte, who came in at that moment, would know to what our conference related; for the other interlocutors continued the discussion, and the conspiracies were still as much alive as if we had been in the prætorian camps. "Bah!" said Lucien; "these subjects of conversation are not suited for women, and I wonder that these gentlemen have suffered them to proceed so long. It would be much better to talk of the opera I am to give you the day after to-morrow."

Albert, M. Hippolyte de Rastignac, and the Abbé Rose, arrived at this moment from the general rehearsal. One was much pleased with the opera, another did not like it at all. Albert and the abbé, both good authorities, differed totally in opinion; music and the opera underwent a long and critical discussion, Lucien and Junot meanwhile betaking themselves to private conversation. I remarked that they never raised their voices, and that the subject which occupied them seemed to be serious and important.

The expression of their countenances made me uncomfortable, though I knew of nothing actually alarming. Everything

appeared sombre and mysterious around us. It was evident that great uneasiness agitated the persons who were attached to the First Consul. I dared not ask a question. Lucien looked upon me as a child; and nothing could induce me to interrogate General Junot. Joseph, who was goodness itself, was the only person to whom I could have summoned courage to speak upon such a subject; but he was about to set out for Lunéville, and we scarcely saw him again.

On October 11 Junot came early in the morning, which was not usual. He was still more serious than on the day of the conversation about conspiracies. We were to go this evening to the first representation of "Les Horaces" of Porta and Guillard. Guillard was the intimate friend of Brunetière, who interested himself much in its success, and had begged as a favor that we would attend it.

This party was then arranged, and I confess much to my satisfaction. My mother was better, and I looked forward to the evening as a great treat. It was then with no very pleasant emotion that I heard Junot ask my mother not to go to the opera. His reasons for making this request were most singular. The weather was bad, the music was bad, the poem was good for nothing; in short, the best thing we could do was to stay at home.

My mother, who had prepared her toilet for all the magnificence of a first representation, and who would not have missed it had it been necessary to pass through a tempest, and listen to the dullest of poems, would not attend to any of Junot's objections; and I was delighted, for I placed full confidence in the Abbé Rose, who said that the music was charming. The general, however, still insisted; so much obstinacy at length made an impression upon my mother, who, taking the general's arm, said to him anxiously, "Junot, why this perseverance? is there any danger? are you afraid?"

"No, no," exclaimed Junot. "I am afraid of nothing but the *ennui* you will experience, and the effect of the bad weather. Go to the opera. But," continued he, "if you decide upon going, permit me to beg you not to occupy the box you have hired, but to accept mine for the night."

"I have already told you, my dear general, that it is impossible. It would be contrary to all established customs, and I am

particular in supporting them. Would you have my daughter, your betrothed bride, but not yet your wife, appear in a box which all Paris knows to be yours? And for what reason am I to give up mine?" "Because it is at the side, which is a bad situation for the opera; and it is, besides, so near to the orchestra that Mademoiselle Laurette's delicate ear will be so offended she will not, for the next fortnight, be able to perform herself."

"Come, come," said my mother, "there is no common sense in all this. We will go and hear this second Cimarosa, who, no doubt, will not equal his prototype; but at all times a first representation is a fine thing. Do you dine with us?" "I cannot," answered the general; "I cannot even come to offer you my arm, but I shall certainly have the honor of seeing you at the opera."

On quitting my mother, the general went up to Albert's apartment, and found him in his study, surrounded by those peaceful labors which so usefully filled his time. He earnestly recommended him not to lose sight of my mother and myself throughout the evening. "I have endeavored," said he, "to persuade your mother not to go out this evening, and especially against going to the opera, but without any effect. There may be trouble there, though there is no actual danger to fear; but I confess I should be better pleased if persons in whom I am interested were at home. Your prudence, my dear Albert, guarantees your silence; you understand my situation;" and he left him, promising an explanation of what he had just said the next morning, if not that very night.

My brother came down to my mother, and the thoughtfulness of his air struck us immediately. "Ah!" said my mother, "what means all this? Junot would prevent our going to the opera; and here is another preparing to accompany us there as if he were going to a funeral. It is worth while, certainly, to lay plans for gayety if they are to be executed in such solemnity." My brother could not help laughing at this petulant sally, and this restored my mother's good-humor. We dined earlier than usual, and took our seats at the opera at eight o'clock.

The boxes were already filled. The ladies were all elegantly dressed. The First Consul had not yet taken his place. His

box was on the first tier to the left, between the columns which separate the centre from the side boxes. My mother remarked that the eyes of all persons in the pit, and of nearly all in the boxes, were directed toward it. "And," said Albert, "observe also the expression of interest and impatience on the part of the audience."

"Bah!" said my mother; "though I am near-sighted, I can see very well that it is but curiosity. We are always the same people. Lately, at that *fête* of the Champ-de-Mars, when the Abbé Sieyès" (she never used any other denomination) "wore feathers like the canopy of the Holy Sacrament under which he formerly carried the Host, did not everyone, and myself among the first, strain our necks to obtain a better sight of him? And the chief of the band of sharpers, was not he also the point of attraction for all eyes in the day of his power? Well, this man is now master in his turn, and he is gazed at as the others have been before him."

My brother persisted in saying that the First Consul was loved, and that the others had only been feared. I was quite of his opinion, and my mother only replied by shrugging her shoulders. At this moment the door of the First Consul's box opened, and he appeared with Duroc, Colonel Savary, and, I think, Colonel Lemarrois. Scarcely was he perceived, when, from all parts of the theatre, arose simultaneously plaudits so unanimous that they appeared to constitute but one and the same sound.

The stage was thought of no more; all heads were turned toward General Bonaparte, and a stifled hurrah accompanied the clapping of hands and stamping of feet. He saluted the audience with much smiling grace; and it is well known that the least smile enlivened his naturally stern countenance, and imparted a striking charm to it. The applause continuing, he inclined his head two or three times without rising, but still smiling.

My mother observed him through her glass, and did not lose one of his movements. It was the first time she had seen him since the great events of Brumaire, and he so entirely occupied her attention that General Junot came into the box without her perceiving him. "Well, do you find him changed since you saw him last?" said he.

My mother turned hastily round, and was as much embarrassed as a young girl who should be asked why she looked out of the window when the person who most interested her was passing. We all laughed, and she joined us. Meanwhile, the orchestra had recommenced its harmonious clamor, giving the diapason to Laforet and Lainez, who both screamed in emulation who should be best, or rather who should be worst; and Mademoiselle Maillaret chimed in with lungs worthy of a Roman lady of ancient times, making us regret that Madame Chevalier no longer occupied the scene. My mother, whose Italian ear could not support such discord, often turned toward General Junot to speak of the enchanting songs of Italy, so soft and so sweet.

At one of these moments Andoche slightly touched her arm, and made her a sign to look to the First Consul's box. General Bonaparte had his glass directed toward us, and as soon as he perceived that my mother saw him, he made two or three inclinations in the form of a salutation: my mother returned the attention by one movement of her head, which was probably not very profound, for the First Consul, as will be shortly seen, complained to my mother herself of her coldness toward him this night. Junot would also have reproached her at the instant had not one of the officers of the garrison of Paris tapped at the door of the box to request him to come out. It was an adjutant named Laborde, the most cunning and crafty of men. His figure and his manner were at this moment indescribable. Albert, who now saw him for the first time, wished for a pencil to make a sketch of him.

General Junot was absent but a few moments. When he returned to the box, his countenance, which all day had been serious, and even melancholy, had resumed in a moment its gayety and openness, relieved of all the clouds which had veiled it. He leaned toward my mother, and said, very low, not to be heard in the next box:

"Look at the First Consul; remark him well." "Why, would you have me fix my eyes on him?" said my mother; "it would be ridiculous." "No, no, it is quite natural. Look at him with your glass; then I will ask the same favor from Mademoiselle Laurette." I took the opera-glass from my brother, and looked at him in my turn. "Well," said the gen-

eral, "what do you observe?" "Truly," I replied, "I have seen an admirable countenance; for I can conceive nothing superior to the strength in repose, and greatness in quiescence, which it indicates." "You find its expression, then, calm and tranquil?" "Perfectly. But why do you ask that question?" said I, much astonished at the tone of emotion with which the general had put this question.

He had not time to answer. One of his aides-de-camp came to the little window of the box to call him. This time he was absent longer, and on his return wore an air of joy; his eyes were directed toward the box of the First Consul with an expression which I could not understand. The First Consul was buttoning the gray coat which he wore over the uniform of the Consular Guard, and was preparing to leave the box. As soon as this was perceived, the acclamations were renewed as vehemently as on his entrance.

At this moment Junot, no longer able to conquer his emotion, leaned upon the back of my chair and burst into tears. "Calm yourself," said I, leaning toward him to conceal him from my mother, who would certainly have exercised her wit upon him. "Calm yourself, I entreat you. How can a sentiment altogether joyful produce such an effect upon you?" "Ah!" replied Junot, quite low, but with an expression I shall never forget; "he has narrowly escaped death! the assassins are at this moment arrested."

I could hardly restrain an exclamation, but Junot peremptorily silenced me. "Say nothing; you will be overheard. Let us hasten out," said he. He was so much agitated that he gave me my mother's shawl, and her mine; then, taking my arm, made me hastily descend the staircase which led to a private door opening upon the Rue de Louvois, reserved for the authorities and the diplomatic body. My mother, conducted by my brother, rejoined us at the glass door, and jestingly asked the general if he meant to carry me off. Junot, though cheerful, still had his mind too much fixed on important subjects to reply to her raillery; my thoughts were wholly occupied by the few words he had said in the box, and the silence and haste imposed upon me alarmed and seriously affected me. Junot observed my paleness, and, fearing that I should faint, ran into the street, though it rained in torrents,

without listening to my mother, to find our carriages and servants.

He met with his own first; my mother did not perceive it till she was already on the step, but immediately made an effort to withdraw. Junot, reminding her of the rain and her health, with a gentle pressure compelled her to get in; then whispering to me, "All is right; for heaven's sake compose yourself, and say nothing!" called to his coachman, "Rue Sainte Croix." Then, taking Albert's arm, they went together to seek my mother's carriage, in which they followed, or rather preceded us; for we found them at home on our arrival.

My mother was throughout her life a sort of worshipper of etiquette, and of the usages which should form the code of elegance and good-breeding. If she ever failed in them herself, it was from an excessive vivacity which she could not always command; not from ignorance of what was correct, or any intention of neglecting it. Notwithstanding her acute and amiable disposition, she attached an extreme importance to these trifles; more so than can be conceived, without taking into consideration the education she had received, and the seal of indelible prejudice which the circumstances of the times had impressed upon them.

No sooner were we alone and in the carriage than she began to dilate upon the dissatisfaction Junot had caused her.

"What is the meaning of all this hurrying backward and forward, and in gala costume too? Who would ever have believed that I should give my arm to an officer in uniform to leave the opera? It is too ridiculous. I will tell him not to go to the opera again in uniform. He will understand the propriety of it; he has sense and good taste. And then to leave us hanging upon Albert's two arms, making him resemble a pitcher with two handles! Whoever saw a man of fashion give his arm to two women at once? It was very well for Sikes's first clerk to gallant the wife and daughter of his master to the theatre in that manner. But a more serious fault which I have to reproach him with is putting me into his carriage. It is to be hoped no one of distinction was near. Did you observe whether any of our acquaintance were in the corridor?"

I had seen several persons whom I knew just before I got into the carriage, but I should have been very unwilling to

increase her displeasure by telling her so; I had not time, however, to answer before we stopped at our own door, and Albert and Junot, already arrived, received us there. Junot led my mother to her apartment, placed her on her sofa, surrounded her by those thousand and one little things which are necessary to the comfort of an invalid; then seating himself upon a stool at her feet, and taking her hands in his, assumed a tone suitable to the important event he was about to relate. He informed her that Ceracchi and Aréna—the one actuated by republican fanaticism, the other by vengeance—had taken measures to assassinate Bonaparte.

As General Junot proceeded in his account his voice became stronger, his language more emphatic; every word was a thought, and every thought came from his heart. In painting Bonaparte such as he saw him daily—such, in fact, as he was at that time—his masculine and sonorous voice assumed a tone of sweetness: it was melody; but when he proceeded to speak of those men who, to satisfy their vengeance or their senseless ambitions, would assassinate him who was at that moment charged with the futurity of France, his voice failed, broken by sobs, and, leaning his head upon my mother's pillow, he wept like a child; then, as if ashamed of his weakness, he went to seat himself in the most obscure corner of the room.

My mother's heart was formed to understand such a heart as Junot's; and, open as she was to all the tender emotions, she was violently agitated by the state in which she saw him. In her turn she burst into tears. "How you love him!" said she.

"How I love him!" answered he, firmly joining his hands, and raising his eyes to heaven. "Yes, I love him! Judge," continued he, rising and promenading the room as he spoke—"judge what I suffered a few days ago, when your daughter, with an eloquence foreign to her sex and age, convinced us that all barriers, all precautions, would fall before the poniard of an assassin, provided he were but willing to sacrifice his own life. But what more particularly hurt me was to hear her represent this same assassin as becoming great by his crime."

My mother looked at me with a countenance of dissatisfaction. Albert, who was sitting near the fire, said nothing; but I was sure he did not blame me.

"All that," said my mother, "comes of Laurette's speaking upon subjects which are not in the province of women. I have often told her how much that habit impaired her power of pleasing; but she pays no attention to what I say on the subject. In my time we only knew that the month of May was the month of roses, and our ignorance did not make us the less agreeable. For my scientific education, I never read any book but 'Telemachus,' and yet, I believe, I can converse without being tiresome. I hope, my dear child, that you will correct that error."

"Ah, I hope not!" answered General Junot. "You have misunderstood me: it was not what Mademoiselle Laurette said which gave me pain; but I immediately considered that you were acquainted with Aréna, that he often visited here; that you also knew Ceracchi; that these men might have heard your daughter speak in the same strain; and that the soul and the head of the latter especially was capable of replying to the appeal which he might fancy to be thus made to him through the lips of a young girl, and might in consequence develop a few moments sooner his diabolical intentions. All this is very ridiculous, very senseless, is it not?" continued the general, seeing my brother smile at the last words, "but I cannot help it; for the last week I have not, in fact, been master of my own thoughts. You may judge if they were likely to be calmed by the First Consul's resolution of going to the opera this evening to expose himself to the poniards of assassins! We have yet only taken Ceracchi, Aréna, and, I believe, Demerville.[1] They are just taken; but they were not the only conspirators. It is pretended that England and the English committee are concerned—always the English! There are really only two motives: one is the hatred of the family and of Corsica, the other a fanaticism of liberty carried to madness. This is what should alarm the friends of the First Consul. The most active police has no power in such a case, and no means of prevention."

"And what," said my mother, "does Fouché say to all this?"

The general made no answer, but his forehead became wrinkled and his brows contracted; he crossed his arms on his

[1] A man of the name of Diana was an accomplice, and arrested the same evening.

breast, and continued his walk some time in silence; then said, "Don't speak to me of that man."

His expression, even in silence, was of such a nature that it stupefied us all. I have since learned the cause of this sentiment, which broke through all Junot's efforts to restrain it; and I felt what he must have suffered under such a conviction.

"No; do not speak to me of that man, particularly to-day. I have had a scene with him this morning! If he had a heart—but he knew better. If he had but red blood in his veins, we should have cut each other's throats like brave men—like men, at least. What nonsense to come and tell me that this affair of Ceracchi was but child's play!—to me, who for twelve days past have followed him step by step, while he . . . But he is in the right," he continued, with a bitter smile; "he told me, and I believe it is true, that he should know as much about it in an hour. I am almost sure of the treason of——"

Albert, who had risen, approached Junot and whispered to him. The general made an inclination of his head, and pressed my brother's hand; they again exchanged a few words, and he resumed:

"And what do you think he said upon this resolution of the First Consul to go to the opera? He blamed him as I did; but what was the motive? 'Because,' says he, 'it is an ambush.' You suppose, no doubt, that this deprecated ambush was for the First Consul? No such thing; it was for these honest rascals, whose necks I would wring as willingly as a sparrow's [2] and with no more scruple, after what I have learned of them, and the honorable function which I find them exercising. He made me an oration, which I believe was taken from his collection of homilies, by which he proposed to prove that the affair might be prevented going to this length. As I had already had a very warm discussion upon the same subject with a personage whom the First Consul will know some day for what he really is (and the time is happily not far distant), and as I knew that this personage and Fouché had been emulating each other in their interference in this affair, I was desirous that my way of thinking should be equally known to both

[2] I make my husband speak here in the language he used in familiar intercourse, when sufficiently excited to neglect to speak in a more formal style; which, however, when so disposed, he could do as well as many others, if not better.

of them. I therefore obliged Fouché to explain himself clearly, and to tell me that it was wrong to lead on these men to the moment of executing their design, since it could be prevented. That was his opinion.

"'And thus,' said I, 'you would replace in society two men who have evidently conspired against the chief of the State, and that not to force him to resign his authority, not to remove him from it, but to murder him for the satisfaction of their own passions. Do you believe that Ceracchi—content to die if, in sacrificing himself, he could kill the First Consul; putting him to death to glut an inordinate passion, in obedience to a species of monomania—do you believe that this madman will be cured by a simple admonition, or by an act of generosity? No; he must kill the man, whom he looks upon as a tyrant, and whom he will never be induced to see in any other light. Or do you believe that Aréna, during so many years the enemy of General Bonaparte, will abjure his hatred against the First Consul because the latter has taken up the character of Augustus? No. It is his death they desire. Listen to the expression of Ceracchi in buying a poniard: "I should like better a good knife that does not shut, and the blade solid and sure, which will not fail in the hand!" To leave a determined assassin like this to his blood-thirsty contrivances, what is it but to insure to-morrow the full execution of the project you have averted to-day?

"'This is not my first knowledge of the Arénas. The First Consul, who is thoroughly good-hearted, is willing to forget the ev'l they have always been forward to do him. But I have not so forgiving a soul. I remember his arrest in the South.[3] I have heard the particulars of the eighteenth Brumaire,[4] and am completely acquainted with all the circumstances of the present affair.[5] Certainly I trembled to see the First Consul go to face death, which, notwithstanding all our cares, he might

[3] When Bonaparte was arrested by command of Salicetti, the Adjutant-General Aréna, the Commissary Denniée, and the Commandant of Gendarmerie Vervain, were the persons intrusted with the execution of the order.

[4] It is Junot who speaks: he was convinced that the representative Aréna, elder brother of the conspirator (they must not be confounded), had attempted to assassinate General Bonaparte at St. Cloud. I do not believe it; he hated Bonaparte, but would not have assassinated him.

[5] The plan of the conspirators was to stab the First Consul as he came out of his box, which, as I have before observed, was on the left between the columns. At this period the First Consul went in and out by the general entrance. The gallery and the staircase leading to the Rue de Louvois were always crowded with people to see him pass. The assassins were to strike as he stepped out of the box. Colonel Savary behaved nobly on this occasion; he would leave the box first, though he was not the person appointed to do so.

encounter; but, on the other hand, I saw but this means of cutting through the net they had cast around him. His existence would be rendered miserable supposing it were preserved. There would be daily new conspiracies—a hydra constantly reviving.'

"When Fouché," continued Junot, "found that I saw through him, notwithstanding his cunning, he had recourse to the sentiments of humanity. He, Fouché! He harangued me in the style of a homily, and all this with a head that one would suppose he had stolen from a skeleton. Oh, what a man! And the First Consul will place faith in his words! At length we shall see the conclusion of this affair, which he and another called child's play—reason in all things."

My mother listened attentively, and I remarked that during General Junot's long discourse she and my brother often interchanged signs of acquiescence. When he had ceased speaking, she told him how just she considered his observations upon the Arénas to be. "They nourish hatred in their hearts," said she—"a hatred which may be dated long previously to the eighteenth Brumaire, or to the events of Italy. I know not from what it arises, but I am sure that it exists. One thing that surprises me is, that Napoleon, Lucien, and Joseph are the sole objects of this hatred; and I believe they return it, though, to say the truth, I have only conjectures respecting their sentiments, while I have proofs of the hatred of the Arénas toward them. With respect to Ceracchi, nothing you could say of him would surprise me. Permon, who knew him in Italy, introduced him to me at a ball at M. Delanoue's. Since then I have sometimes seen him at Madame Magimelli's, at Auteuil; I acknowledge that his exaggerated notions have made me tremble, yet his distaste of life and his profound melancholy rendered him interesting."

I had also seen this Ceracchi, and witnessed some of his ebullitions of enthusiastic republicanism at Madame Magimelli's, and I confess he had not produced upon my mind the same disagreeable impressions that he had upon my mother. I pitied him warmly, for it was impossible not to perceive that his excessive sensibility must render him miserable.

The conversation now returned to the Arénas; my mother was much affected by this arrest. Her native country was al-

ways dear to her heart, and Aréna was a fellow-countryman. Junot put several questions to her respecting the conduct of the brothers for some years past at Paris. My mother communicated all that she knew on this subject, and it was but little, because, of all the Corsicans at Paris, the Arénas were those who visited her the least frequently.

This conversation, however, brought to my mother's recollection a rather remarkable one which passed between her and Pépé Aréna on the seventeenth Brumaire, the eve of the famous eighteenth. On that day we were visited by several Corsican representatives, whom we had not seen for some time before, and among them Pépé Aréna. He came in the morning. His countenance was full of care, and she remarked it to him. He smiled, but his smile was forced. He spoke to her of Corsica, of my grandmother and my uncles, then suddenly inquired if she had seen Lucien lately. My mother answered that she saw him nearly every day, which was true, and, as she had much friendship for the young tribune of the people, she spoke of the high reputation he had already acquired as an orator: my brother-in-law, who, as we have seen, was his intimate friend, at that time frequently brought us the journals which reported the speeches (almost always extempore) which he pronounced in the Council of Five Hundred. Some of these improvisations contained admirable strokes of eloquence. "I do not always agree in opinion with him," said my mother, "but I do not, therefore, the less esteem his talents and his character."

"He is very young to wish to direct us," said Aréna, with an expression of some bitterness (Lucien was, in fact, the youngest member of the Council of Five Hundred). "But it seems to me that your opinions are the same," replied my mother; "what, then, signifies the age of a man, provided he has ability? His brother has not waited to be forty years old to gain battles." "Ah, ah! you are reconciled with General Bonaparte. He has been, then, to beg pardon, for, faith, he could do no less." "We are not now discussing the subject of pardon or offences," said my mother, a little displeased. "I was speaking of Lucien and the glory of his brother." [6]

[6] One of the most curious effects of my mother's relations with Napoleon was that anything said against him in her presence always offended her. She only spoke of her own displeasure with him to her most intimate friends.

At the moment when Pépé was about to reply someone entered, and the conversation instantly ceased. Aréna soon after took up his hat to depart; my mother invited him to dine, which he declined, pleading an engagement in the country. My mother told him, laughing, that he was offended, which he denied; but she afterward told us that from that moment she was convinced that Lucien, and whoever bore the name of Bonaparte, was held in great dislike by Aréna.

In the first year of the consulate one of those adventures happened to me which sometimes influence the whole life of an individual, by making an entire change in the character of some of its attributes. The impression made upon my mind by the terrors of the night I am going to describe was so great that I lost for a time every vestige of courage; and if its effects have at length been sufficiently overcome to prevent me from making myself ridiculous, I have rather to thank the efforts of my reason for the remedy than the simple operation of time.

My mother was recovering from a malady as alarming as it was painful—an abscess of the head, caused by a severe blow against a marble mantelpiece. During the thirteen days in which the humor was forming, my poor mother's sufferings were distracting, and without a moment's respite. Fortunately it found a vent by the ear; for a long time afterward the smallest unusual noise produced headaches so violent that they were at first attributed to tic-douloureux. Her convalescence was very tedious, and demanded the utmost care. The doctors particularly ordered that her sleep should be prolonged as much as possible, and that she should be kept perfectly quiet.

My brother was in the habit of spending the *décadi* in the country, and not returning home till the following morning. In consequence of some business he was transacting for a friend, he had, on the night I am speaking of, the temporary custody of a large sum of money, and both these circumstances were known to a porter whom he had been long in the habit of employing in various commissions. This man had carried home for my brother a chest clamped with iron, and secured by a capital lock; its contents were valuable, and so heavy that the man was much fatigued by his exertions, and Albert offered him a glass of wine, saying: "Drink, my poor fellow, it will do you good, for you are terribly hot."

The porter, shaking his head, observed, "Oh, I am accustomed to act the beast of burden; you could not have carried half as much." My brother, whose cheerful and sociable temper made him always ready with a jest, answered him, laughing, "But I have carried double, though." At first the man started and exclaimed, "It is impossible!" but presently added, "Oh, I understand!" and was about to depart, when he was ordered to fetch my brother's cabriolet for his excursion to Sainte Mandé.

When, however, the cabriolet was at the door, and the porter, who by his habits of employment in the family knew that Albert would not return till the next morning, had departed, the plan was changed and the carriage remained in consequence of my mother's unwillingness to part with my brother. The day passed happily, and my mother went to bed at her usual hour, and in good spirits.

I remained by her side till she was asleep, and when convinced by the regularity of her respiration that she was so, I left her about midnight, and repaired to my own apartment, separated from that of my mother only by a door, which I left ajar. I then took up a book, being unwilling to retire to my bed till quite satisfied that my mother's sleep would be calm. The silence of night now enveloped the city, only broken at intervals by the rapid passage of a carriage, or a distant murmur, which served to show that some few individuals were still awake; these sounds, however, were more and more rarely heard, till at length the quiet in the street became as complete as that which reigned in my own apartment.

By a small timepiece on my little table I observed that it now wanted but a quarter to one. My mother had then been an hour asleep, and I concluded that I might safely lie down; but in preparing to do so I found myself hungry, and began to look around for my supper. The habit of sitting up a great part of the night had obliged me to supply the want of rest with an extra meal, and some fruit with bread or cake was generally left in my room for this purpose. Sometimes, however, this was forgotten both by the servants and myself, and on such occasions I seldom slept well. This night I looked in vain for my usual refreshment, but the key of the dining-room lay on my table.

The kitchen was on the basement, the offices of the domestic establishment on the ground floor, my mother's apartments and mine on the first floor, my brother's on the second, and the sleeping-rooms of the servants, not one of whom was lodged below us, all in the attic story. The rooms surrounded the staircase, and were connected by a gallery.

On seeing the dining-room key, which was always deposited in my room when the apartments were closed for the night, I remembered that in the buffet I should find something to eat, and, accordingly, with as little noise as possible, fearing that I might wake my mother, I opened my own door and crossed the landing-place to that of the dining-room. There I found both strawberries and bread, and, helping myself, I was about to sit down at the dining-table to eat them, but recollecting that my mother might awake and be alarmed if she called without receiving an answer, I returned with my supper to my own room. Having bolted my door rather from habit than prudence, I sat down with a good appetite and commenced with alacrity to make an inroad upon the excellent strawberries.

I had long been mistress of the establishment, and one of the rules of good housekeeping which I had found the most difficult in enforcing had always been the retirement of the servants for the night at the same time with ourselves. My instructions were that by twelve o'clock everyone in the house should be in bed; but there were certain parties at dominoes and cards which sometimes kept them up till two o'clock in the morning, and I had threatened and was determined to punish the next infraction of my rule which I should detect.

I had been at supper about ten minutes when the perfect quiet of the house was interrupted by a noise below stairs. My suspicions were immediately awakened and the idea that my imperial will was again disobeyed put me much out of humor. While I was grumbling and eating my suspicions were changed to conviction; the noise of footsteps, regular, light, and slow, as those of persons fearing to be heard, distinctly reached my ear. I was sure that some persons were coming up the first flight of stone stairs.

Determined to confront them in the very act, I noiselessly approached the door of my room which opened upon the stairs,

and was slowly and carefully withdrawing the bolts, saying to myself, "I shall not this time be told that you never sit up after midnight; it is now one by my timepiece"; but wishing to make quite sure of my object, I held the second bolt in my hand to wait till the whole procession, shoes in hand, as I supposed, should be in the act of passing the door. At this moment a noise, which I could compare to nothing but a stroke upon a great drum, saluted my ears, and made me start. It came from my mother's bath, which stood at one corner of the landing.

Still more provoked by this noise, which I feared would wake my mother, I was about to throw open the door, when I suddenly reflected that the servants, who knew where the bath was, would certainly not have suffered themselves to be betrayed by it. But if it were not they, who could it be? This uncertainty made my heart beat, and so shook my frame that I was obliged to lean against the door-post for support, while I instinctively replaced the bolts I had so imprudently withdrawn. During this interval the persons were mounting the second staircase; this being of wood, I could hear them much more distinctly than before, and was satisfied that their shoes were much stouter and more clumsy than those of any of our household. What was I to do? Should I wake my mother? The consequence would certainly be a frightful increase of her illness. I had not, it is true, any certainty that the nocturnal intruders were banditti, but at that time the most horrible assassinations were common, not only in the neighborhood of the capital, but in Paris itself. These reflections passed through my mind much quicker than I can write them, but brought no counsel that promised relief from my painful state of apprehension.

I listened long and anxiously for some further noise, but all was quiet; it was a false alarm, thought I, and was certainly the servants; I began to breathe more freely, and looked at my timepiece, thinking that an hour at least had passed while I was upon the watch; how much was I surprised to find that the hand had only advanced ten minutes! As all was quiet, I proposed to finish my supper and go to bed, but I trembled, and could scarcely swallow; however, I ate my strawberries, and had the last spoonful in my hand, when a very distinct

creaking and the repressed sounds of several footsteps proved that the persons I had before heard were now coming down the second staircase. The noise was not produced by an alarmed imagination—it was real; persons were coming downstairs with precaution, but certainly coming down; and I could no longer flatter myself that it was the servants.

On reaching the landing-place between my door and that of the dining-room, two persons sat down on the steps of the staircase and began to converse in an undertone. Trembling from head to foot, I, however, again approached the door, and, listening, heard a few broken sentences, from which I gathered that they believed Albert to be in the country; something, too, I heard of the impenetrable locks of La Dru, two of which fastened his door, and something of its being useless to break into my mother's room. Beyond this I could only collect the broken words—"late"—"daybreak"—"mother"—"nothing here"—"upstairs"—"the young one's door." Something was said in reply, and the answer, "Well, let us try!" accompanied by the sound of several pieces of iron, gently laid down upon the stone, completed my terror. I considered a moment whether I had not forgotten to shut the dining-room door, by which an entry would be offered to the whole suite of apartments.

I looked round, and the sight of the key lying upon my table just afforded me presence of mind enough to determine how to act; it was manifest they were endeavoring to open that door; its resistance could not be long. To wake my mother was now indispensable, and I did so with all the precaution I was capable of. But I could not secure her against alarm; and I had no sooner pronounced the word "thieves," than with her usual precipitation she seized the three bell-pulls which were suspended by her bed, and pulled them all together, screaming at the same time with all her strength.

"Oh, recollect Albert! You will be his death!" I exclaimed, convinced that the first sound of her bell would bring him out quite unprepared to meet the attack of assassins; but while I was making these reflections, and endeavoring to hush her screams, I heard the villains run off, and from the continued sound of hurried steps on the stairs felt convinced that some of them had been left to pursue their attempts upon my

brother's patent locks, while the two had been consulting near my door upon their ulterior operations.

The first sound of the bell had alarmed them, and they were now in hasty retreat. I ran to my window, which overlooked our court, and while I screamed loudly for help, to disturb the coachman and neighbors, saw the last two of the thieves jumping from our wall into the great timber-yard then in the Rue Joubert, and which separated our house from that of M. de Caulaincourt.

Meanwhile my mother continued to ring and call, and the family were soon moving; my brother, on opening his door, found a center-bit introduced just below the first bolt, and some progress already made in working it; but the landing before my door was a perfect arsenal; there lay two more center-bits, a crowbar, several iron hooks to serve for picklocks, and two or three keys. My brother put on his greatcoat, and went out to alarm the police. The gate of the timber-yard was found open, and a ladder against our wall; but no further trace of the robbers was discovered. It was morning when he returned; he found my mother better than could be expected, but distracted on my account. I had received a shock, the immediate effect of which was terrible, and threatened to be lasting.

I was seized with a fever, which brought on delirium; the impression of the thieves on the landing was always vividly before me, and the idea that they were murdering me, and that my poor mother would wake in the midst of assassins, covered with the blood of her child, was for a length of time never absent from my mind. They feared for my life, or at least for my reason. I was conducted from place to place, every effort to divert me was tried, and my own exertions assisting the affectionate attentions of those around me, my health improved; and though for a long time I was the greatest coward imaginable, and have always continued unreasonably timid, I am now able to rally my thoughts, and to exert some presence of mind, even in circumstances of actual danger.

"There, sire," said I to the Emperor, on concluding this history (it was in the year 1806), "is the true cause of my cowardice which you were inquiring about. I am not now so foolish as to be unable, like a child of six years old, to remain

for a moment in the dark; but my nervous system continues painfully affected by the consequences of this fright. Neither reason nor any effort of mind can remove the impression which the idea of what would have been the consequence had I remained in the dining-room to eat my strawberries has produced." And though six years had elapsed since that terrible night, the Emperor observed me turn pale, and said so.

"I assure your Majesty that the same impression has often happened to me after this event, when I have only had occasion to cross that fearful landing-place." "It is strange," said the Emperor, and began to pace the room.

The Emperor, after continuing his walk some time, and when other recollections had superseded in my mind the history I had related, suddenly stopped opposite to me, and said, "Has not this adventure given you a great antipathy to strawberries?"

For a few seconds I made no answer, and then said, "No, sire; I am, on the contrary, passionately fond of them." "That is the nature of women," said he; "danger attracts them."

Lucien came to see us some days after the discovery of Aréna and Ceracchi's conspiracy; he was thoughtful, and did not conceal that the repeated attempts upon his brother's life caused him serious uneasiness. This was the third in the course of one year: the first was on the road to Malmaison; the second in the Tuileries. "How," said he, "can such strokes be averted? Jacques Clément, Ravaillac, Damiens, Jean Châtel [7]—all these men executed their projects, because, in forming them, they held their own lives as nothing. If Ceracchi had been alone, as was his original intention, my brother had been no more; but he thought, by taking associates, to make his success more certain; he deceived himself." "But," observed my mother, "your reflections are alarming; for how, then, can your brother be protected?" "He only can protect himself," replied Lucien. "He is the son of the Revolution; he must march in the principles it has consecrated; above all things, he must forbear any attempt against the liberty of the citizens. His route is marked out; he must

[7] Clément assassinated Henry III; Ravaillac, Henry IV; Damiens attempted the life of Louis XV, and Châtel or Chastel attempted that of Henry IV.

follow it, or he is lost, and we are lost with him. My brother knows me, and Junot and all who are about him know that I never cease to recall to his mind, with all the energy of a French and free soul, the solemn engagements which he contracted with the nation of the nineteenth Brumaire, and of which I am the guarantee."

Then, turning toward Junot, he added: "You remember the conversation you heard four days ago? Well, I shall always speak thus, and no fear will make me deviate from my path. If the men who surround my brother in the government choose to assist him in measures oppressive to the country, I shall not increase their number; and on the last day of the liberty of the republic I shall go and seek another country."

This conversation proves that Lucien was bent on opposing Napoleon's plans for a centralization of power. That which Junot had heard at Malmaison was the discussion of many regulations relating to the prefects which Lucien would not authorize, considering them too arbitrary. To resist Napoleon was to insure his revenge. Lucien was indeed his brother, but the determination of his character was in all things predominant; and this conversation, together with Lucien's perseverance in reminding his brother of his promise of the nineteenth Brumaire, explained to me his embassy to Spain, which took place a few weeks afterward.

Already the Consul of the year IX was contrasted with the Consul of the year VIII—the General Bonaparte of Toulon and Italy, founding republics, daughters of France, with the General Bonaparte seeking to concentrate all the powers of the State in his own person. Lucien might hear in my mother's *salon* reflections made with a smile, in an undertone, by persons who had not faith enough in republican vocations to believe that Bonaparte would support the system he announced on the nineteenth Brumaire. Many were even simple enough to speak of General Monk and Charles II. Lucien heard all this and similar language from various quarters, and he wished to prevent, not the evil only, but the suspicion of it.

When tranquillity was restored by the arrest of the other conspirators (Topino-Lebrun, Demerville, etc.), the ceremony of my marriage was hastened. The First Consul had said to

Junot, "Do you know that your marriage has been held by a very slender thread, my poor Junot? For I believe if these rascals had killed me, the alliance with you would have been little cared for." Bonaparte would not have uttered such a sentiment three or four years before; but on attaining absolute power he took up an idea which was perhaps the cause of his ruin, but to which he always attached great importance, that men are governed and led by motives of interest or fear.

On October 27 all the family of Junot arrived at Paris, and were presented to my mother; and never till this day had I duly appreciated the virtues of his heart. Sensible of the wide difference which a Parisian education and constant intercourse with the best society of Paris made between our manners and those of his mother and sister, who knew nothing beyond the towns of Burgundy, he dreaded to perceive in me a contemptuous ridicule, which would have rendered him miserable; and never shall I forget the expression of tenderness and respect with which he presented his mother to mine, and the action which seemed to entreat, though he never used the words, that I would be a daughter to his parents. He had no reason to fear. They were too good and too respectable not to demand and to secure my duty and love.

The next day the marriage contract was signed, and it was not till that moment that I learned that my brother, from his own means, endowed me with 60,000 francs, in satisfaction, as the marriage settlement expressed it, of my claims on the paternal inheritance. My claims! when we all knew that none of my father's property ever had been or ever would be realized; the greater part of it was in the English funds; but it would not have been agreeable to General Junot to receive my dower as a gift from my brother, and therefore this clause was introduced. Fifty thousand francs more were added by M. Lequien de Bois-Cressy, an old friend of my father, and who was to be my mother's second husband; he gave me his dower as his future step-daughter, secured upon an estate in Brittany. He was rich and liberal; I was not, therefore, surprised at this present; but that my brother, who, from the proceeds of his own industry, had maintained my mother's house, and furnished my expensive education, should now act so generously, was even more than my gratitude could express; nor

was this lessened by the affectionate terms in which he replied to my insufficient thanks.

"Do not speak thus," said he, embracing me with that fraternal tenderness which he had always shown me; "do you not know that my mother and yourself are the sole objects of my affection and of my happiness? I live only for you. It is, then, quite natural that the produce of my labors should be employed for your benefit. A great and an unhoped-for marriage is offered you; the money is my own, and how could I dispose of it better than in making your fortune some way proportionate to the establishment you are about to form?"

A circumstance arising out of this will show the First Consul's prodigious memory, even in matters of the smallest importance to himself. The following day, October 29, Junot, accompanied by my brother as my nearest relation, attended at the Tuileries for the signature of the marriage contract. The First Consul received my brother with great kindness, questioned him upon his prospects and his intentions, spoke of my mother with friendship, and of me with an interest which affected me much when Albert repeated the conversation.

But for the singular part of the interview: he desired the contract to be read to him. When the 60,000 francs from my paternal inheritance were named, he made a movement indicative of surprise, and another, though less marked, at the mention of the 50,000 francs of M. de Bois-Cressy, but made no remark upon either. When the reading was completed, he took my brother by the arm, led him to the recess of a window, and said to him, "Permon, I remember that when your father died he left nothing. At that period I visited your mother daily, and you no doubt know," added he, with an embarrassed air, "that at the same time I was desirous of marrying you to my sister, Madame Leclerc, and of arranging the future marriage of Mademoiselle Loulou with that *mauvais sujet*, my brother Jerome." (He did not speak of the principal marriage he planned at that period!) "Well, Madame Permon then told me that her husband left nothing. What, then, does this mean?"

Albert repeated to the First Consul what he had already said to me, entreating him not to mention it. Napoleon looked at him with an indefinable expression, and said, "You

are a generous fellow, my dear Permon; you are a generous fellow; I shall take care of you. But you allow yourself to be forgotten. Why do you never come to the Tuileries? Your brother-in-law will now remind you of me, and will also remind me of you." Accordingly, a few days afterward, Junot solicited for Albert a situation in which he might give proofs of his attachment to the cause of the ninth of November, and the First Consul appointed him to one of the three then existing posts of commissary-general of the police of France.

The day preceding my marriage, a circumstance at once trifling and serious had nearly caused its rupture. A friend of Junot's, M. Duquesnoy, was mayor of the seventh arrondissement; the general, as commandant of Paris, not belonging more to one mayoralty than another, wished his marriage to be performed before M. Duquesnoy; and he inquired of my mother whether she supposed it would make any difference to me. My mother replied that she was herself perfectly willing, and did not believe that I should be otherwise, but that she would send for me to answer for myself. On General Junot's putting his request to me, I answered, that in this, as in everything else, my mother was mistress of my actions on so solemn a day. I only observed that the distance to the mayoralty of M. Duquesnoy in the Rue de Jouy, Quartier Saint Antoine, was long, and that I should not fear fatiguing my mother if it were no farther off than our Church of St. Louis, which, being at the extremity of the Rue Thiroux, was directly opposite our house. I did not at that moment remark General Junot's astonishment; but, having embraced my mother, left the room.

I was no sooner gone than the general asked my mother if I expected to be married at church.

"To be married at church!" she cried; "where, then, would you have her expect to be married? Before your friend with the scarf, I suppose? But, my dear boy, you have surely lost your wits. How could you entertain the idea that not my daughter only, but myself and her brother, could consent to a purely civil marriage? As for Laurette, I promise you she is capable of thanking you for your intentions if you should propose this to her!" General Junot walked about much agitated. "Will you permit me to speak upon

the subject to Mademoiselle Laurette in private? Situated as we now are, there can be no objection to my request."

My mother shrugged her shoulders. "You know not what you are talking of," said she; "until you become her husband, you are but a stranger, and what you wish to say is not likely to make her your friend: why do you want to make a secret of it? Why am I not to be present?" "Because calmness is necessary in treating of such a matter; but I can speak to Mademoiselle Laurette here, with the door of your chamber open."

I was called: nothing could exceed my astonishment, my grief I may say, in hearing this strange proposition. I did not conceal it: the general replied that, situated as he was, it was impossible he could be married at church, "to make a show of myself," added he; "for you could not prevent all the beggars and low people of the Chaussée d'Antin from surrounding the house, and even filling the church. And I am to appear in uniform amid such a crowd!"

"I do not know," I answered, "what you should find disagreeable in being seen to perform an act which is the duty of every Christian (I am not speaking as a devotee), in entering upon the engagements which we propose to take upon ourselves to-morrow. The very Pagans sought the sanction of this act, the most important of their lives, in the temples of their gods. The Turks only are content with the Cadi, and I hope it is not from them you have taken arguments in support of your extraordinary proposition." "I am much hurt by your obstinacy," said Junot; "how can you, with your sense, persist in a formality which your education ought to have taught you to consider a nullity?"

"I am very young, general, to discuss so serious a question. I understand nothing of the controversy, except that I was born in the Christian religion, and that, very certainly, I shall not stir a step from this house if it be not to go where my duty calls me. Be assured, general, that notwithstanding the advanced state of the preparations our marriage will not take place unless the Church shall bless it."

I stood up to go away. The general took my hand, and saw that my eyes were full of tears. He stamped his foot with violence, and let slip a very unusual expression. "Junot!

Junot!" cried my mother from her chamber, where she heard all that passed—"Junot! is that proper language to use?"

"You afflict me greatly," said the general. "It distresses me to give you pain; but, after all, this is a mere childish whim on your part, which you persist in because you have been told to do so; while to me it is a matter of serious consequence. Do you know that it is nothing less than a confession of faith?"

"And suppose it is?" said I; "what was the religion of your fathers? You have been baptized, you have been confirmed, you have received your first communion, you have confessed: here, then, are four sacraments of which you have partaken, and when that of marriage comes in its course, suddenly you turn renegade, apostate, perhaps! No, no, general, it must not be."

Having said this I went to my mother's room, where I found my brother. Junot followed me, and addressing himself to Albert, submitted to him the question which caused this debate; he was in despair; what I insisted upon was of no importance whatever, he said, and would seriously compromise him. "Well!" said I, standing up, "I can say no more upon the subject, of which I ought never to have permitted the discussion. I only regret that General Junot should for a moment have believed that my principles would suffer me to accede to the proposition he had this morning made."

I retired to my chamber, and was just then informed that Mademoiselle L'Olive and Mademoiselle de Beuvry were in the *salon*, and that they had brought in two coaches the articles which composed my *trousseau* and *corbeille;*[8] the two baskets which were to contain them followed on a truck—that of the *trousseau*, in particular, was so large that no coach could contain it.

I sent to request my brother's presence, and he came to me immediately. "My dear Albert," said I to him, "this affair will become serious if the intervention of your friendship and excellent sense does not prevent it. Not that I request your advice, because my resolution is irrevocably taken, and if General Junot is equally determined a rupture is inevitable; to you,

[8] We have no words exactly synonymous with these; both signify the bridal paraphernalia. The "trousseau" is that part of it which is furnished by the bride's family. The "corbeille" is the bridegroom's present.—Translator.

therefore, I refer to render it as little as possible painful to our poor mother. The blow will be terrible to her."

Albert took my two hands in his and embraced me tenderly, wiping away my tears, which flowed abundantly. He walked up and down the room in silent meditation, then stopped some time before the window; my maid, Josephine, came to require my attendance in my mother's room. "I cannot go," said I to Albert; and I begged him to go to my mother, whose apartment was only separated from mine by a very small drawing-room, which had no door toward my chamber. He went, and I had scarcely been ten minutes alone when my mother's room door opened, and she came to me. "My child," she said, "here is one who does not ask your pardon, which, nevertheless, I hope you will grant."

Those who were well acquainted with General Junot know how much the expression of his countenance varied when he was particularly agitated. At this moment he was scarcely recognizable; he advanced behind my mother, leaning on Albert's arm, changing color so rapidly that he appeared to be ill. "Your brother," said he, "has been showing me how much I have distressed you; he will now explain to you that I am not so much to blame as you may suppose; and if you will take into consideration the character of a soldier full of honor and frankness, but who could not entertain the same ideas with you upon the subject we have been discussing, you will be indulgent and pardon me."

My brother then affectionately taking my hand, and holding his other hand to Junot, said to me: "Our friend has been explaining to me that being the commandant of Paris, and invested with the confidence of the First Consul, he objects to appearing in open day on an occasion so solemn as his marriage, to perform in a church a sacred act of religion, because, on account of his political position, it would make him a sort of spectacle to the whole town. You know me, my sister; you know that my heart is devoted to you and to honor. Well, after what he has said, I have engaged to persuade you to comply with his wishes. The general does not desire to wound any of your religious convictions; he acknowledges that you are right in requiring the religious ceremony, but he requests that it may take place at night. I believe that

this mutual concession will remove all obstacles on both sides."

I looked at my mother, and receiving a sign of approbation from her, had nothing further to object except my dislike to a nocturnal ceremony. It recalled those days of terror when the bridal pair received by stealth the benediction which the priest accorded at the risk of his life. It was necessary, however, to be reasonable; and I consented, as my mother and brother approved it, that the ceremony should take place in the manner proposed.

I afterward learned that this sudden opposition was caused by the First Consul. This may appear extraordinary to those who remember that two years afterward he signed the Concordat; but all fruits do not ripen in one season. He had just escaped from the dagger of a man who accused him of attempting to overturn the institutions of republicanism, and he was not willing that the commandant of Paris, known to possess his entire confidence, should perform a public act which might point to a new system of action on the part of his patron. He therefore particularly required of Junot that he should only go to church at night, supposing the family to insist upon the religious ceremony. Junot, in his zeal to obey, exceeded his instructions. His religious notions—having passed his youth in an army where none such existed—were not those of incredulity, but of perfect indifference, and he had no suspicion of the effect his proposition would have upon me; in the first instance, then, he did not even speak of a nocturnal marriage, which in fact supplied all the conditions absolutely required by either party.

"At length, then," said my mother, when she had heard me pronounce my consent, "this grand affair is settled"; and turning to Junot, she added: "It has been all your fault. Who would ever have thought of coming on the eve of marriage to say 'I will have nothing to do with the Church?' Come, fall on your knees, and beg pardon of your betrothed. Right. Now give him your hand, or rather your cheek, in recompense of that graceful act of submission. It is the last; to-morrow he will be your master. But what now, is it not all settled?"

The fact was that this nocturnal ceremony, which did not

please me at all, had moreover the inconvenience that it would be unaccompanied by a wedding mass; I whispered this new objection to the general, and it was presently removed by the promise that it should take place at twelve o'clock, the hour of midnight mass. My mother laughed on overhearing this discussion. "And now that we are all at length agreed," said she, "do me the favor, monsieur my son-in-law, to take your leave for the present; I must show the young lady her *trousseau*, and hear her opinion of my taste; we shall afterward both sit in judgment upon yours."

On entering the *salon*, though it was large, I found myself much in the situation of Noah's dove, without a place of rest for my foot. From an immense basket, or rather portmanteau, of rose-colored gros de Naples, embroidered with black chenille, made in the shape of a sarcophagus bearing my cipher, an innumerable quantity of small packets, tied with pink or blue favors, strewed the room; these contained full-trimmed chemises with embroidered sleeves, pocket-handkerchiefs, petticoats, morning-gowns, dressing-gowns of Indian muslin, nightdresses, nightcaps, morning-caps of all colors and all forms; the whole of these articles were embroidered, and trimmed with Mechlin lace or English point. Another portmanteau of equal size, of green silk embroidered in orange chenille, contained my numerous dresses, all worthy in fashion and taste to vie with the habiliments already described.

This was an hour of magic for a girl of sixteen. Time passes away; mature years have already arrived; old age will follow; but never can the remembrance of my mother as she now appeared be effaced from my mind. How eagerly did she watch my eyes; and when the peculiar elegance and good taste of any article of her own choice elicited my admiring exclamations, how did her fine black eyes sparkle, and her smiling rosy lips display the pearls they enclosed! Who can describe a mother's joy on such an occasion, or the effect it produces on the heart of an affectionate daughter! Taking my head between her two hands, and kissing my eyes, my ears, my cheeks, my hair, she threw herself on a settee, saying, "Come, now, *mathia mou*,[9] seek something else that will please you."

[9] Greek words, meaning light of my eyes; a most caressing expression, which my mother habitually used toward me.

The *trousseau* being fully examined, the *corbeille* [10] next demanded inspection. At this time the custom of giving a basket or case for the articles of the *corbeille* was not yet exploded; fifty or sixty louis were spent upon a species of basket covered with rich silk or velvet, and highly ornamented, which stood for six or twelve months on the dressing-table of the bride, till, becoming tarnished and worn, it was no longer ornamental, and was consigned to the lumber-room, to be eaten by the rats in spite of its finery. Now they do things with more sense, and lay out the money upon a valuable chest of longer duration. Mine, then, was an immensely large vase, covered with green and white velvet, richly embroidered with gold. Its foot was of gilded bronze; its cover of embroidered velvet, surmounted by a pineapple of black velvet, transfixed by an arrow, from which were suspended on each side a crown, the one of olives, the other of laurel, both cut in bronzed gold.

This *corbeille* contained Cashmere shawls, veils of English point, gown trimmings of blond and Brussels point, dresses of white blond and black lace; pieces of Indian muslin and of Turkish velvet which the general had brought from Egypt; ball-dresses for a bride; my presentation dress, and Indian muslin dresses embroidered in silver lama. Besides all these, there were flowers bought of Madame Roux, of Lyons; ribbons of all sizes and colors; bags (or as we now say, reticules), which were then all the fashion, one of them of English point; gloves, fans, and essences. At each side of the *corbeille* was a "sultan," or scented bag.

The first contained all the implements of the toilet in gold enamelled black; the apparatus of the work-table—thimble, scissors, needle-case, bodkin, etc., all in gold, set with fine pearls. The other "sultan" contained the jewel casket, and an opera-glass of mother-of-pearl and gold set with two rows of diamonds. The casket contained settings for an entire suite of ornaments without the stone; six ears of golden corn and a comb (which, on account of the immense quantity of my hair, was as large as those which are now worn), set with diamonds and pearls; a square medallion set with large pearls, containing a portrait of General Junot by Isabey, for the resem-

[10] Mademoiselle L'Olive, being dressmaker to Madame Bonaparte, had been charged by Junot to prepare the *corbeille*, under the instructions of Madame Murat.

blance of which the artist's name will vouch, but of a size more fit to be affixed to the wall of a gallery than to be suspended from the neck; but this was the fashion of the day, and Madame Murat had one of her husband, also painted by Isabey, and even larger than mine. The casket contained also a number of superb topazes brought from Egypt, of an incredible size, oriental corals of extraordinary thickness, which I have since had engraved in relief at Florence by M. Hamelin, and several antique cameos; all these were unset. The bridal purse of gold links, connected together by delicate little stars of green enamel, the clasp also enamelled green, contained too weighty a sum of money had it not consisted of bank-notes,[1] except about fifty louis in pretty little sequins of Venice.

All these elegant presents had been completed under the direction of Madame Murat, and did infinite honor to her taste. At this time such a *corbeille* was a treasure of great rarity; for the first time since the Revolution it had reappeared at the marriage of Mademoiselle de Doudeauville with M. Pierre de Rastignac. Madame Murat's marriage followed after a considerable interval, and her *corbeille* was very rich; but as mine took place nearly a year later, not only was the *corbeille* more beautiful, but it was composed with more conformity to ancient customs, and in a more refined taste. After this time the *corbeille* and *trousseau* again became common, but were copies, not models, like Madame Murat's and mine.

But of all these beautiful gifts, nothing delighted me so much as Junot's affecting attention to my mother. She longed for a Cashmere shawl, but would never purchase one, because she said she could not afford one so good as she wished for; and I had determined that my wedding gift to her should be a red one, because that was the color she preferred, but I had never whispered my intentions. However, together with my *corbeille* came a small basket covered with white gros de Naples, embroidered in silks with my mother's cipher on the draperies, from which the first thing that presented itself was a superb scarlet Cashmere shawl. The basket contained, besides, a purse like mine, except that the enamel was a deep blue, and within it, instead of money, was a topaz of a perfect oval round, the

[1] The Bank of France was established in the month of February, 1800; I think it opened the following month. The two purses were made by Foncier, a very celebrated jeweller at that period.

size of a small apricot; gloves, ribbons, and two magnificent fans. I cannot describe how I felt this amiable attention. When I thanked the general for it with an effusion of heart which I rather repressed than exaggerated, he replied, "I foresaw what you now express; and if I had not loved her who is about to become my mother with filial tenderness, I should have done what I have for the pleasure I enjoy at this moment."

On the thirtieth of October, at nine in the morning, everything was in motion in our small house of the Rue de Sainte Croix, and earlier still in the Hôtel Rue de Verneuil. At daybreak I had left home, accompanied by Sister Rosalie (who on hearing of my approaching marriage had quitted her retreat to be with me), to go to my confessor: this ought to have been done on the eve of my wedding. Having made my confession, I requested the venerable abbé, my spiritual father, to perform the religious ceremony of my marriage in the Church of the Capuchins [2] at a quarter past twelve at night; and great was my astonishment at receiving a dry and peremptory refusal.

"What reason," said he emphatically, "can General Junot possibly have for refusing to make you his wife in the light of the sun? What does he fear? Ridicule! No! he has too much good sense for that. There must be some cause of objection unknown to us." I turned pale; but the abbé, in spite of all Sister Rosalie's entreaties, proceeded: "Who shall satisfy me, who am the priest required to bless this marriage, that he is not already the husband of another?"

"Monsieur l'Abbé! Monsieur l'Abbé!" said Rosalie in a voice of lively reproach, of which I should not have conceived the good girl capable toward any ecclesiastic—"Monsieur l'Abbé, for heaven's sake forbear! What are you doing?" "My duty!" replied he in a stern voice; "I perform that duty which nature and the laws impose upon the guardians of this young girl, and which they seem to have cast upon Providence. I then, as the minister of God, of that same Providence, am bound to watch over the interest of the fatherless orphan."

"Monsieur l'Abbé," said I, rising to go, "my gratitude to you is the same as if your charitable friendship had saved me from a great danger; but it is my duty to remind you that, whatever danger may threaten me, I have a support, a protect-

[2] Now the Church of Saint Louis, in the Rue de Sainte Croix.

or, a father; and that M. de Permon, my brother, who unites all those titles, enlightened at once by his tenderness for me and his acute penetration, is capable of judging whether I am deceived by a man whose reputation for honor and loyalty stands so high. I have already explained to you, sir, the reason why he wishes to receive the nuptial benediction at night."

"The reason is injurious to you," said the abbé, with increasing anger. "Why should the commandant of Paris fear to show himself in uniform in one of the churches which his general has just reopened? He would not manifest the same repugnance to exhibit himself to-morrow in the Temple of Victory, now called Sulpice, instead of Saint Sulpice." (This was, in fact, the denomination now given to Saint Sulpice, and a *fête* was at this very time announced to be held in the Temple of Victory (Sulpice), in commemoration of our ancestors.)

"Young lady," continued the good man, "do not assume that air of displeasure; it is neither becoming your situation nor mine.. Rather thank me for the solicitude I feel for my spiritual child, for such you are, my daughter; and it grieves me to think that you may be deceived. Why should your civil marriage take place in the Faubourg Saint Antoine? Why are the banns not published at the church? Why is a nocturnal celebration demanded? The ceremony before the mayor will take place by day; but where? at the extremity of Paris! in an obscure quarter, where, truly, a former Madame Junot is not very likely to suspect that a successor is being installed in her rights; all this has an ambiguous appearance, and I shall not make myself a party to its execution."

It was equally vain to reason or petition; the Abbé Lusthier turned a deaf ear to all I could say, and I was obliged to depart without the consolation of knowing that the good father would sanction my marriage with his presence; his blessing he gave me, and prayed that his presentiments might prove unfounded.

I pressed upon him at my departure a purse containing a handsome sum of money, which my brother had given me for that purpose. I knew that the abbé was very poor, and almost destitute of necessaries; I saw in the garret where he lived neither fire nor wood, and the weather was already becoming cold; he, however, resisted the offer repeatedly, and even with annoyance. I would not listen to the refusal, but left the purse,

saying that what he could spare from his own comforts he might distribute as my almoner.

Junot never heard of this scene till it was related to him some years afterward, with the greatest frankness, by the Abbé Lusthier himself, on occasion of his calling to request my husband to obtain for him the living of Virginie, a little village near Bièvre. "I hope your fears on my account are now at an end," said Junot, smiling, and offering his hand to him. "I assure you, you have no occasion to retain any; and to prove it I shall request Citizen Portalis to appoint you to a different benefice from the one you have solicited. I know from my wife that your fortune does not correspond either with your merit or your charity, and it is my duty, if possible, to repair the injustice of fate; and I hope, at the same time," added he, laughing, "to prove that I am innocent; for I would not silence by an obligation any person who is entitled to reproach me."

The Abbé Lusthier not only accepted General Junot's offers, but attached himself unreservedly to him. Junot obtained for him an excellent living in the diocese of my uncle, the Bishop of Metz, and he was some time afterward appointed grand vicar to his friend the Abbé Bernier, Bishop of Orléans.

But to recur to the interesting period from which this episode has led me. On my return home I related all that had passed, which excited my mother's displeasure. "I hope," said she, "you did not leave him the purse." I looked at her instead of answering. On meeting my eyes she laughed, half angrily and half in jest, and said, "So, I am a simpleton! And you did leave him the purse, did you not?" "Certainly," I replied, embracing her. "And you know very well that each piece of silver which we have given the Abbé Lusthier will acquire the value of gold in his hands."

Albert then went out to find the curé of the Church of the Capuchins, gave him the necessary instructions, and received his promise to be ready at five minutes past midnight.

At nine o'clock in the morning my toilet was commenced in which I was to appear before the mayor. I wore an Indian muslin gown, with a train, high body and long sleeves that buttoned at the wrist, and which were then called *amadis;* the whole was trimmed with magnificent point lace. My cap, made by Mademoiselle Despaux, was of Brussels point, crowned with

a wreath of orange flowers, from which descended to my feet a veil of fine English point, large enough to envelop my person. This costume, which was adopted by all young brides, differing only according to the degree of wealth of the parties, was in my opinion much more elegant than the present bridal fashion.

I do not think that it is prejudice for the past which makes me prefer my own wedding-dress—that profusion of rich lace, so fine and so delicate that it resembled a vapory network, shading my countenance and playing with the curls of my hair; those undulating folds of my robe, which fell round my person with the inimitable grace and supple ease of the superb tissues of India; that long veil, which in part covered the form without concealing it—to the robe of tulle of our modern brides, made in the fashion of a ball-dress, the shoulders and bosom uncovered, and the petticoat short enough to permit everyone to judge not only of the delicacy of the little foot, but of the shape of the ankle and leg,[3] while the head, dressed as for a ball, is scarcely covered by a veil of stiff and massy tulle, the folds of which fall without ease or grace around the lengthened waist and shortened petticoat of the young bride; no, this is not elegance.

At eleven o'clock the general arrived, with the rest of his family. His mother had preceded him by half an hour. This excellent woman had seen me but twice; but she had made a correct estimate of the mutual tenderness which subsisted between my mother and myself. Her perfect goodness of heart and excellent judgment had inspired the thought of placing herself between us at the moment of a separation which she foresaw would be so painful. Alas! she knew at that moment better than I did what were my poor mother's feelings; and I was far from understanding the full force of the words which, with tears that could not be restrained, she addressed to her, "I will supply your place to her!"

Andoche brought with him his father, his brother, Madame Junot, his sister-in-law; Madame Maldan, his youngest sister; and two of his aides-de-camp, of whom General Lallemand,

[3] Prince Talleyrand began life by saying what are called "witty things." Being one day present at the Tuileries, when several ladies were to take an oath of fidelity to the Emperor on their new appointments, he particularly noticed the beautiful Madame de Marmier, who wore remarkably short petticoats in order to show the delicacy of her feet and ankle. Someone present asked Talleyrand what he thought of the tout ensemble. "I think," said the witty minister, "that her dress is too short to take an oath of fidelity."

then a captain, has rendered his name celebrated by the honor and fidelity of his conduct. He was attached to the staff of General Junot in Egypt, where he served in the fine regiment of chasseurs of the general-in-chief; Junot had a high esteem for him.

The other officer was M. Bardin, son of an estimable painter, and himself a very worthy man. He had wit, wrote pretty verses with ease, drew admirably, and had on this occasion laid all his talents under contribution for the bridegroom's service. These two gentlemen were the general's witnesses; mine were the Comte de Villemanzy, peer of France, an intimate friend of my father, and M. Lequien de Bois-Cressy; M. Brunetière, who had been my guardian, now acted as my father, together with Albert and my uncle, Prince Demetrius Comnenus, who had arrived two days previously from Munich.

When we set out for the Rue de Jouy, the Rue de Sainte Croix near our house was filled with people, mostly strangers in our quarter; and among them nearly all the principal *Marchandes de la Halle*. Junot was extremely considerate to the people of Paris, and was very popular with them; and I am convinced that in a commotion the mere sight of him would have restored tranquillity; he was very open-handed to them, giving alms very freely. He could, moreover, speak the language of the *Dames de la Halle* admirably, when any occasion arose.

Four of the group requested permission to pay their compliments to me. It was granted, and they entered the *salon* carrying each a bouquet, certainly larger than myself, and composed of the finest and rarest flowers, the price of which was greatly enhanced by the lateness of the season. They offered them to me with no other phrase than the following: "Mam'selle, you are about to become the wife of our commandant, and we are glad of it, because you are said to be kind and good. Will you permit us?" And the women embraced me heartily.

Junot ordered some refreshments for all those who had been good enough, he said, to remember him on the happiest day of his life. We set out for the municipality amid their loud acclamations and the repeated cries of "Long live the bride and bridegroom!"

On arriving at the mayoralty of the Rue de Jouy, Faubourg

Saint Antoine, where it was Junot's whim to be married—not, as the Abbé Lusthier supposed, to be less in sight, for in this case he would have contrived his matters very ill, but to gratify a friend—we were received and married by M. Duquesnoy, mayor of this arrondissement. He spared us a long discourse, and only uttered a few well-chosen words, which I have never forgotten.

We returned to my mother's, and the day passed off much as all similar days do. When the hour of midnight struck we crossed over to the church, and at one by the clock of the Corps Législatif I entered the Hôtel de Montesquieu to the sound of the most harmonious music.

All who had been connected with Junot in the Army of Italy or the Army of Egypt had special claims upon his friendship, and he was desirous of giving a dinner the day after his marriage to eight or ten of his brethren-in-arms. My mother, who was always anxious to make him adopt what she called stylish habits, vainly remonstrated about this defiance of etiquette, and said that it would resemble a journeyman carpenter giving his companions a treat on his wedding holiday. Junot was firm, and my mother's only resource was to invite his friends herself.

"But will they come to me without an introduction?" she inquired. Junot assured her that they would, and invitations were sent to Bessières, Lannes, Eugène Beauharnais, Rapp, and some others. Some of Junot's friends, Beillard, Desgenettes, etc., were not yet returned from Egypt; but all those who were in Paris met at my mother's table.

This dinner was extremely curious because it was a reunion of all parties. My mother's friends sat down beside the whole family of Bonaparte, and the new guests made a very interesting accession to the party. At this time I knew none of the above-mentioned friends of Junot; I had distinguished their names amid the acclamations of the people, when news of some fresh triumphs arrived; but I was acquainted with no generals except Moreau, Macdonald, and Beurnonville, whom we had frequently met at Madame Leclerc's. It afforded me then great satisfaction to be introduced to those men who had seconded Bonaparte, and had been to him at once good comrades and good laborers in the erection of that edifice of glory under which France now found an asylum from her distractions.

General Lannes was also lately married. He had been more rapid than Junot, and had been for three weeks the husband of Mademoiselle Louise Gheneuc, a young person of exquisite beauty. Lannes was then twenty-eight years of age, five feet five or six inches high, slender and elegant, his feet, legs, and hands being remarkable for their symmetry. His face was not handsome, but it was expressive; and when his voice uttered one of those heroic thoughts which had acquired for him the appellation of the Roland of the army, "His eyes," said Junot, "which now appear so small, become immense, and dart flashes of lightning."

Junot told me that he looked upon Lannes as, without exception, the bravest man of the army, because his courage, invariably the same, neither received accession nor suffered diminution from any of those incidents which usually influence military men. The same coolness with which he re-entered his tent he carried into the midst of the battle, the hottest fire, and the most difficult emergencies. To this invaluable quality Junot considered him to add the most rapid *coup d'œil* and conception, and the most accurate judgment, of any person he had ever met with, except the First Consul. He was beside amiable, faithful in friendship, and a good patriot; he possessed a heart truly French—a heart of the best days of the glorious republic.

One curious trait in his character was the obstinacy with which he refused to have his hair cut short. In vain the First Consul begged, entreated him to cut it off; he still retained a short and thick queue, full of powder and pomatum. This whim nearly embroiled him with Junot, notwithstanding their friendship, on account of the latter having cropped the hair of the famous division of Arras, and the fashion becoming general in consequence throughout the whole army.

Duroc came next to Lannes in Junot's estimation, and was a year younger; his person was about the same stature, but with a superiority of manner and figure; his hair was black; his nose, chin, and cheeks were too round to admit of his features being at all striking, which even cast a shade of indecision over his countenance; his eyes were large and black, but set so high in his head that they did not harmonize with his smile or any other expression, from which singular effect those who were

not partial to him averred that he was not frank; but I, who was his intimate friend, who knew his character perhaps better than any other person, can affirm that it was all openness and goodness.

Our friendship, which commenced in 1801, and closed only with his life, was almost that of a brother and sister. Peculiar circumstances made me his confidante, at first against his will, but afterward with his entire acquiescence, in a case which influenced the happiness of his life, and which turned out unfortunate. Numerous letters from him, which I still possess, written from all countries, certify that it was long ere he recovered his equanimity, and still longer before he could pardon those who, with one stroke, had given a mortal wound to his moral and political existence.

Bonaparte, who was a good judge of men, distinguished him from his companions, and sent him to execute difficult missions in foreign courts; this showed that he understood Duroc's capabilities. I have a letter of his, dated from St. Petersburg in 1802, in which he mentions the too flattering estimation he was there held in; the Emperor Alexander, when he visited me in 1814, spoke of many persons whom Napeoleon had sent to him, and his opinion of Duroc was still the same as it had been described twelve years before.

Bessières, at that time a colonel, was among Junot's intimate friends. I always deplored the cessation of this intimacy, for the most futile and ridiculous cause imaginable; and being frequently called upon to judge between them, I must confess that I could not always think Junot in the right. Bessières, who was about the same age, was a stouter man than Lannes; like him, he was from the South, as the accent of both sufficiently testified; and like him he had a mania for powder, but with a striking difference in the cut of his hair—a small lock at each side projected like little dogs' ears, and his long and thin Prussian queue supplied the place of the Cadogan of Lannes. He had good teeth, a slight cast in the eye, but not to a disagreeable extent; and a rather prepossessing address. He was then colonel of the Guides—that is to say, of the *Chasseurs à cheval* of the Consular Guard—jointly with Eugène Beauharnais.

Eugène was still but a child; but already gave promise of being, what he afterward became, a most charming and amiable

young man. With the exception of his teeth, which, like his mother's, were frightful, his person was perfectly attractive and elegant. Frankness and hilarity pervaded all his actions; he laughed like a child, but never in bad taste. He was good-natured, gracious, polite, without being obsequious, and a mimic without being impertinent, which is a rare talent.

He performed well in comedy, sang a good song, and danced like his father, who had derived a surname from his excellence in this art; in short, he was a truly agreeable young man. He made a conquest of my mother, whom he wished to please, and completely succeeded. Beauharnais, the father, who was called the *beau danseur*, though well born, was not of a rank to ride in the King's carriages; and Josephine, his wife, was never presented. He alone was invited on account of his dancing, and frequently had the honor of being the Queen's partner.

Rapp was then what he continued to be twenty years later, with the exception of a few additional wounds. It is true he had in vain passed through all the forms of courts, French and foreign, but with manners the most rough, ungraceful, and awkward that ever belonged to a man of the world. But if in courts he never lost his rude, uncultivated exterior, so also he preserved pure and intact a disinterested soul and virtuous heart. Rapp was always esteemed and loved, because he deserved to be so.

Berthier was one of Junot's friends with whom I had the greatest desire to become acquainted. I had seen him frequently at Madame Visconti's; he was small and ill-shaped, without being deformed; his head was too large for his body; his hair, neither light nor dark, was rather frizzed than curled; his forehead, eyes, nose, and chin, each in the proper place, were, however, by no means handsome in the aggregate. His hands, naturally ugly, became frightful by a habit of biting his nails; add to this, that he stammered much in speaking, and that if he did not make grimaces, the agitation of his features was so rapid as to occasion some amusement to those who witnessed it. He was the plainest of the three brothers; Cæsar was better looking than he, and Leopold still better than Cæsar. Madame O'Ogeranville, their sister, resembled mostly Alexander. Berthier not only loved Napoleon, but he was greatly attached to several of his brother officers; and often braved the

ill-humor of the Emperor, in speaking to him of such of his friends as had committed faults. Berthier was good in every acceptation of the word.

"The best and dearest of my friends," said Junot, after having presented his comrades separately to me, "is still in Italy; Marmont will soon return with his wife, to whom I shall introduce you, and whose friendship I hope you will obtain, giving yours in return; he is a brother to me."

M. de Lavalette, another of my mother's guests on that day, was no bad representation of Bacchus: a lady might have been proud of his pretty little white hand and pink well-turned nails; his two little eyes, and immoderately little nose, placed in the midst of a fat pair of cheeks, gave to his countenance a truly comic expression, in aid of which came the extraordinary arrangement of his head; not the locks only, but the individual hairs might be counted, and they received distinguishing names from the wits of the staff—as "the invincible," "the redoubtable," "the courageous"; and one in particular, which defied the discipline of the comb or the hand, and pertinaciously stood upright, they called "the indomitable."

Notwithstanding this personal appearance, and an address almost burlesque, Lavalette knew how to impose respect, and never suffered merriment to take unwarranted liberties with him. He had sense and wit; had seen much and retained much; and related multitudes of anecdotes with remarkable grace, resulting from a cast of ideas at once quiet, brilliant, and acute. M. de Lavalette was not, however, a superior man; the horrible and infamous prosecution of which he was the object has placed him on an eminence which he would never otherwise have attained; but he had the essential qualities of a good father, a good husband, and a faithful friend.

He married, a few days before his departure for Egypt, Mademoiselle Emilie de Beauharnais, daughter of the Marquis de Beauharnais, brother-in-law of Madame Bonaparte. This young lady—of extreme beauty, gentle, and, thanks to Madame Bonaparte, her aunt, very well educated—had considerable difficulty in marrying, on account of the position of her parents. Her father obtained a divorce from his wife that he might marry a German canoness; and her mother married at the same time a negro. The poor abandoned child was fortunate

in having attracted the affections of such a man as Lavalette, which she warmly returned.

Her husband, however, had not reached Egypt before the bride took the small-pox, and, scarcely escaping with her life, lost her beauty. She was in despair, and though by degrees the marks of the pustules became less evident; though her figure was still fine, her complexion dazzling, her teeth good, and her countenance pleasing, she could not reconcile herself to the change of which both before and after his return she felt conscious that her husband must be sensible. The delicacy of his conduct never gave her reason for a moment to suppose that his attachment was in any way diminished; but her sighs and tears, her profound melancholy, and weariness of life, showed that she could not overcome her own apprehensions; the excellent Lavalette had but one wish, and that was that his wife should be happy.

Lucien, minister of the interior, could not be at my wedding dinner, but Madame Murat made an effort to join us. Madame Leclerc was in the height of her beauty. Madame Bacciochi was dressed on the occasion with a degree of eccentricity which even now is fresh to my mind. She had presided in the morning over a female literary society; and proposing to establish a peculiar costume for the associates, she considered the readiest way to effect her purpose was to have a pattern made and appear in it herself, and in this new dress she afterward came to my mother; such a medley of the Jewish, Roman, Middle Age, and modern Greek costumes—of everything, in short, except French good taste—was, I think, never seen.

To see Madame Bacciochi thus attired was not surprising, because we were accustomed to her singularities; but it was impossible to resist the ludicrous impression she created by declaring her intention of offering such a dress to the adoption of all good Christians.

M. de Caulaincourt had known Rapp at the Tuileries, and it was not without surprise that he recognized him in our society. Approaching me he asked, in an undertone, whether "that great boy" (pointing out Rapp) had paid his visit to my mother. I answered in the negative. "Then at least he has left his card?" "No." "But, my dear child, it is not possible; you must have been so absorbed in admiration of your

corbeille as not to have seen him. It is not credible that a man should come and sit down in the house of a woman of good society, and eat at her table, without having first been introduced, and paid his respects to her."

As he was proceeding in a very animated tone, Rapp crept softly behind him, then hallooed into his ear: "What are you talking of, dear papa? Please to move out of my way; on a wedding day, you know, the old must give way to the young." And so saying, he threw his arms round the old gentleman's waist, lifted him gently from the ground, and set him down at a little distance.

M. de Caulaincourt's good-nature made him generally beloved, but under it was concealed a strength of character known only to those who were much in his society; and such a circumstance as the present was calculated to show him off as a high-bred French gentleman in the true acceptation of the word. Looking at Rapp with an expression of dignified severity, he said:

"Colonel, you and I are neither old enough nor young enough for such play." Then bowing coldly to him, he offered me his arm, saying: "Will you come and see what is passing in the next room?"

The worthy man was agitated. I led him through my mother's room, which was filled with company, and made him sit down in mine, which my mother had converted into a second boudoir. Junot was surprised soon after to find me consoling my old friend, to whom I was endeavoring to represent that the matter did not deserve the serious turn he was disposed to give it. I repeated the whole to Junot, who, in spite of the old gentleman's opposition—for M. de Caulaincourt would by no means permit that he should seek apologies for him—went to remonstrate with Rapp, and in five minutes brought him to us, ready to fall on his knees to entreat pardon for the brutalities which Junot had assured him he had committed. "And Junot tells me also," he added, turning to me, "that I have failed in respect to you in acting so rudely in your presence. I might, however, absolutely refuse to beg pardon, because apologies are only necessary when one has done wrong intentionally, and certainly I did not intend to offend."

It was impossible to forbear laughing at this quaint excuse,

and M. de Caulaincourt, frankly holding out his hand, said to him: "You are a good fellow, and I shall be happy to become one of your friends." Rapp pressed the old gentleman's hand with a very pretty little hand of his own, not at all consistent with his massive figure; and here ended an affair from which my friend's high feelings of honor had threatened nothing less than a duel, except that my mother was so offended with Rapp that she scarce ever spoke politely to him afterward.

M. de Caulaincourt, dining at our house some days afterward, requested an introduction to Lannes, who, of all the republican generals, was the one who pleased him best. I passed my arm through his, and led him to the other end of the *salon*, where Lannes was conversing with Junot. "General," said I, "permit me to present to you M. de Caulaincourt, an ancient and distinguished general officer, who wishes to be acquainted with you."

The pleasing countenance of Lannes was immediately lighted up with a cordial smile, and, shaking him by the hand, he said: "Ah, my old friend! I like the ancients; there is always something to be learned from them. To what branch of the service did you belong? Were you biped or quadruped? Or—ah, *Diable!* I believe you are at present attached to the Royal Phlegmatics."[4] The fact was that, astonished at Lannes's reception, and the rolling artillery which at that time made a copious part of his vocabulary, M. de Caulaincourt had been seized with a severe fit of coughing which he could not stifle.

"Ah, what is the matter?" said the general, patting him upon the back as we do a choking child. "Why, this is an infirmity that requires reform, Junot; you must make Lassalle enrol him." Lassalle then commanded the veterans of the garrison of Paris, but was no relation to the famous general of the same name. The good old gentleman scarcely knew whether to laugh or to be angry.

Meanwhile Junot whispered a word to the general, who, suddenly changing his tone, said with an expression almost respectful: "What, are you the father of those two brave young men, one of whom, notwithstanding his early age, is colonel of a regiment of carabineers? Then you must be brave

[4] The expression "royal-pituite" is much more ridiculous in French than it can possibly be rendered in our language.

yourself! You have educated them for the country, and you have not, like too many of your class, sold them to foreigners. You must be a good man; I must embrace you." And so saying, he threw his arms round him, and embraced him heartily.

We left the two comrades to resume the conversation we had interrupted, and went to rejoin my mother in an adjoining *salon.* "How do you like General Lannes?" said I. "Oh! very well, very well. But I expected quite a different kind of man: for example, he swears like a galley-slave; it makes one tremble. To be sure, he may be a good soldier and a brave man for all that." "And what more could you expect in General Lannes than a soldier distinguished by his valor and his skill in beating the enemy?" "Why, my dear child, what could I think? It was the fashion of dressing his hair that deceived me. I thought that if a man knew how to dress himself he must have something of the manners of other times; how could I think otherwise?"

This naïve confession stupefied me. "Is it possible, then," said I, "that you have judged a man only by his queue? You were very unfortunate in not having encountered General Augereau, in whom you would have found yourself much more mistaken." At this moment a great man passed us, and saluted me with a bow of respect which is only to be met with in well-brought-up persons. "And who is that?" said M. de Caulaincourt; "he is powdered too, I think." "It is Colonel Bessières; shall I introduce him to you, papa?" "No, no," said he hastily, "I have had enough of introductions for to-day!"

It was in vain I assured him that Bessières left his bad language in the barracks; he felt no inclination for the experiment; but when some time afterward he met General Augereau he remembered my words, and had an opportunity of proving their truth. That general surpassed even himself in swearing, and my poor friend, in relating the conversation he had had with General Fructidor, as he called him, could not find words to express the astonishment he felt at the language he had heard.